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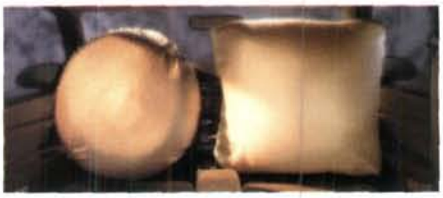

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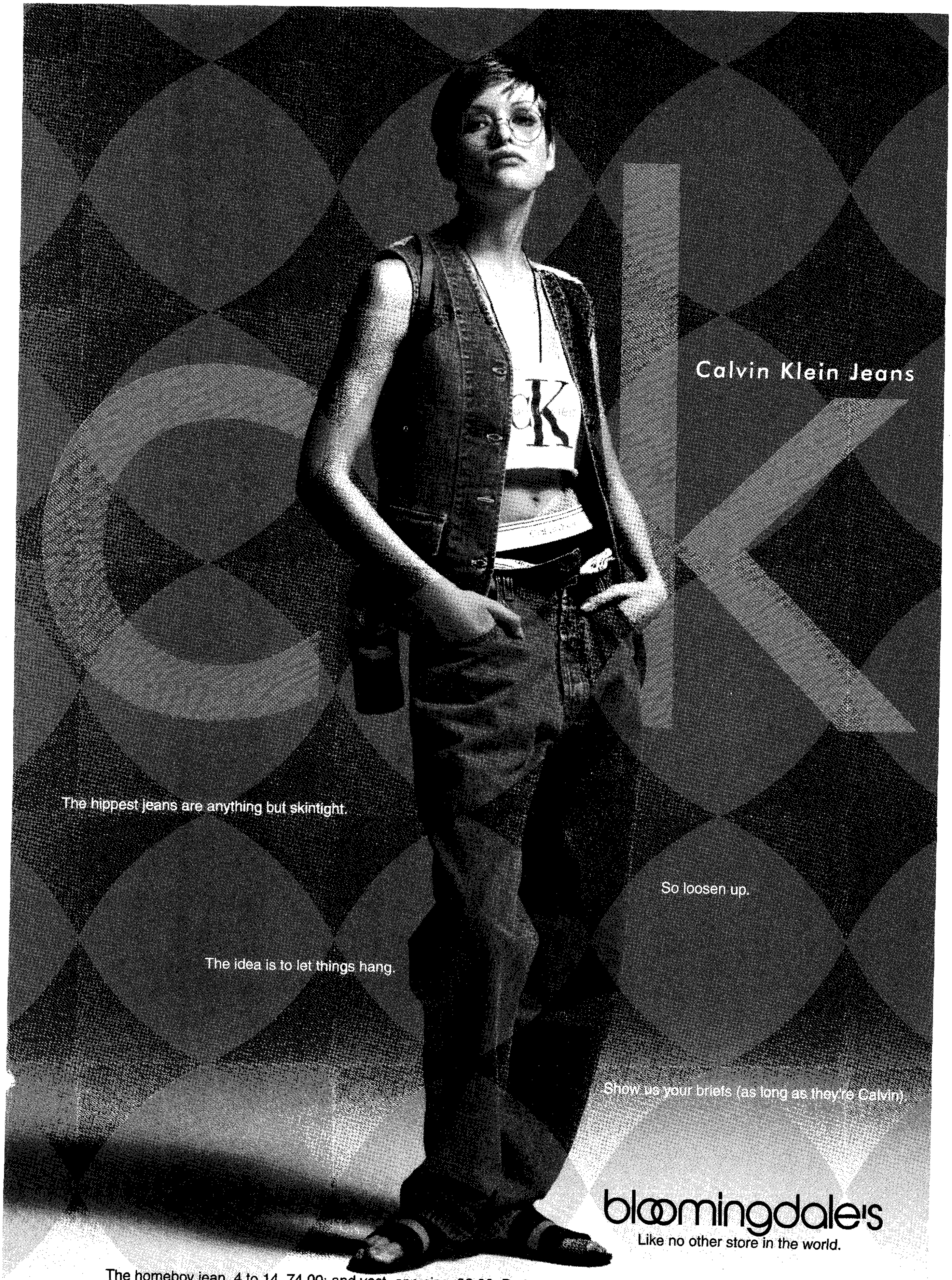

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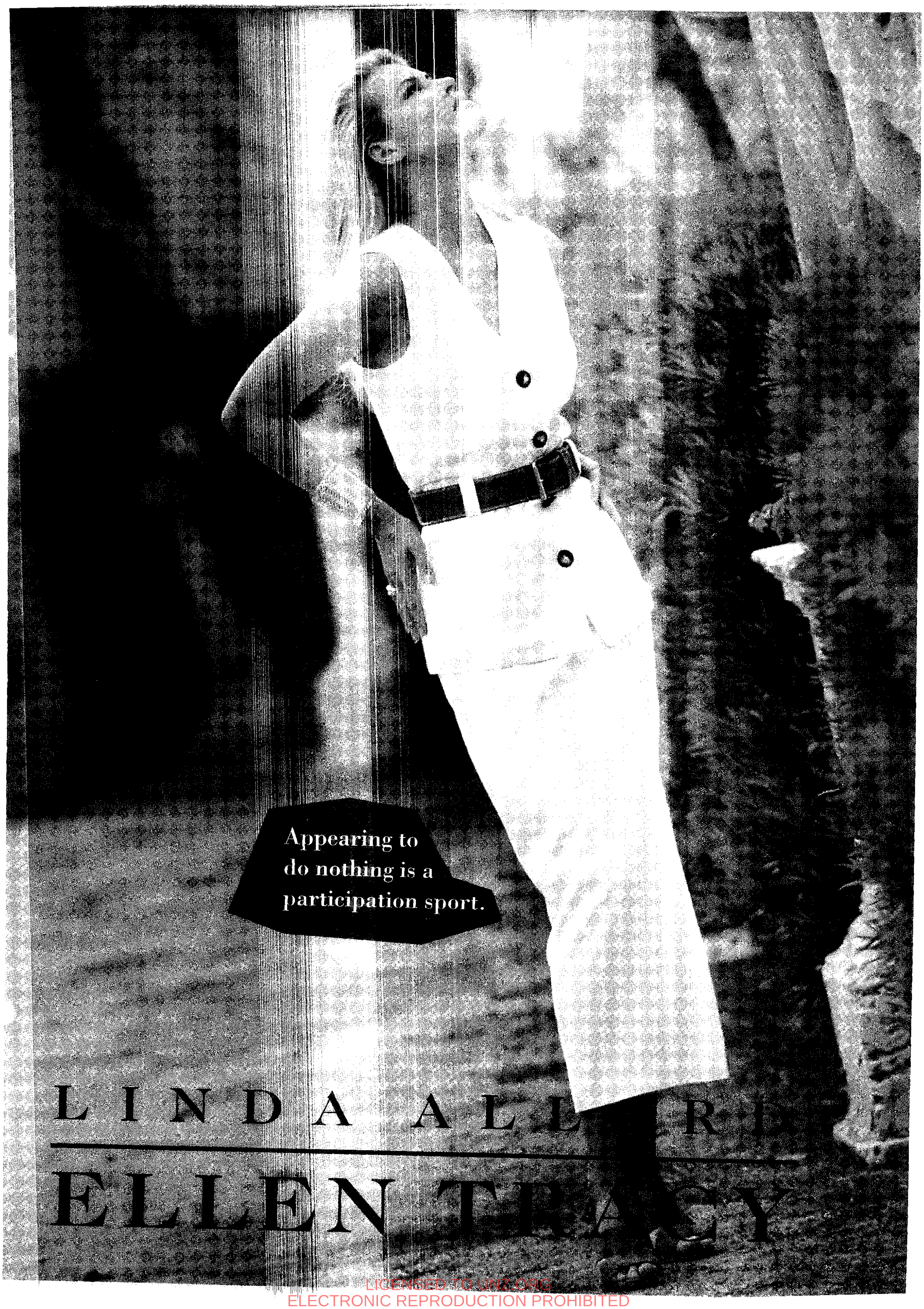
Appearing to do nothing is a participation sport.
LINDA ALLARD
ELLEN TRACY

COMMENT

THE FIRST MONTH

BILL CLINTON won the election sixteen weeks ago and took the oath of office a month ago, but he actually became President last week. This transformation occurred between nine and ten o'clock Eastern time last Wednesday evening, during Mr. Clinton's State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress, in which he outlined his economic program. At some point during that hour, he took charge in a way he had not done before—took charge of the House chamber, of the attention of the audience in that chamber and beyond it, and, by extension, of the political and policy agenda of the country.

This uncanny effect was due largely, of course, to the content of what he was saying—a combination of practical prescriptions for innovative reform, on the one hand, and straight, adult talk about the debt and deficit crisis, on the other, all of it coherently and cogently argued. But the way he said what he said was, curiously, nearly as important. Ordinarily, a President delivering a speech of this sort normally seems in some subtle way cut off from his surroundings, as if encased behind the panes of the teleprompter from which he reads his text. This speech was different. The words scrolled up the teleprompter screens, but Mr. Clinton didn't read them: according to the Washington *Post*, he spoke only four consecutive words of his prepared text. He used the text the way a jazz musician uses sheet music, as themes on which to improvise. Like a British Prime Minister at Question Time, he jousted, good-naturedly but pointedly, with the Republicans in the seats in front of him. When his promise to use, in his budget calculations, "the independent numbers of the Congressional Budget Office" drew guffaws from the opposition benches (because the C.B.O. is dominated by Democratic appointees), he shot back, with wry sarcasm, "Well, you can laugh, my fellow Republicans, but I'll point out that the Congressional Budget Office was normally more conservative on what was going to happen and closer to right than previous Presidents." Mr. Clinton's address, in other words, was not an exer-

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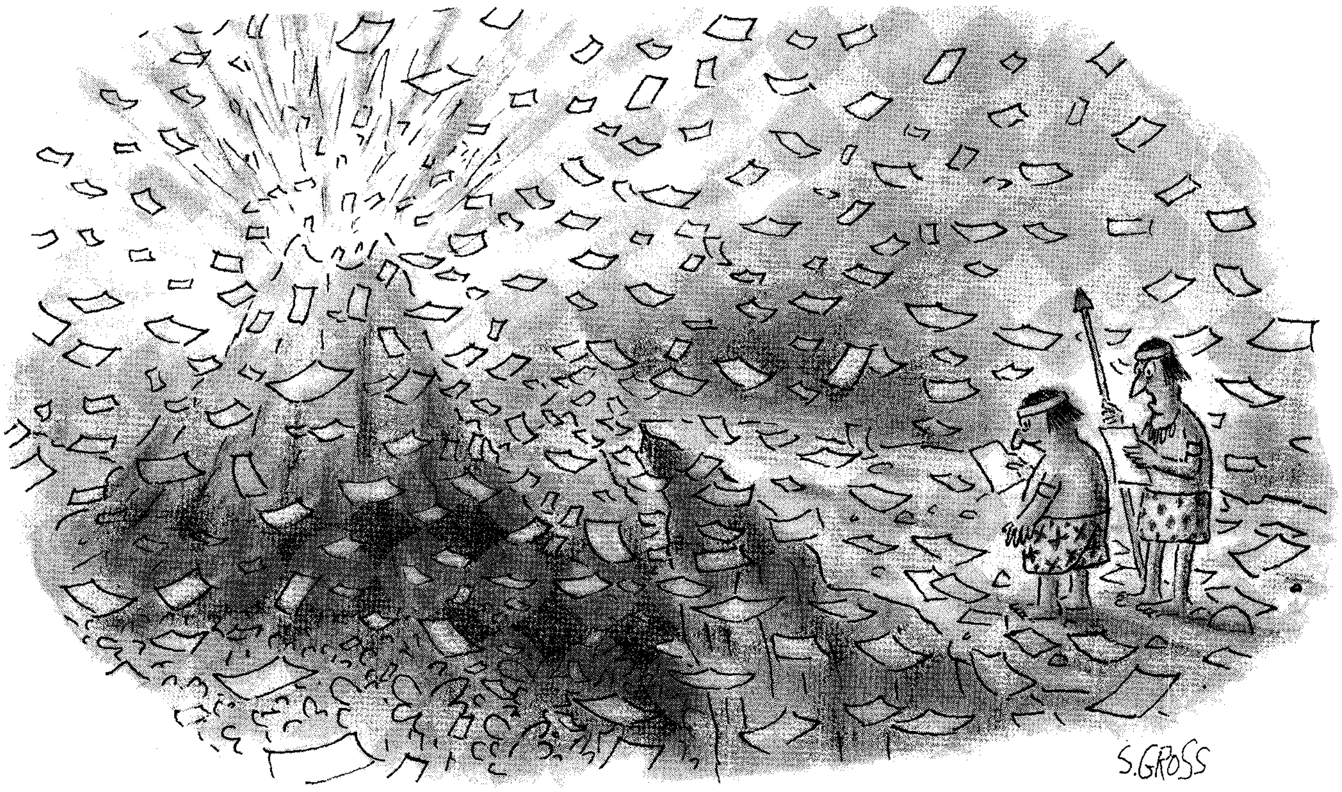

"The gods are distributing Chinese menus."

• •

cise in reading aloud. He argued, cajoled, taught, explained—often off the cuff—and was alert in equal measure to the audience in the Capitol and to the one beyond, watching on television. The experience of having a President capable of handling himself in this way is, at least in recent times, unprecedented, and, for some, exhilarating. It's true that as prose Mr. Clinton's address was no great shakes; on the page, in transcript, the language is merely serviceable. But as a performance the speech was masterly.

Some of the apparent blunders and retreats of Mr. Clinton's first month as President, which obscured such achievements as the enactment of the family-leave law, may now be seen in a different light. To take a prominent example, many of Mr. Clinton's supporters thought, not unreasonably, that he should have kept his promise to end the ban on acknowledged homosexuals in the military by immediately issuing an executive order, just as he did in lifting his predecessors' cruel restrictions on the use of fetal tissue in medical research. But in the context of his broader concerns (and the country's) Mr. Clinton's more cautious strategy of delaying final action for six months may have been right. If he had issued an executive order, Sam Nunn, the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and General Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, would likely have gone into open rebellion. Given the hysteria surrounding the issue, Congress would have debated, and might even have passed, a bill reversing the executive order. The President would have "won" this struggle—by vetoing the bill, if necessary. But the struggle itself would have left the losers sullen and humiliated, the winner isolated and weakened, the country distracted. With the fight postponed, Mr. Clinton has held firm on the principle, while the Chiefs have agreed that in the interim the services would no longer ask recruits about their sexual orientation, thus creating a new status quo. Mr. Clinton's retreat was merely tactical, a way of clearing the decks for the economic debate he has now so powerfully initiated.

Whatever one's opinion of the wisdom of the particular economic measures Mr. Clinton recommended last Wednesday evening, the nature of those measures should lay to rest the concern, widespread during the campaign and the first month of the Administration, that he was a man who, in his anxiety to please everybody, to be universally loved, automatically shied away from a fight. The list of those his program targets for sacrifice is a long and comprehensive one, including such politically powerful groups as the well-off (whose income taxes would rise substantially), the middle class (which would bear much of the burden of a new fuel tax), lobbyists (whose activities would no longer be entirely tax-deductible), federal employees (whose pay would be frozen through 1994), and a vast array of industries (which would lose deductions and pay a higher tax rate). Much of what he has proposed is politically hazardous; virtually all of it seems sensible and balanced Taken as a whole, his plan would make the tax code fairer and more progressive encourage energy conservation, rever the slide toward ever larger budget deficits, and promote improvements in education and public health. Not for more than a quarter of a century—not since before the escalation of the Vietnam war—has the country had an active, reforming President at a time when th public appeared ready for significan change. It's a hopeful moment, and Mr Clinton's first month, after a rocky start has helped make it more so. ♦

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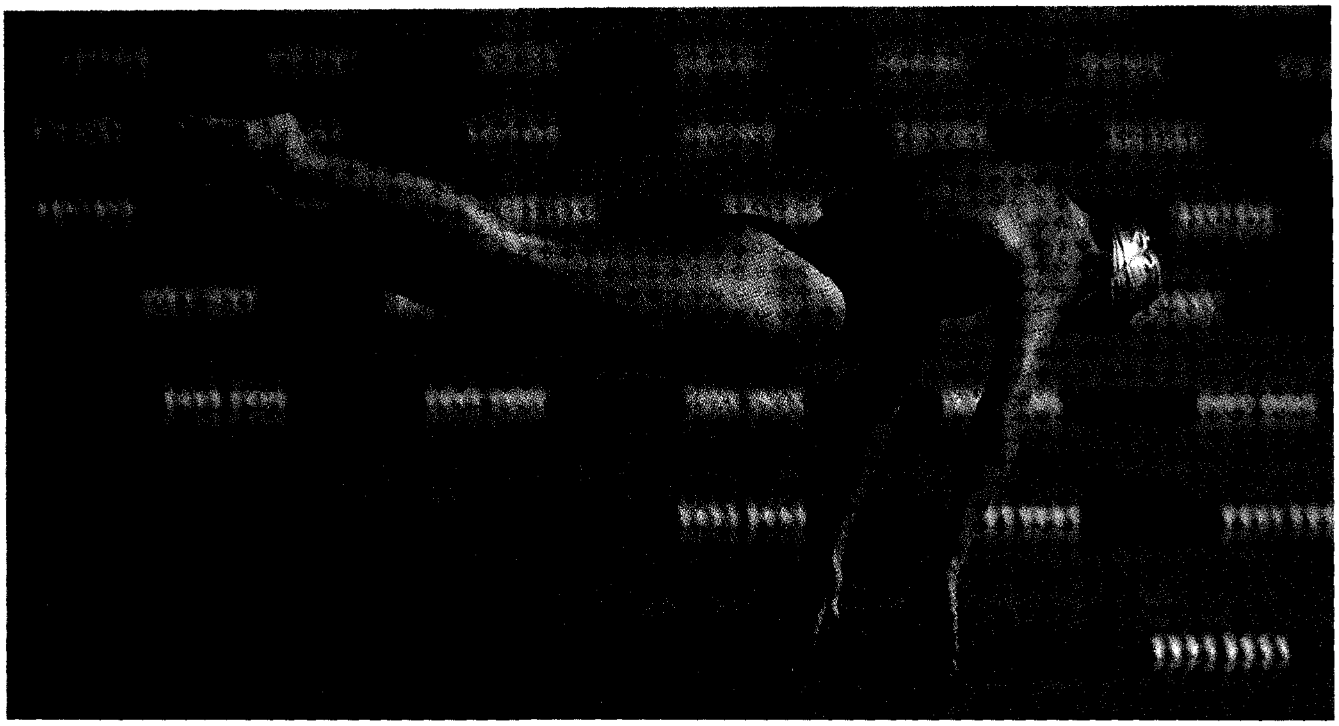

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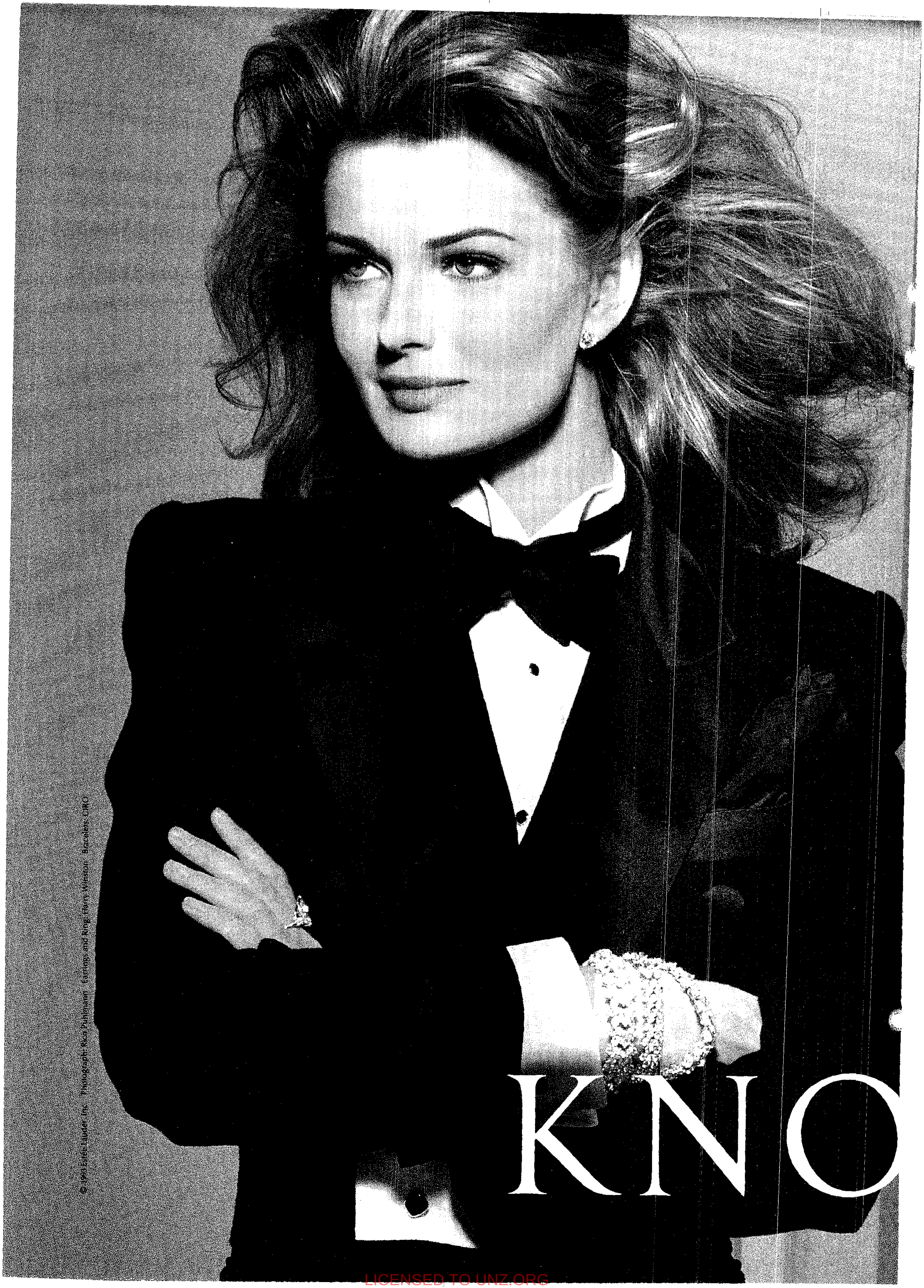

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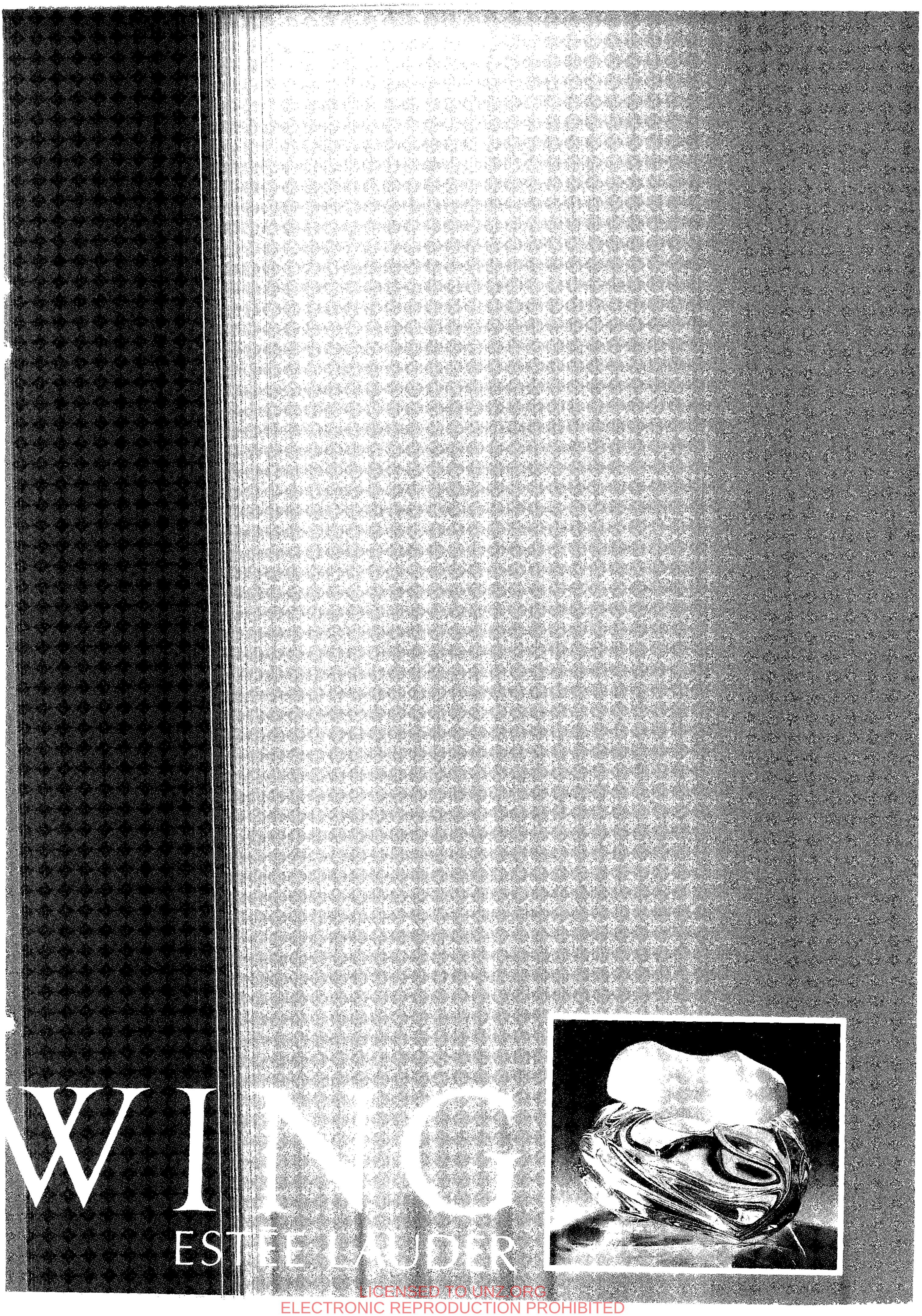
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ESTÉE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Switched-On Bacharach

"There's a definite Dionne Warwick thing going on right now, a rediscovery of her early years," the crooner k. d. lang said recently. To prove her point, she could cite Warwick's excellent new album, which features a song by Burt Bacharach and Hal David, the team responsible for most of her sing-along stuff. Further proof comes in the form of "Back to Bacharach and David," a musical revue that features many classics associated with Warwick and that settles in at Club 53 at the New York Hilton (Sixth Avenue at 53rd Street) on March 11.

"Back to Bacharach and David" (which is part of a recent spate of retro revues, including the talent-jammed "Tapestry: The Songs of Carole King," at the Union Square Theatre) had a brief run last summer at Steve McGraw's, where it quickly acquired the status of an event. Inflated expectations could have swamped what was essentially a good-natured wall-of-sound effort showcasing four attractive singers. But the performers—who include Steve Gunderson, the show's prime organizing force—have a firm idea of how to have fun, one that is at least partly inspired by their producer/director, the "Sister Act" scene-stealer Kathy Najimy. The enterprise turned out to be promising enough to gain the approval of the Messrs. Bacharach and David themselves. A few more of their selections, as well as a new singer, Lillias White, are part of the freshening Najimy and Gunderson are giving the show before it reopens.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Fool Moon—A comedy by Bill Irwin and David Shiner. Two previews on Feb. 24. Opens Feb. 25 at 6:45. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short star in a new musical by Neil Simon (book), Marvin Hamlisch (score), and David Zippel (lyrics). Adapted from the 1977 movie by Mr. Simon. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Heliotrope Bouquet by Scott Joplin & Louis Chauvin—A play, with ragtime music, by Eric Overmyer. Previews through Feb. 27. Opens Feb. 28 at 7. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Putting It Together—A celebration of Stephen Sondheim's music, which was first seen last year in Oxford, England. Julie Andrews, Stephen Collins, Christopher Durang, Michael Rupert, and Rachel York. Previews begin March 2. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The View from Here—A comedy by Margaret Dulaney. Two previews on Feb. 24. Opens Feb. 25 at 6:45. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Wings—Jeffrey Lunden and Arthur Perlman's musical adaptation of a 1979 play by Arthur Kopit. The musical premièred last year at Chicago's Goodman Theatre and will be staged here with the original cast. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Anna Christie—Girl meets Hunk. Girl loses Hunk. Girl finds Hunk. Terrific performances from Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson as Girl and Hunk. David Leveaux directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/1/93.) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Feb. 28.)

Bubbe Meises, Bubbe Stories—A musical written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

The Destiny of Me—Or "Confrontations with My Father." Larry Kramer's latest work is rarely less than involving, but the dramatic structure—a family-memory play grafted onto the present-day story of an exhausted, love-seeking AIDS activist—breaks down for good in the second act. Many people who stay for the third act, however, claim to be deeply moved by the conclusion. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Five Women Wearing the Same Dress—A play, by Alan Ball—a writer with star sitcom potential—about bridesmaids in a wedding in Knoxville, Tennessee. Everything here—the direction, the cast, the dress—is peachy. (Manhattan Class Company, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Closes Feb. 27.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This new edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and among the holdovers are "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the inspired writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Get Hur—A whodunit by Ray Dobbin, presented by the British company Bloolips. Featuring Bette Bourne and Precious Pearl. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes March 7.)

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

The Last Yankee—A play by Arthur Miller, with John Heard, Tom Aldredge, Frances Conroy, and Rose Gregorio. (2/1/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Feb. 28.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A series of vignettes, by the rising writer/performer David Drake, about contemporary gay life. Mr. Drake is more gifted as a performer than as a writer, but his show is frequently absorbing—by turns silly and poignant. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. With William H. Macy and Mary McCann. Not to be missed. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

On the Open Road—A play by Steve Tesich, with Byron Jennings and Anthony LaPaglia. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes March 7.)

Phaedra—Joanne Camp has the title role in Jean Racine's play (in a new translation by Margaret Rawlings). (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Saint Joan—Maryann Plunkett, as Maid, and Michael Langham, as director, together rescue the faltering National Actors Company, as well as France. Jay O. Sanders, Nicholas Kepros, Lorne Kennedy, and Michael Stuhlbarg (as Dauphin) give strong support. Distinguished settings by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. (2/15/93) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes March 14.)

Scapin—A musical production of Molière's comedy, which is lively to the point of mania: Rusty Magee wrote the undistinguished score and lyrics, and Andrei Belgrader, the director, is also partly responsible for the cheesy adaptation. Stanley Tucci is as busy as can be in the title role; his resemblance to Al Pacino does him no harm but not much good, either. Even Mary Testa as Zerbinette cannot rescue this mess. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes March 7.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes here on Feb. 28; moves to Broadway's Ethel Barrymore Theatre, starting March 3.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Alec McCowen (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and James McDaniel (American) give stunning performances as hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Tapestry: The Music of Carole King—A musical revue. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

Two Rooms—A play by Lee Blessing. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes March 7.)

Wilder, Wilder, Wilder: Three by Thornton—A return engagement of the Willow Cabin Theatre Company's production of Thornton Wilder's one-act plays "The Long Christmas Dinner," "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," and "Pullman Car Hiawatha." (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 662-8562.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—A play by Garry Marshall and Lowell Ganz, with George C. Scott, Jami Gertz, Tony Danza, and Kelli Williams. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St 239-6200. . . . **CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200 **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 67 3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neil 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER PLAID** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 30 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LE MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF TH OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John' Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **TH WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

Evelyn Hart in "Onegin," with the Bavarian National Ballet, at the New York State Theatre.

DANCE

Poetry in Motion

WHO is the greatest photographer ever of the qualities intrinsic to dancing? One candidate is Martin Munkacsi. Born in Hungary, in 1896, he started out with a zest for newspaper writing and taught himself photography as a way to help sell his stories. In 1927, he left Budapest for Berlin, at that time a center of excitement and experiment for photographers, and his typewriter lost out to his camera—a box version with clumsy glass plates. That detail alone tells you how good he was. Munkacsi's pictures of creatures in motion—dancing, racing, driving, flying—seem to shave instants down to the nanosecond while framing his subjects in a way that magnifies their formal splendor. Yet he rarely made more than two or three shots of a scene, and sometimes he made only one: to change those plates carefully, so that they wouldn't break, took at least thirty seconds.

In 1933, Munkacsi had his first assignment in New York, for *Harper's Bazaar*—under editor Carmel Snow, and art director Alexey Brodovitch—and it was the beginning of some of the freshest fashion photography of the century. "Munkacsi really discovered the American woman, moving out of doors, completely natural," John Esten said recently. Mr. Esten, formerly an art director at *Harper's Bazaar*, produced a Munkacsi book (with Nancy White), called "Style in Motion." The book is out of print, but you can see a rich sampling of Munkacsi's work, including some of his dance pictures, in an exhibit at the Fashion Institute of Technology (Seventh Avenue and 27th Street; through March 6). Mr. Esten toured the F.I.T. show the other day, and although he knows the images well, they still thrill him. "The man had the eye," Mr. Esten said, scanning the exhibit. "He just had the eye."

Bavarian National Ballet of the Munich State Opera—The opening performances of a two-week engagement by this company in its United States début. Feb. 24 at 7, Feb. 26 at 8, and Feb. 28 at 2 and 7:30: "Onegin."… ¶ Feb. 25 at 8 and Feb. 27 at 2 and 8: "Five Tangos," "Piano Concerto," "Grosse Fugue," and "Les Noces."… ¶ March 2 at 8: "Don Quixote." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through March 7.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Feb. 24 at 8: "Each Time You Carry Me This Way," "Plains Daybreak," and "Cantilever Two."… ¶ Feb. 25 and Feb. 27 at 8, and Feb. 28 at 7:30: "Summer Clouds People," "Death Is the Hunter," "Intensities of Space, and Wind," and "Each Time You Carry Me This Way."… ¶ Feb. 26 at 8 and Feb. 28 at 2: "New Moon," "Plains Daybreak," and "Each Time You Carry Me This Way."… ¶ Feb. 27 at 2: "Each Time You Carry Me This Way" and "Plains Daybreak." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Eva Dean Dance Company—New works ("Civry" and "Familial Rhapsody") and repertory works ("Untidy Packages," "Matinée," and "Subterranean Days"). (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Feb. 25-26 at 8. For reservations, call 1-718 857-8368.)

Neta Pulvermacher & Dancers—In "Five Beds/Children of the Dream." Presented by Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Feb. 25-28 at 8:30. For reservations, call 674-8194.)

Thunderbird American Indian Dancers—In their annual powwow. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Feb. 26-27 at 8 and Feb. 28 at 2 and 5.)

Amiel Malalé and Sarah Pogostin—In "Too Young to Know," by the former, and "The Fig Tree," by the latter. (Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. Feb. 26 at 9 and Feb. 27-28 at 8. For reservations, call 1-718 789-4353.)

Jazz Dance America—A company of eight members. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. Feb. 28 at 3 and 7:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concerts.)

Feld Ballets/NY—The opening performance of the spring season: "Contra Pose," "Evoe," "Hadji" (première), and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. March 2 at 8. Through April 4.)

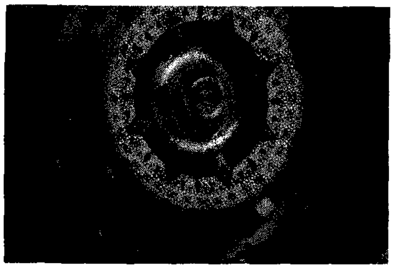
Reggie Wilson—An informal showing of excerpts from "The Clearing" and new work on the theme of black cultures of the diaspora. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. March 2 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

Eartha Angel

IF there is anything Eartha Kitt can't do, she hasn't discovered it yet. In her forty-five-year career, she has made her mark in theatre, television, film, cabaret, and the record industry; she has also written a three-part autobiography. Now in her mid-sixties, Ms. Kitt shows no inclination to slow down. "If I wasn't working, I wouldn't know what to do with myself," she said recently. That's probably not a challenge she'll have to face anytime soon. Aside from her busy cabaret schedule, Ms. Kitt has had several acting assignments lately, one of which, in particular—a role in the Eddie Murphy film "Boomerang"—has caused her phone to ring.

Sex appeal has always been one of Ms. Kitt's hallmarks. In the fifties, Orson Welles dubbed her "the most exciting woman in the world," and her portrayal of Catwoman, in the sixties TV series "Batman," was a tough act for Michelle Pfeiffer to follow. Though Ms. Kitt jokingly refers to her show at the Carlyle as "the mature Eartha Kitt," her performance style is as sultry and athletic as ever. Growling about men and money, among other favorite topics, she slinks about the stage like a femme fatale one moment and a dominatrix the next. Much of the act is tongue in cheek, but she could probably get away with playing it straight.



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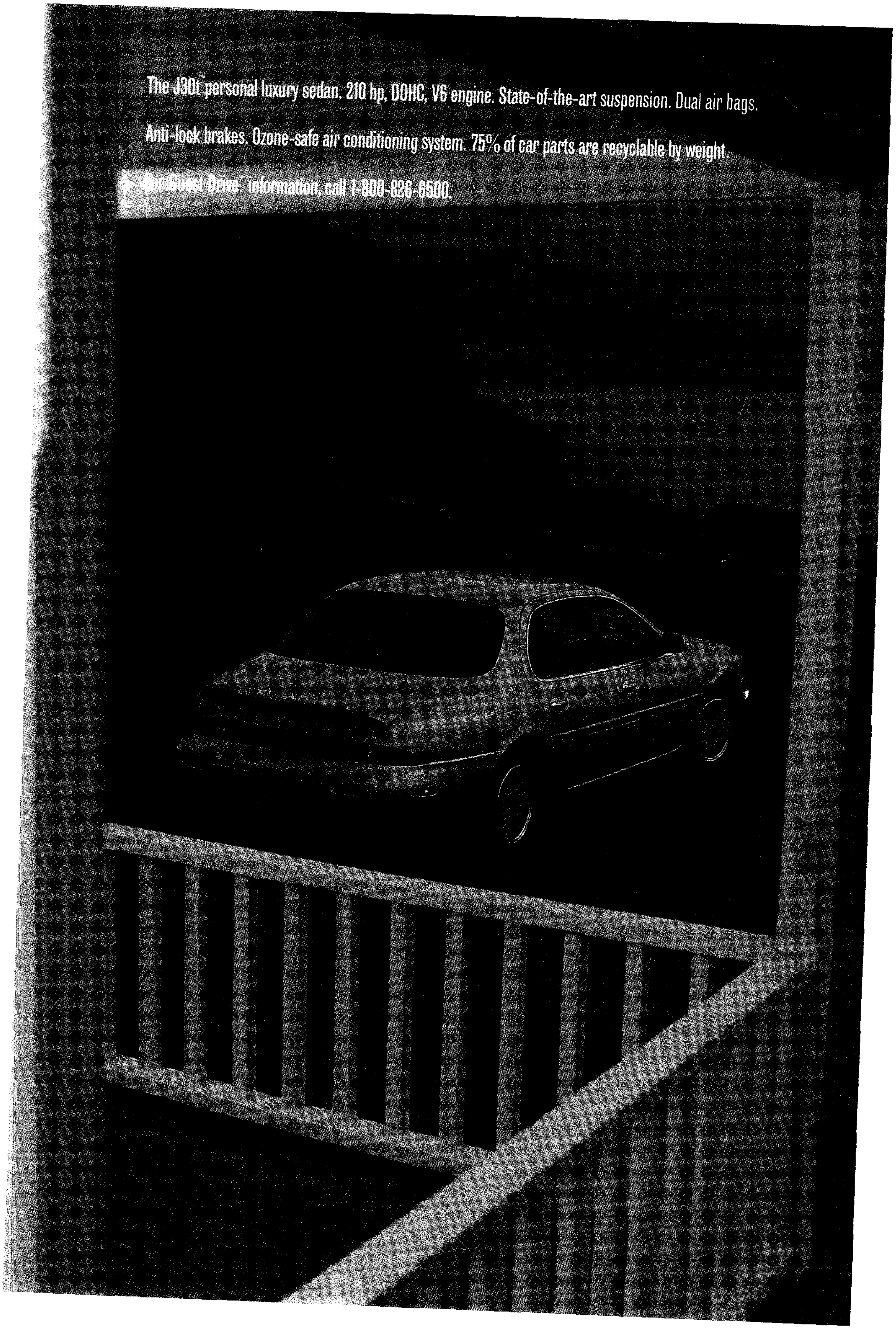

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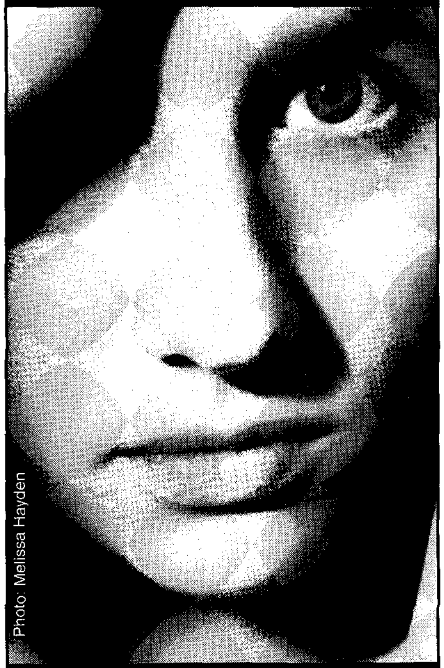

Photo: Melissa Hayden

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— *Kirkus Reviews*

"Mesmerizing...Luminous and tensile prose."
— *Publishers Weekly*

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RANDOM HOUSE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. (307-7171)—A cozy former theatre, located a few doors away from Times Square, where techno and college-rock bands, among others, occasionally turn up. The **Sundays,** a band which takes the crystalline melodiousness of jangle-rock and makes it vinegary instead of sweet, performs here on Feb. 25-26. This British quartet has released two albums; their new offering, "Blind," is a shade more guarded and dour than their marvellous 1989 début release, "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic." On both records, the brilliant vocalist Harriet Wheeler sings dismissive, pessimistic lines like a girlish angel of misery, while her songwriting partner, David Gavurin, plays shimmering, Eastern-inflected guitar figures, and no-nonsense nihilism becomes a thing of beauty. **Luna** will open.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**David Staller,** who finishes up in the Oak Room on Feb. 27, is offering a pair of programs for the cabaret-inclined. The early show is a Rodgers and Hart revival titled "Easy to Remember"; the late show, on Fridays and Saturdays, is "Noël & Cole." **Daugherty & Field** begin a monthlong engagement on March 2. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—An internationally minded cabaret that's in the midst of its annual Brazil fest. The latest entry is **Marina,** who will be singing about affairs of the heart; through March 2.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. **Sonny Fortune,** who leads a quartet Feb. 26-27, is a multi-reed man whose curriculum vitae includes sojourns with McCoy Tyner and Miles Davis. His interests are wide-ranging, from bebop and other straight-ahead stuff to fusion and free jazz. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. **Tito Puente** and his Golden Latin Jazz All-Stars are in swing through Feb. 28. Puente is one of the most prominent figures in Latin jazz. He's been leading bands since the forties, has written several standards (including the Santana hit "Oye Como Va"), and has played on some hundred records. He's also a natural cutup, who spikes his solos with a wide repertoire of comic gestures—swaying his hips like Ralph Kramden doing the mambo, brushing his hair with a drumstick. On March 2, **Angela Bofill** begins work. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster. **Darlene Love** will be in on Feb. 24. Love's set is divided into two acts. The first includes narrated segments meant to bring youngsters up to speed on the singer's life story, and it features highlights from the singer's long history of hits. Love can be heard on "He's a Rebel," "(Today I Met) The Boy I'm Gonna Marry," and, most recently, "All Alone on Christmas," from "Home Alone 2." The second act is dedicated to new material. The Fast Folk Music Revue is in swing Feb. 26-27, and **Asia** is at work on Feb. 28. Asia, you will remember, is led by a guitarist named Steve Howe, who has done some things that were cool and adventurous (early-era Yes, for instance), as well as some things that were patently silly (GTR, say). Asia's show may be an occasion for topflight musicianship, or it may just summon up bad memories of puffed-up eighties rock. Enter at your own risk.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. Saxophonist **Chico Freeman** leads a trio through Feb. 27; pianist **John Hicks** shares the spotlight with trumpeter **Roy Hargrove** and bassist **Walter Booker** as of March 1. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Eartha Kitt** holds court in the posh, pastel-muralled Café Carlyle through March. . . . ¶ **Ronny Whyte** presides at the piano across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. The **Lyres** are here on Feb. 27. The Boston quartet, who enjoy near-godlike status in the sixties-garage-rock scene, recently put out a new album, "Happy Now. . ." Their sound is composed of crunching guitar riffs, unstoppable rhythmic grooves, pounding organ chords, and the live-wire vocals of lead singer Jeff Conolly (a.k.a. Mono Mann). Guitarist **Ivan Julian** is here on March 2.

Continental Club, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night. The dancers span all ages and shoe sizes, but all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Feb. 28 belongs to the **Loren Schoenberg** big band. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **Helen Merrill** is here through Feb. 28. Ms. Merrill, a jazz star in the fifties, dropped out of sight for a few decades, resurfacing a few years back. She's a singer with great control: she can make her cool, smoky, vibratoless voice do whatever she wants it to do. She can swing out when she feels like it, but ballads are her strong suit. In this reflective mode, her singing has a quality of airy solitude that brings to mind Miles Davis or Chet Baker. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. The Five Spot is set in a mammoth, turn-of-the-century ballroom that's been dormant for years. The club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. **GATO BARBIERI** performs through Feb. 28. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** is here through Feb. 27, with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** at his side Feb. 26-27.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. The atmosphere is low-key bohemian—it's like a frat house for the avant-garde. On Feb. 23 at 7, there will be a special, free performance by No Small Dreams. The **MEAT PUPPETS**, an Arizona thrash-metal-punk-country trio, have been doing their fiercely independent thing for about a decade now. Every time they turn up, they seem to be onto a new style, but their cult following manages to stay with them. You can catch them here Feb. 26-27.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. **JOHN CAMPBELL** will be here on Feb. 26. Campbell recently released "Howlin' Mercy," a blues-based rock album that's long on howling and short on mercy. The singer has a dark, grainy voice, which he uses to good effect when singing about such things as love and sin. Live shows are his strong suit. The **RED DEVILS** appear on the same bill. Dining.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest belowstairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement apartment. There's cheap food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various found-pop numbers.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—As you clean your plate beneath the gaze of Henry VIII, you might imagine yourself in England. But when the lights go down, you're in long-ago New Orleans, where Jelly Roll Morton struts his stuff. **VERNEL BAGNERIS** (a New Orleans native himself) portrays the self-proclaimed inventor of jazz with elegance, verve, and compassion, providing an intimate counterbalance to the psychologically tortured portrayal currently being purveyed on Broadway. Bagneris bases his script on interviews that Jelly Roll taped in the thirties, and intersperses virtuosic renditions of sixteen numbers—all packed into little more than an hour. Pianist Morten Gunnar Larsen complements him capably at the keyboard.

New Music Café, 380 Canal St., at West Broadway. (941-0900)—Located at the crossroads of New Jersey, Brooklyn, and SoHo—an excellent place to get hit by a truck—this restaurant-bar is likely to contain visitors from all three. It's a big, high-ceilinged, broad-windowed place, where conversations tend to be boisterous and the bands even more so.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A cabaret in the clouds. **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** is at the end of a monthlong engagement. She deserves every single one of the compliments that have been aimed her way since she began appearing in this room four years ago. Her voice is direct and minimal, but the emotion she brings to a song like Rodgers and Hart's "It Never Entered My Mind," a highlight of her set here, comes out of whole lifetimes of feeling. Clooney is also affecting—and self-deprecating—when she's not singing: a story she tells about her fellow-nominees for a Grammy this year is hilarious. The over-all quality of her performance is enhanced by the fine musicians who back her; guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and drummer Joe Cocuzzo are among them. A Rodgers and Hammerstein revue titled "A Grand Night for Singing" opens on March 2. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. On Feb. 24, there will be a double-bill with the Jack Twomey big band and Rick Hardeman and his Basin Street Six.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. The **MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS** perform on Feb. 28; **DAVID FRIEDMAN** and **ALIX KOREY** claim March 1. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. This is significant because, if you head to the bathroom during a set, the crowd is likely to think you're a guest soloist. **JAMES MOODY** leads a quartet through Feb. 28; **CEDAR WALTON**, **RON CARTER**, and **BILLY HIGGINS** start up on March 2. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St., at Great Jones St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabic-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by trumpeter **JACK WALRATH** and saxophonist **CRAIG HANDY**, concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. The sound system can be overwhelming, but the place is big enough to accommodate both those who want to lose their hearing and those who don't. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. **JAMES COTTON** is here Feb. 26-27. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. A tribute to the late drummer and bandleader Art Blakey takes place through Feb. 28. **RALPH MOORE**, **DONALD HARRISON**, and **ROBIN EUBANKS** are among the performers. The **MARCUS ROBERTS** quartet gets under way on March 2. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. It is filled more or less nightly with young bands who like to play long, swirling jams and throngs of young Deadheads who like to listen to them. Feb. 27 belongs to **JOAN OSBORNE**, a talented singer-songwriter who favors a bright, pop-inflected variety of blues. It's impossible not to think of Janis Joplin the first time you hear Osborne's voice; to use a more modern reference point, Osborne occasionally reminds one of Maria McKee.

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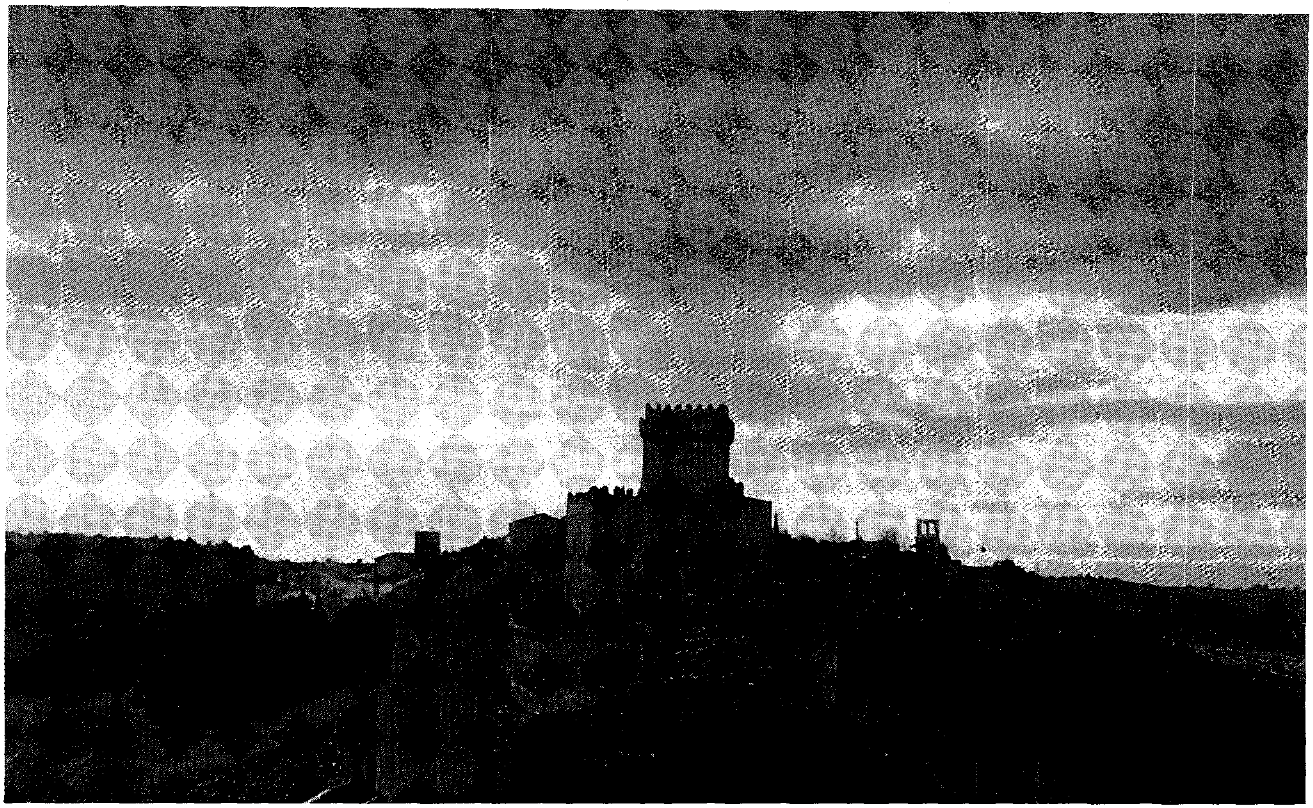

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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Bedford and Morton Streets meet sloppily shy of Seventh Avenue, forming a useless plazette that is too small even for a newsstand. For years, this benchless, nameless slab of concrete, in one of the laziest parts of the Village, remained unused and unnoticed. Then Crazy Nanny's opened, Universal Grill opened, and Universal Harmony was cloned from the original down the block. Two weeks ago, the near-legendary tavern Kelly's was reborn, as Orbit (46 Bedford Street). The Doc Marten brigade—the shoes have gone from "in" to "out" to "in" again so fast that nobody even had the chance to move them to the back of the closet—now mills about with Kelly's old Chris Connor-loving crowd.

A few days ago, four guys on their way to Universal Grill started frugging across the triangle as soon as they heard the pulsating strains of the restaurant's new birthday song, the theme from "Hawaii Five-O." Three women giggled and made don't-follow-us "X" signs with their index fingers before elbowing their way in to Nanny's. An out-of-town couple coming down Bedford surveyed the activity, and the man asked, "Where's everyone going?" "Depends what you want," the trannie at the door to Orbit said. "Well, what is this area called?" the woman asked. An angular young man on his way to Harmony stopped before them and, with arms outspread and with a bow worthy of Feste at the close of "Twelfth Night," gestured to the plazette and said, "The Crossroads of Tolerance." A plaque making that name official would be nice.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Paper Bag Players—Performing their latest show for kids. Of course, much is made of the fact that many of the costumes and props are constructed of cardboard and paper, but in the best skits the materials are rendered irrelevant by the Players' genuine strong suit: plain slapstick silliness. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through March 7.)

Ice Theatre of New York Ensemble—With guest artists, in Rob McBrien's "Hitchcock Suite." (Rockefeller Plaza Rink, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Feb. 24 at 1 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Pat Oleszko—In her new performance piece, "Nora's Art." With music by Blue Gene Tyranny and films by David Robinson and Ms. Oleszko. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Feb. 24-28 at 8:30.)

Babs Davy—In a reprise of "Women and Children First: Outstanding Perk or Tool of Oppression?" Deb Margolin was the director. (WOW Café, 59 E. 4th St. 460-8067. Feb. 25-27 at 8.)

Eric Bogosian—Presenting "Pounding Nails into the Floor with My Forehead," a work in progress. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Feb. 25-26 and Feb. 28 at 9, and Feb. 27 at 9 and 11.)

Penny Arcade—In her show "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

Mary Ellen Strom—Presenting "Witness," a video performance installation. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 1-2 at 8.)

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Faces and Figures: German and Austrian Artists, 1918-33" consists entirely of Met-owned objects, including prints by Beckmann, Grosz, Kokoschka, and Dix, and photographs by Raoul Hausmann, John Heartfield, and August Sander. . . . ¶ "Fashion and History: A Dialogue" is the first installation in the redesigned Costume Institute. . . . ¶ "Drawing for Design" includes sketches and finished pieces by designers, architects, and artists, from Christopher Dresser to Robert Venturi. . . . ¶ "The Royal City of Susa: Ancient Near Eastern Treasures in the Louvre." Two hundred works in copper, bronze, stone, and clay. Through March 7. . . . ¶ The third-century works in "Loma Negra, A Peruvian Lord's Tomb" range from small gilt nose and ear ornaments to large headdresses and masks. . . . ¶ Twenty-five examples of elaborately inscribed and decorated medieval Islamic garments. Through March 14. . . . ¶ An installation of works from the museum's large collection of Italian majolica and Venetian glass. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Projects: Georg Herold and Markus Oehlen." Oehlen's paintings, with their overlaid blobs and stencils, are graphically skilled but try too hard to "look like Art," while Herold's dumbly blunt paintings—for example, the word "void" spelled in bricks that actually cause the canvas to sag from their burdensome weight—critique the game while playing it every step of the way. In addition, there are two sculptures by Oehlen that look like massive whipped-cream dollops that might wobble if you brush up against them, and a canvas-wrapped wooden sculpture by Herold that has something or other to do with "cluster theory." Through March 23. . . . ¶ "Thinking Is Form: The Drawings of Joseph Beuys"—Approximately two hundred works in several mediums, including pencil, watercolor, oil, collage, and chalk on blackboard. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"AMERICA Invention," a new work by Lothar Baumgarten. The walls of the large rotunda, from the skylight to the ground and back up again, are inscribed with the Westernized names for Native American societies from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Through March 7. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

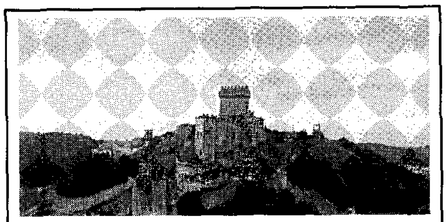
Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Photography in Contemporary German Art: 1960 to the Present" explores various unconventional approaches to the medium, including the use of handworked materials and outsized formats. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The museum will be open for a preview of the 1993 Biennial Exhibition. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An expanded installation from the museum's collection of contemporary art, inaugurating the newly renovated West Wing, which features paintings, photographs, works on paper, and sculpture. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The museum is displaying the skeleton of Jumbo, the world-famous elephant who reigned as "The Towering Monarch of His Mighty Race" in the Barnum & Bailey Circus. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—"One Thousand Days One Million Years,"



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ART—Cont'd

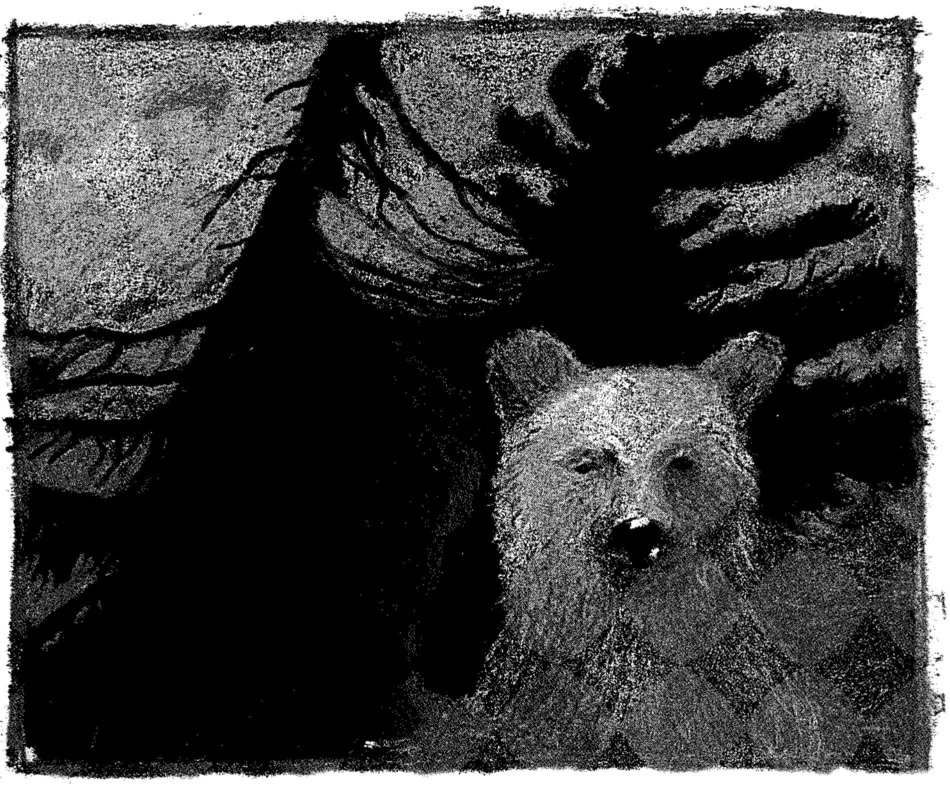
an exhibition of paintings from the "Today Series," by On Kawara. Also on view are "One Million Years (Past)," which comprises ten typewritten volumes, and "One Million Years (Future)," a sound piece. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"The Power of Maps" includes such wonderful objects as a Mesopotamian clay tablet; a navigation chart from the Marshall Islands; and a *lukasa*, a map made of wood, beads, and metal, used by a secret society of the Luba people of Zaire. There are maps here that track the transmission of plagues and maps that chart the ozone hole over Antarctica. There is even a display showing the inside of a map-lover's glove compartment. But so much effort has gone into proving that maps can be fun that much of the fun has been stripped away. Perhaps more could have been left to the imagination by creatively juxtaposing the material and letting museumgoers figure it all out themselves. Through March 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Rare Presidential manuscripts, letters, and documents: Thomas Jefferson's first published work, "Summary View of the Rights of America" (1774), and a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence. Through April 18. . . . ¶ Abraham Lincoln's "house divided" manuscript, the earliest known expression of his doctrine opposing slavery. Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ A selection of George Washington's personal correspondence during and after the Revolutionary War. Through Feb. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of African Art, 593 Broadway—"Secrecy: African Art That Conceals and Reveals," this museum's inaugural exhibition, includes masks, figures, textiles, initiatory objects, and reliquaries. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 8.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The representation and reconfiguration of urban spaces, and the movement of people and things through such spaces, are the focal points of a show called "In Transit." Featuring the work of Tadashi Kawamata, Marlene McCarty and Laura Cottingham, Helen Levitt, Camilo Vergara, and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Through April 11. . . . ¶ "Skin Deep," a show of abstract works by Peter Hopkins, Byron Kim, Lauren Szold, and Jack Whitten, all containing references to skin and pigment. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Sculptural objects—a sweater, a pair of trousers—made out of transparent tape, by Oliver Herring. Through April 11. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)



Self-portrait by Tom Uttech.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carroll Dunham—Of all the bad-boy painters working today, Dunham is certainly one of the most entertaining, for unlike most of his peers he recognizes the childish nature of macho displays. When he is at his most engaged, as he is in these new paintings, he lets the little boy in himself run wild. The results are battle scenes in kid colors, with squirt-like things containing genitalic appendages, sprays of roe and foam, and steamy hairs—a style that could be called Primordial Baroque. Yet, whatever the appearance of these paintings, Dunham is at heart a traditional painter, and all that play is, in the end, a way to keep the eye entertained as it moves across the canvas. Through March 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

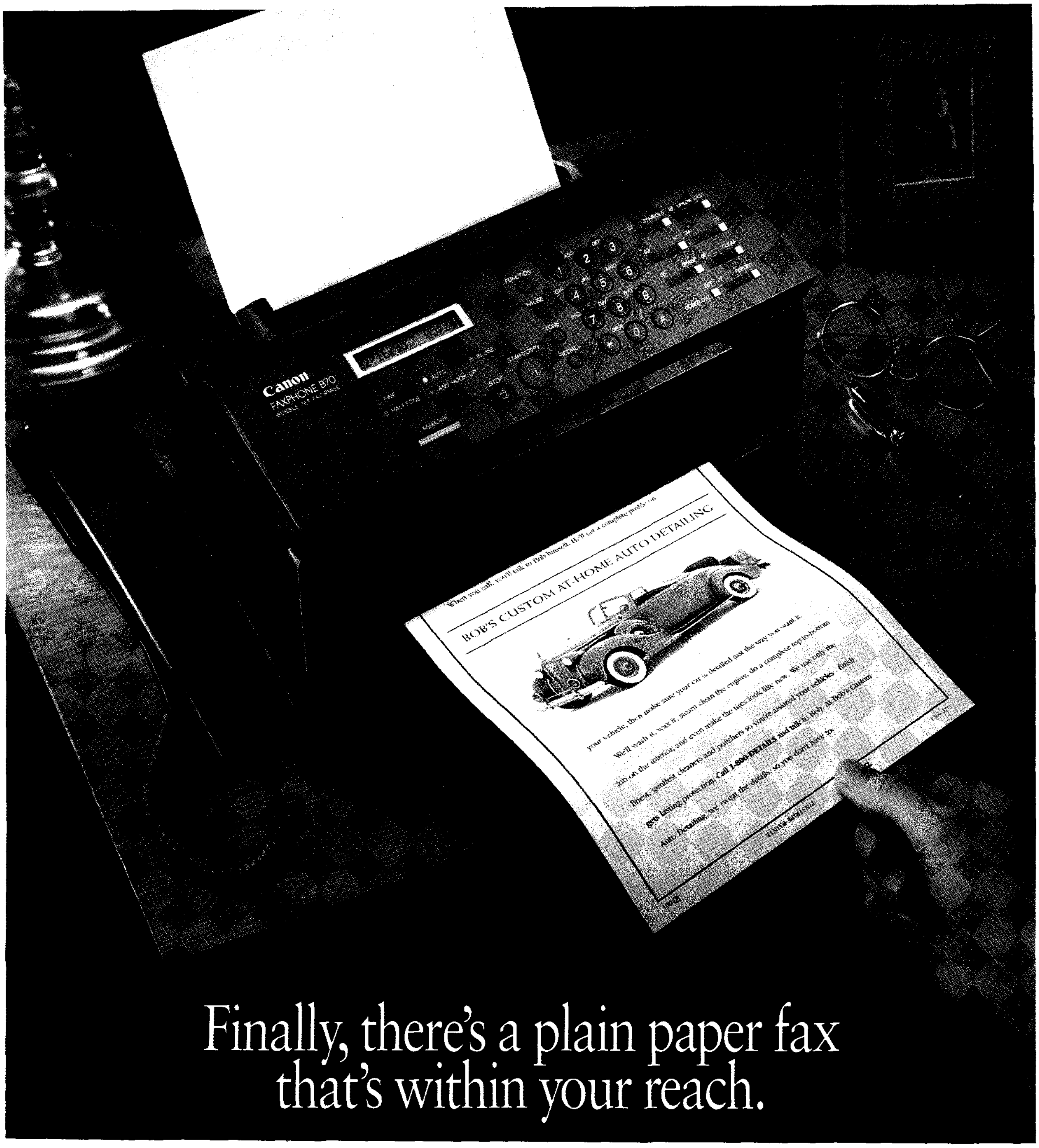
Short List—ALICE AYCOCK, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through March 13); **JOSEPH BEUYS,** Gibson, 568 Broadway (through April 3); **TONY BEVAN,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through March 20); **CAROLYN BRADY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through March 13); **CHRIS BURDEN,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through Feb. 27); **SOPHIE CALLE,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through March 6); **ROBERT COLESCOTT,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through March 27); **ROBERT CUMMING,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through March 6); **SONIA DELAUNAY,** Zarre, 154 Wooster St. (through March 6); **MARIO DELLAVEDOVA,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through March 13); **STEVE GIANAKOS,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through March 27); **RODNEY ALAN GREENBLAT,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through March 13); **ED KERR,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **JENE HIGHSTEIN,** Klein, 594 Broadway (through May 9); **JAMES HYDE,** Good, 532 Broadway (through March 12); **DAVID LASRY,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through March 10); **MILA MACEK,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through March 10); **CAROL PYLANT,** Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. (through March 2); **DAVID RABINOWITCH,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through April); **LUCAS SAMARAS,** Pace, 142 Greene St. (through March 20); **JULIAN SCHNABEL AND FRANCESCO CLEMENTE,** Ikeda, 130 Prince St. (through March 6); **JANE SCHNEIDER,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through March 2); **JUDITH SHEA,** Protech, 560 Broadway (through March 20); **HEDDA STERNE,** Briet, 558 Broadway (through Feb. 27); **SELINA TRIEFF,** Perlow, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 27); **ROBIN WINTERS,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through March 20).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alex Katz—A stunning show of recent hand-painted cutouts of the artist's friends. One room is filled with a sea of young, glinty-eyed faces, rendered seamlessly attractive by Katz's deceptively simple brush. Each face is elegantly perched on a bronze pad that has been hand-molded as if by Giacometti. Of the full-figure cutouts, some are singles, others pairs, and two—one of the painter Francesco Clemente and one of the former art dealer Massimo Audiello—are doubled, as if the artist thought that they were narcissists who enjoyed their own company above all others'. In whatever format he's working in, Katz has a great appreciation for male beauty and a keen ability to express people's basic goodness. Through Feb. 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tom Uttech—For the inaugural show in its new space, the gallery has chosen Uttech, an artist in mid-career whose world—the backwaters and woods of Wisconsin and Canada—is about as far as you can get from New York's art scene. His landscapes typically depict a turbulent, threatening foreground that gives way to a luminous, magical background, where, as the artist puts it, "everything can be perfect in your imagination." The recurrent image of a totemic bear—its forelegs crossed, or planted on its hips, or simply dangling, as the bear contemplates its unexpected observer—assumes, over all, the character of a self-portrait. The frames are not mere supports but rather are painted as well, to provide a surrounding narrative. Through Feb. 27. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—JOHN CARLSON, Babcock 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 3); **ROBERT COTTINGHAM,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 20); **VINCENT DESIDERIO,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 27); **ARTHUR G. DOVE,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 13); **MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER** and **MARK WORKMAN,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 27); **MINNIE EVANS,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 6); **HELEN FRANKENTHALER** and **ROBERT CARACCIOLO,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 20); **ROBERT GOODNOUGH,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 2); **VALERIE JAUDON,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 27); **CATHERI LEE,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 27); **MEDRIE MACPHEE,** Baldacci-Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 13) **JAMES MC GARRELL,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 27); **JUAN MUÑOZ** and **THOMAS STRUTH,** Marian Goodman, 24 W 57th St. (through March 20); **LUCIO POZZI** and **JANE ROSEN,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave. at 57th St. (through March 13); **HARVEY QUAYTMAN,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 3); **BONELL SILVERMAN** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 27) **TIMOTHY WOODMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 20) **ANDREW WYETH,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St.(through Feb. 27).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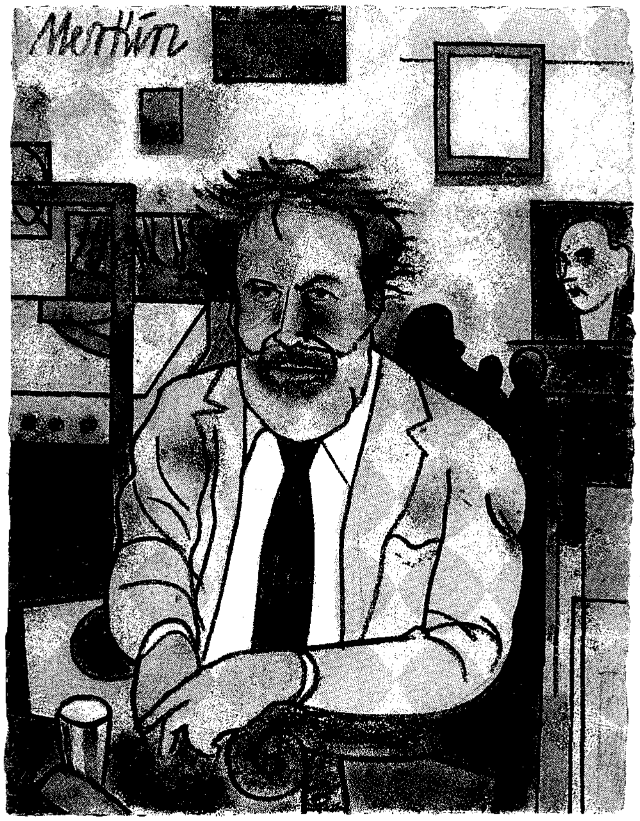
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Paul Resika—Color is the expressive agent in this brilliant show of some twenty skeletal paintings. Boldly, Resika has drawn his motifs—lone boathouses, empty skiffs, weathered farmhouses—from two of the most classic landscapists' spots on earth: Provincetown and Provence. He renders his color-drenched scenes with the deceptive ease of a film dissolve. Resika's coloration enlivens his otherwise stark, quiet paintings and heightens their unlikely variegation. One can almost feel the salt air blowing and the warm fragrance of the dry clay rooftops. Through Feb. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

Ed Ruscha—These so-called "Liquid" paintings, made between 1966 and 1969, consist generally of an ombré background, in an unwholesome color, and a single floating word. But think of ripe papayas and Coppertone tans, of Tequila Sunrises in Santa Monica bars, of killer tropical punches tinted blue. At closer range, tiny still-life motifs—refried beans, an olive, pomegranate seeds, a couple of marbles, foam—may be found clinging to a bubble or swirled into a spill, and a vision of, say, the Dutch Masters on a beach near Tijuana comes to mind. Like the waking ends of dreams, the piebald surfaces of these paintings seem to dissolve into one-word utterances. At that instant, you may suddenly feel a puff of air pushing you off again to look for some perspective on a memory. Through Feb. 27. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)



Paul Resika at Salander-O'Reilly gallery.

Short List—**HANNELORE BARON**, Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (through Feb. 27); **NANCY FRIED** and **BRYN JAMES**, Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through March 27); **JERRY KEARNS**, Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 5); **ROBERT MOTHERWELL**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through March 11); **JULIAN SCHNABEL**, Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through March 6).

PHOTOGRAPHY

A Different Picture

The Museum of Modern Art's permanent photography collection has always been a sort of heaven for those who like to make discoveries. The stories of people who fell in love with photography right there on 53rd Street are legion. Under the direction of Beaumont Newhall, Edward Steichen, and John Szarkowski, the long-running installations, which were chosen from the permanent collection, and often turned photographs into icons, were reflections not only of the museum's respect for the medium but also of each man's very different dedication to it.

Peter Galassi has been in charge since October, 1991, but it is really only now, with the complete reinstallation of the museum's photography collection, that one can begin to get a sense of what the viewer's everyday experience of photography will be like under his leadership. Clearly, scholarship, connoisseurship, and a sense of ever-expanding history will continue to be upheld by MOMA'S photography department. It is also admirably evident that Galassi is open to the multiplicity of the medium and to ongoing contemporary developments. Is it only cavilling, then, to say one misses that extraordinary sense of vitality which would sometimes rush among a group of photographs—because of the way that Szarkowski had hung them—and then land in one's very being?

Diana Michener—The two groups of work on view—one of the heads of newly slaughtered cows, the other of deformed fetuses, a number of them Siamese twins preserved in formaldehyde—combine education and emotion in remarkable ways. Michener has chosen subjects that, in another's hands, could easily stimulate horror or numbness; instead, she stimulates one to really look at her pictures. Through March 6. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**LEWIS BALTZ**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through March 20); **JOSEF BREITENBACH**, Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St., and Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (both through Feb. 27); **FLOR GARDUÑO**, Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (open daily, except Mondays, noon to 6, through March 7); **EMIL HEILBORN**, Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (through April 10); **SAUL LEITER**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Feb. 27); **MARK KLETT**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 6); **MARTIN MUNKACSI**, Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. and 27th St. (open Tuesday evenings until 9, through March 6); **JOHN STEWART**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through March 13); **LEONARD SUSSMAN**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **JOYCE TENNESON** and **PHYLLIS GALEMBO**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through March 28); **ROMAN VISHNIAC**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 18).

MUSIC

Fascinating Rhythm

The American Symphony Orchestra's program of Balakirev, Schmidt, Loeffler, and Szymanowski, at Avery Fisher Hall on February 26, bears the subtitle "Unjust Obscurity?" in the ads and brochures. The programmers at a more mainstream institution might well be calling it something like "Botstein Tries Poison." Anyone who knows how programs are actually chosen knows that the pressures of conservatism are enormous. The classical ticket buyer is apparently pretty sensitive to the presence on the bill of familiar compositions and names well known from the record shelf at home. And the institutional planner is exquisitely sensitive to minute fluctuations in the responses of the classical ticket buyer. In this context, the faintest admixture of an impresario's or musician's personal tastes and curiosities is hailed as bold. If you want to get some Szymanowski heard, butter it on one side with Beethoven and on the other with Ravel.

Leon Botstein, the music director of the A.S.O., adheres to the formula of not following any formula. On the other hand, the question mark in the title might give pause. "Unjust Obscurity!" would suggest that works of hidden wonder are going to be played with radiant, missionary conviction. If Friday's program turns out to be an exercise in head-scratching, then one is likely to hear variations on "I thought as much" about the subject of box-office poison.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 57 3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 996-1100.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**IL TROVATORE**, with Deborah Voigt, Ludmila Schemtchuk, Kristjan Johannsson, and Vladimir Chernov; conducted by Nello Santi. (Feb. 24 and Feb. 27 a 8.). . . **DER ROSENKAVALIER**, with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Susan Quittmeyer, Heidi Gran Murphy, and Eric Halfvarson; Christian Thielemann. (Feb. 25 and March 1 a 7:30.). . . **LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST**, with Ghena Dimitrova, Nicola Martinucci, and Alain Fondary; Christian Badea. (Feb. 26 and March 2 at 8.). . . **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and

PAGLIACCI, with Waltraud Meier, Bruno Beccaria, and Timothy Noble in the former, and Barbara Daniels, Vladimir Atlantov, and Juan Pons in the latter; Nello Santi. (Feb. 27 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

POULENC DOUBLE BILL—Two one-acters by Poulenc, as different as can be: "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," a deftly surreal romp wherein the titular *mamelles* "gently lift and separate" in a way the folks at Playtex never anticipated; and "La Voix Humaine," a setting of Cocteau's monodrama (here featuring soprano Nina Warren) in which a jilted lover's desperation leads to a tragic telephonic conclusion. John McGlinn conducts, and Frank Corsaro directs. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Feb. 24 and Feb. 26 at 8, and Feb. 28 at 2.)

YO, RAMEAU!—William Christie leads Les Arts Florissants in concert performances of two theatrical works by the eighteenth-century master. Feb. 26 at 7 and Feb. 28 at 3: The opera "Castor et Pollux." . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 7: The *opéra-ballet* "Les Indes Galantes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER OPERA COMPANY—A double bill of chamber operas: Alec Wilder's "The Truth About Windmills" (in its New York première) and Holst's "Sāvitri" (derived from an episode in the "Mahabharata"). (Manhattan Marymount Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Feb. 26-27 at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857. Through March 6.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Feb. 27 at 7:30 and Feb. 28 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Most contemporary composers have plenty of time to cool their heels between all too occasional performances of their works. But not Ellen Taaffe Zwilich; on the evening of February 25, the Minnesota Orchestra will play her "Celebration," James Galway and the Phoenix Symphony will perform her Flute Concerto, and Kurt Masur will conduct the New York Philharmonic in the première of her Symphony No. 3 (the composition of which was underwritten by the orchestra's sesquicentennial commissioning program). Since becoming the first woman to be awarded a Pulitzer Prize in music (in 1983), she's been showered with fellowships, been commended with honorary degrees, and even earned a congratulatory cheer from Peppermint Patty in a "Peanuts" comic strip: all this for generating large-scale musical structures with classical precision from compact musical motives. The program also includes Saint-Saëns' Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Cécile Ousset) and Schubert's Symphony No. 9. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 25 at 8 and Feb. 26 at 11 A.M.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Lawrence Foster conducts Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," Schubert's Symphony No. 2, and the première of the late Stephen Albert's Cello Concerto (featuring Yo-Yo Ma). (92nd Street Y. Feb. 24-25 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leon Botstein conducts works that spend most of their time languishing in obscurity: Balakirev's symphonic poem "Tamara," Franz Schmidt's Concerto for Piano Left-Hand (featuring Leon Fleisher), Szymanowski's Symphony No. 1, and Charles Martin Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles" (a symphonic suite that features a solo turn from viola d'amore player Janet Hill). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 26 at 7:25, preceded at 6:15 by a talk from Mr. Botstein.)

JUILLIARD CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Christopher Kendall conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, Copland's "Quiet City," a suite from Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes," and Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 26 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Robert Black conducts Mahler's Symphony No. 7. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Feb. 26 at 8.)

CONCENTUS HUNGARICUS—Though the reputations of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti rest squarely on their operas, all three evinced substantial interest in woodwind instruments as well, perhaps finding in them an instrumental equivalent to the bel-canto style they championed when writing for the voice. They composed sonatas, concertos, and other bits and pieces spotlighting the flute, oboe, English horn, and clarinet, which, if secondary in their catalogues, enjoy the appreciation of modern instrumentalists starved for nineteenth-century solo repertoire. Michel Lethiec, a French clarinettist whose increasingly frequent visits to our town have been noted enthusiastically by chamber-music aficionados, will be featured in two such "bel-canto" works—Bellini's Clarinet Concerto and Rossini's "Introduction, Theme, and Variations." A Rossini string sonata and Tchaikovsky's "Serenade for Strings" will round out the concert. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 27 at 8.)

ORPHEUS—The conductorless chamber orchestra will perform Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni," Strauss's Serenade (Op. 7), Suk's Serenade for Strings, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with Ruggiero Ricci). (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF OUR TIME AND MUSIC TODAY ENSEMBLE—Joel Thome oversees music by Frank Zappa (including the première of his "Nite School," a piano concerto featuring Mats Oberg) and Varèse (including his "Déserts"). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA ORCHESTRA—James Levine conducts Schubert's Symphony No. 8 and Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring"; soprano Kathleen Battle is scheduled to perform Bach's Cantata No. 202 ("Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten") and Mozart's concert scena "Bella mia Fiamma." (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 28 at 3.)

MOSCOW VIRTUOSI—Vladimir Spivakov conducts Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, Stravinsky's "Concerto in D for String Orchestra," Mozart's Symphony No. 28, and Karl Amadeus Hartman's "Concerto Funèbre" (in which the conductor will double as violin soloist). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 28 at 3.)

I CANTORI DI NEW YORK—Mark Shapiro directs Schubert's G-Major Mass, Harbison's "Songs of Experience," Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia," and Schoenberg's "Friede auf Erden." (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 28 at 4.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch, the orchestra's music director designate, conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 104 (the "London") and Bruckner's Symphony No. 4 (the "Romantic"). (Avery Fisher Hall. March 1 at 8.)

RECITALS

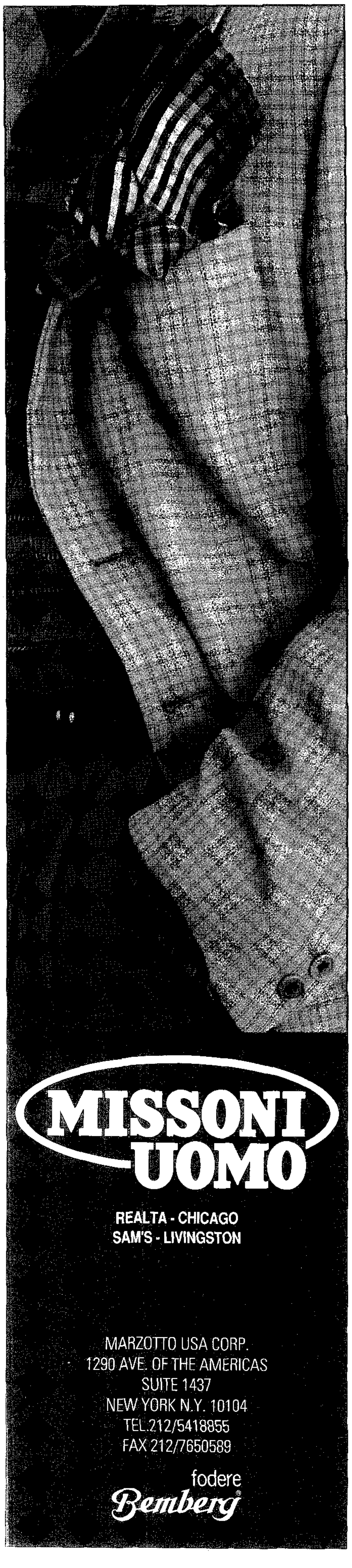
MARILYN HORNE—The mezzo-soprano sings Baroque arias and songs by Schubert and Debussy, among others; with pianist Martin Katz. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 24 at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—An all-Beethoven program: the Quartets in G Major (Op. 18, No. 2) and E-Flat (Op. 74) and the String Quintet (Op. 29, with violist Pinchas Zukerman assisting). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 24 at 8.)

NEW YORK NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE—David Gilbert conducts Mario Davidovsky's "Salvos," John Anthony Lennon's "Echolalia," the première of Ann Callaway's "Devachan," and selections from the pen of Charles Wuorinen. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 24 at 8.)

LIEDERABEND—Songs and vocal chamber music by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf, as interpreted by soprano Rosemarie Landry, tenor Paul Sperry, and baritone David Evitts; with pianist Margo Garrett. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 24 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Presenting Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata (featuring cellist Ronald Thomas and pianist Stephanie Brown), as well as piano quartets by Mozart (in G Minor) and Dvořák (in E-Flat Major), in which violinist Carmit



Allen Ginsberg, Laurie Anderson, Nawang Khechog, and Philip Glass, in a "Great Miracle Prayer Festival," at Town Hall.

Zori and violist Maria Lambros complete the ensemble. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 25 at 7:30 and Feb. 28 at 4.)

Emma Kirkby and Anthony Rooley—The soprano and the lutenist delve into the music of the seventeenth century. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 25 at 8.)

Musicians from Marlboro—Seven of them, playing chamber music by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Copland. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 25 at 8.)

Daniel Kirk-Foster—In his New York début recital, the pianist performs music by Beethoven, Brahms, Copland, Rachmaninoff, and Wuorinen (including a première). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Feb. 25 at 8.)

Guild of Composers—Presenting works by Seymour Shifrin, Miriam Gideon, Edward Cohen, Arlene Zallman, Martin Boykan, and Milton Babbitt (his "Dual," for cello piano). (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Feb. 25 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Consort of Viols—The group, plus several friends, alerts music lovers to the four hundred and fiftieth birthday of William Byrd by performing an assortment of his viol fantasias, consort songs, and keyboard works. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Feb. 25 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Chilingirian String Quartet—Performing quartets by Mozart (the "Dissonance," K. 465) and Beethoven (the "Serioso," Op. 95), as well as Bartók's Piano Quintet (with pianist Panayis Lyras). (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 26 at 8.)

Woodhill Players—A woodwind quintet plus eighty-eight keys, performing chamber music by William Grant Still, Calvert Nelson, Scott Joplin, Michel Dejean, and William Foster McDaniel. (Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway at 114th St. Feb. 27 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Christopher Parkening—The classical guitarist performs a grab-bag program. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

Leif Ove Andsnes—In his New York début recital, the Norwegian pianist performs Beethoven's F-Minor Sonata (Op. 2, No. 1), Janáček's "V Mlhách" (you may know it as "In the Mists"), Grieg's E-Minor Sonata and "Lyric Pieces," and Liszt's First "Mephisto Waltz." (92nd Street Y. Feb. 27 at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—The flutist performs music by Mozart, Schumann, Beethoven, Martinů, and others; with pianist John Steele Ritter. (Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Feb. 28 at 2.)

Emerson String Quartet—Performing Mendelssohn's Quartet in E-Flat (Op. 44, No. 3), Schubert's Quartet in A Minor (D. 804), and Berg's "Lyric Suite." (92nd Street Y. Feb. 28 at 3.)

North/South Consonance—Presenting chamber works by Hugo Weisgall and Bruce Saylor, among others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Feb. 28 at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Lorenz Maycher—Organist, performing works by Bach, Vierne, Sowerby, and others. (First Church of Christ, Scientist, Central Park W. at 96th St. Feb. 28 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Rosemary Glyde—Violist, performing her own solo Fantasia ("Whydah"), on a program that also includes sonatas by Bernard Hoffer, Rachmaninoff, and Hindemith; assisted by pianists Norman Carey and Diana Kacso. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. Feb. 28 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Violinist Elmar Oliveira and pianist Lee Luvisi perform Beethoven's D-Major Sonata (Op. 12, No. 1), in a program that also includes Brahms' Horn Trio and Tchaikovsky's String Sextet ("Souvenir de Florence"). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 28 at 5 and March 2 at 7:30.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the group in American chamber works: Copland's Sextet, Piston's "Divertimento," Rorem's "Eleven Studies for Eleven Players," and Rochberg's "Music for the Magic Theater." (Loeb Student Center, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. Feb. 28 at 7, preceded at 6:30 by a conversation with Messrs. Rochberg and Rorem. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 870-2439.)

Languedoc Getaway—Les Entreprises Occitanes (a troupe of musicians, actors, and dancers directed by Susan Melvoin) presents a staged performance centering on twelfth- and thirteenth-century troubadour songs, all sung in English. (Town School, 540 E. 76th St. Feb. 28 at 8 and March 1 at 2. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 222-0803.)

Aston Magna—Early-music summer camp comes to the big city, in a program of compositions by Corelli and Lully, as well as tributes to both by Marais (his "Tombeau de Mons. de Lully") and Couperin (his "Apothéoses" of Lully and Corelli); with violinists Daniel Stepner and Stanley Ritchie, viola da gambist Laura Jeppeson, and harpsichordist Elisabeth Wright. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 1 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensembles—Presenting a suite by Jeremiah Clarke, as well as concertos and *concerti grossi* by Vivaldi, Albinoni, Handel, and Telemann. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 2 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

"Great Miracle Prayer Festival"—Very spiritual—especially the opening segment, in which maroon-robed monks of the Ganden Shartse monastery (which was relocated, during China's Cultural Revolution, from Tibet to southern India) will display their astonishing harmonic chanting, the technique of which enables each monk to sing in harmony with himself. The concert will conclude with traditional music from Tibet, in the form of an epilogue played by Tibetan flutist Nawang Khechog. Most of the evening, however, will be given over to readings and musical creations by Laurie Anderson, Allen Ginsberg, and Philip Glass. A benefit concert. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 24 at 7:30.)

Keith Richards—Richards, the Riff God, makes skeletal but far from simple music, and his second solo album, "Main Offender," leaves a listener feeling both elated and rooted. This will be a rough, spontaneous, leathery night of rock chiaroscuro. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 24 at 8.)

Mike Oldfield—The first time around, in 1973, English multi-instrumentalist Oldfield's armchair soundtrack album, "Tubular Bells," was a startling piece of minimalist grandiosity that sold sixteen million copies and made Virgin Records rich. It anticipated the

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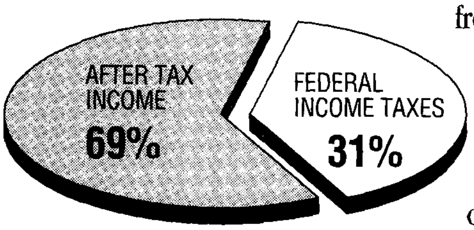

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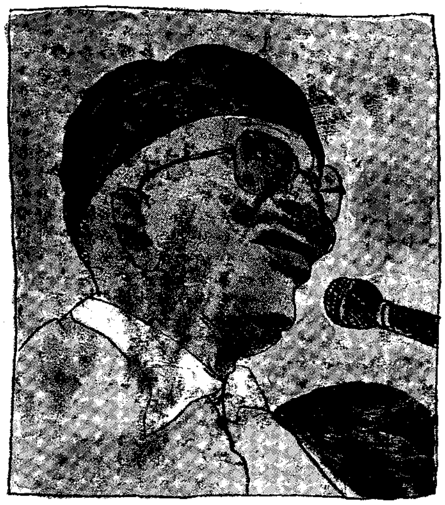
*30-day yield (as of 2/3/93). **6.18%**, **6.52%**, and **5.30%** were the average annual returns for 1 year, 5 years and the life of the fund (commencement of operation 12/24/86) respectively for the period ended 12/31/92. The taxable equivalent yield is based on the 31% federal tax rate. Performance figures are historical and total return includes change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains and the effect of the $5 account closeout fee on an average size account. You may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares. Yield, share price and return will vary. [1]A portion of income may be subject to the federal alternative minimum tax. [2]Transactions may reduce your yield. [3]The fund is not FDIC insured and does not offer a fixed rate of return. Fidelity Distributors Corporation. CODE: NYR/STM/030193



“Big Muddy Piano Festival”: Jimmy Walker...

“Chariots of Fire” theme, Windham Hill Records, Enya, New Age music in general, and a thousand bell-chiming electronic movie scores. “Tubular Bells 2,” which will be performed in its entirety during this show, is a nostalgic tour through the same territory. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 1 at 8.)

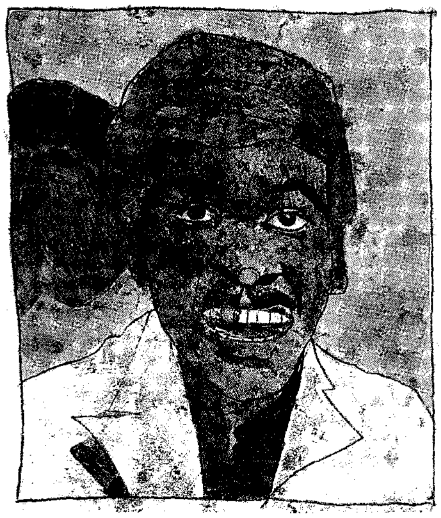
"Big Muddy Piano Festival"—A gathering of top-notch blues pianists. Three are from port cities along the Mississippi River: Tommy Ridgley, of New Orleans; Booker T. Laury, of Memphis; and Henry Townsend, of St. Louis. And there is one interloper from Chicago (thus, a muddy *and* windy shindig): Jimmy Walker, who is making his New York début at age ninety. Mr. Townsend and Mr. Laury play on Feb. 26, and Mr. Ridgley and Mr. Walker hold forth on Feb. 27. (St. Ann’s Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Feb. 26-27 at 8.)

Music and Dance from Uganda—James Makubuya & Kiyira Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 27 at 8.)

Guy Klucevsek—Performing four premières. (Great Hall, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island. 1-718 448-2500. Feb. 28 at 3.)

Dick Hyman—With Howard Alden and Milt Hinton. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1000. March 2 at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Bryan Adams, Herb Alpert, George Michael, Sting, James Taylor, Tina Turner, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 2 at 7.)



Tommy Ridgley...

SPORTS

Drive He Said

THE N.B.A. players’ poll in *Sports Illustrated* recently voted Knicks fans most knowledgeable and the Nets’ success this year’s most pleasant surprise. Neither result seems exactly correct to New Jerseyan Ward Sanders, a Nets and Sixers fan (he lives near Trenton), and an N.B.A. honors student if ever there was one. “I can see how the players might think that about the New York fans,” he said. “It’s a cozy basketball arena, and before a game you get a warm, fuzzy feeling just walking around the city and mingling outside the Garden. The Meadowlands, though, feels like your basic grimy industrial complex: outside, you have the oil refineries to stroll around; inside, the acoustics are a disaster. It’s a different crowd, I’d say—everybody arrives in a station wagon—but it’s not true that the fans don’t know the game. You have to, to be a Nets fan at all.

“And, no, I’m not that surprised. The Nets had all the pieces last year, but they didn’t have Chuck Daly to mesh the personalities. He’s turned them into a *team*. Unlike the Knicks, who seem to be a bunch of bullies now—raw speed, raw power, and trash talk.” Knicks fans know better, though it is true that New Jersey is looking to make a run at New York this year. It may be the last American season for Drazen Petrovic, the Nets’ unacknowledged All-Star. And why else add a volatile former superstar, Bernard King, to their delicate, newfound team chemistry? We’ll get a better idea after the Knicks and Nets play on February 28, in New Jersey. The game is sold out, but NBC will televise, for those with no station wagon.

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, March 2 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, Feb. 26 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, Feb. 28 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, March 2 at 8.

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Belle ou Fidèle?—Four writers, including Richard Howard and Rika Lesser, will talk about translating poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. March 2 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

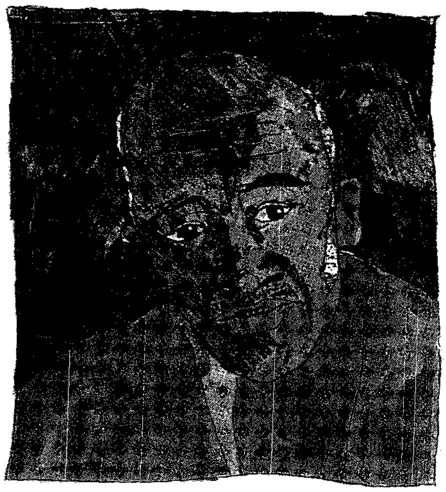
Tropical Punch—Tree-size ferns and orchid-laden trees provide an oasis from February’s chilly temperatures, at the New York Botanical Garden’s show. (Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, Bronx Park. Through Feb. 28. Daily, except Mondays, from 10 to 4.)

Artful—Some sixty galleries will exhibit work by artists ranging from Albrecht Dürer to Diane Arbus. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Feb. 25-26, noon to 8; Feb. 27-28, noon to 7; and March 1, noon to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the exhibit.)

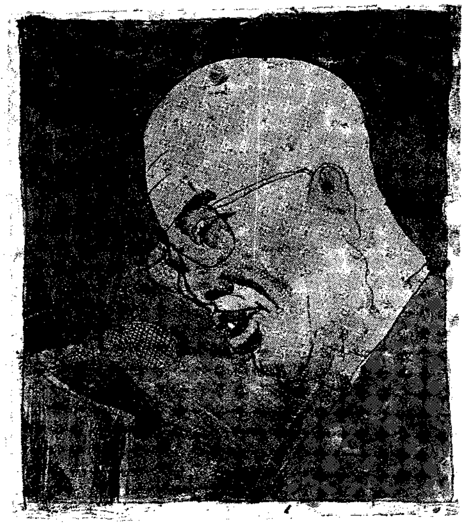
Readings—Feb. 24 at 6:30: Actors will read stories by emerging writers and by Ethan Canin and Mona Simpson, hosts for this Selected Shorts. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.). . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 7: Michael Drinkard, Jill Eisenstadt, and Sandra Scoppettone, among others, will read from their own work. (Teachers & Writers Collaborative, 5 Union Square W. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 1 at 7: David Cale, Jessica Hagedorn, and Marianne Wiggins will read from their own work. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 1 at 8: New Swiss fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ March 2 at 7:30: Poets John Ash and Ann Lauterbach will read work written throughout their careers. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 2 at 8: P. D. James will read from her new novel, “The Children of Men.” (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Feb. 24 at 6: Travel writer Tobias Schneebaum will talk about living among the Asmat, a jungle-dwelling cannibal people in Indonesia. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.). . . ¶ March 2 at 7: Science writer Jared Diamond will give a talk titled “The Great Leap: How and When We Became So Different from Other Animals.” (Brentano’s, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.)

Weekend Walks—Feb. 27 at 1: Here’s a chance to tour lower Manhattan, which includes the city’s oldest settled area; sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 11: The SoHo art world; sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For more information, call 265-2663.



Henry Townsend...



and Booker T. Laury.

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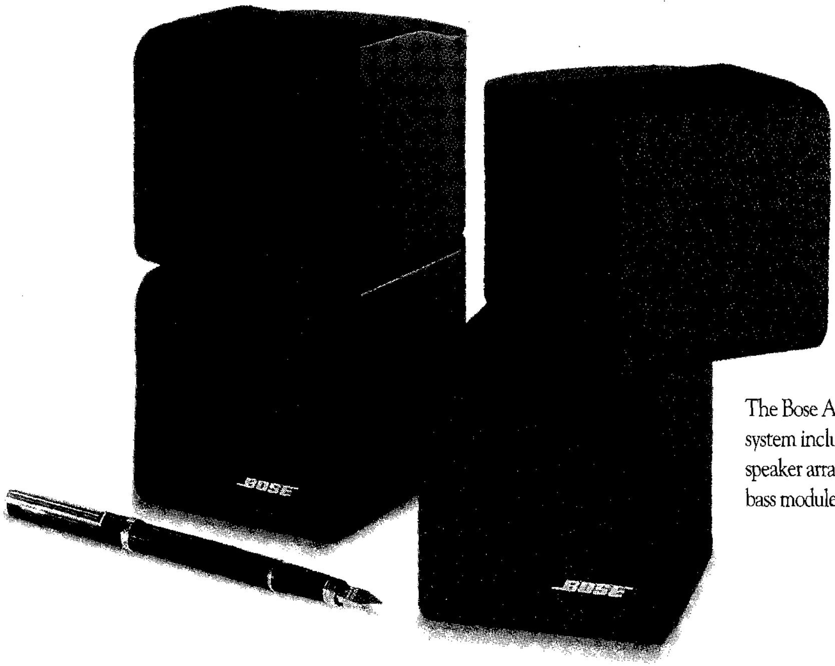

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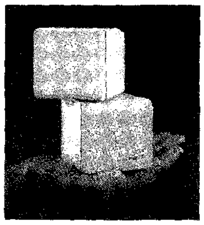

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EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mac" (directed by John Turturro), with Turturro.
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Feb. 25: A series of films about Malcolm X.
From Feb. 26: "Modigliani" (1957, Jacques Becker; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer, and Anouk Aimée.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sommersby" (†).
Theatre 2: "Passion Fish" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Dead Alive" (Peter Jackson). From Feb. 26: "El Mariachi" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Temp" (†).
Theatre 3: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 4: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 5: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson.
Theatre 6: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 7: "Groundhog Day" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Player" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd. From Feb. 26: "The Last Days of Chez Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alive" (Frank Marshall).
Theatre 4: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (†).
Theatre 6: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 3: "The Temp" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sommersby" (†).
Theatre 5: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford).
Theatre 6: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
(Separate admissions) "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh); and "Flirting" (John Duigan).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Army of Darkness" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.
Theatre 3: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Temp" (†).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	1	2				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 30.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Passion Fish" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Army of Darkness" (Sam Raimi).
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Matinee" (Joe Dante), with John Goodman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 2: "Sommersby" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Love Field" (†)
Theatre 2: "The Temp" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Feb. 25: "Volere Volare" (Maurizio Nichetti, in Italian), with Nichetti.
From Feb. 26: "The Last Days of Chez Nous" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Unforgiven" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Temp" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alive" (Frank Marshall).
Theatre 4: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano).
Theatre 5: "Untamed Heart" (†)
Theatre 6: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 7: "Sommersby" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).

Marisa Tomei in "Untamed Heart."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron).
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke).
Theatre 3: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 3: "Untamed Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano).
Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Utz" (directed by George Sluizer), with Armin Mueller-Stahl, Brenda Fricker, Peter Riegert, and Paul Scofield.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Guncrazy" (Tamra Davis), with Drew Barrymore and James LeGros,

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Army of Darkness" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.
Theatre 2: "Untamed Heart" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (†).
Theatre 2: "Riff-Raff" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 4: "Indochine."

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer).
Theatre 3: "Passion Fish" (†).
Theatre 4: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 7: "Army of Darkness" (Sam Raimi).
Theatre 8: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 9: "Untamed Heart" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 3: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aladdin" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson.

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At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Malcolm McDowell in "A Clockwork Orange."

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh). From Feb. 26: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: "Chaplin" (†).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 5: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 6: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Groundhog Day" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Riff-Raff" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Mac" (John Turturro).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Sommersby" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Untamed Heart" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 3: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 5: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).
Theatre 6: "The Oak" (Lucian Pintilie, in Romanian).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 3: "Groundhog Day" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Temp" (†).
Theatre 5: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 6: "A Few Good Men" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "Army of Darkness" (Sam Raimi).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Love Field" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges and Kiefer Sutherland.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Vanishing" (directed by George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges, Kiefer Sutherland, and Nancy Travis.
Theatre 2: "Dead Alive" (Peter Jackson).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 25: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston. From Feb. 26: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 4: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 5: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dead Alive."
Theatre 7: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Untamed Heart" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).
Theatre 2: "Alive" (Frank Marshall).
Theatre 3: "Love Field" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Temp" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Army of Darkness" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
"Nothing but a Man" (1964, directed by Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and Gloria Foster.

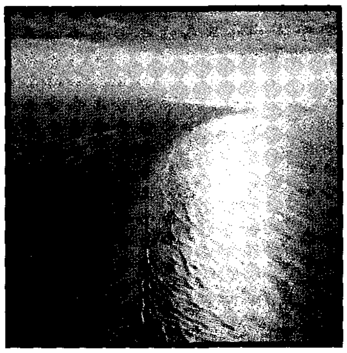
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 24: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938, George Cukor), with Hepburn and Cary Grant.
Feb. 25: "Manhunter" (†); and "Thief" (1981, Michael Mann), with James Caan, Tuesday Weld, and Willie Nelson.
Feb. 26-27: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Blue Velvet" (1986, David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, Laura Dern, and Dean Stockwell.
Feb. 28: "The Trial" (1962, Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins; and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
March 1: "Secrets of Women" (1952, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, Maj-Britt Nilsson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "A Lesson in Love" (†).
March 2: "Another Thin Man" (1939, W. S. Van Dyke) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941, Van Dyke), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Feb. 25 at 2:30: A program of short films by Su Friedrich. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 3 and 6: "People, Years, Life" (1991, directed by Yervant Gianakian and Angela Ricci Lucchi), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: A program of short films by Alan Berliner. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30 and Feb. 27 at 5: Academy award-nominated animated and live-action short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 3 and Feb. 28 at 5: "Shirley Clarke" (1992, Donna Cameron). . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6 and Feb. 27 at 2: Academy award-nominated documentary short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 and March 2 at 6: "Large Scale Project: Claes Oldenburg" (1991, Lana Pih Jokel), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: A program of animated short films by Emily Hubley. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 5: "Fauve" (1991, Donna Cameron), "Donna Cameron, a Process" (1991, Mike Kuchar), and "Confidential: Do Not Duplicate" (1991, Cameron). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2 and 5 and March 1-2 at 2:30 and 6: Academy award-nominated documentary feature films. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "The Fayum Portraits" (1988, Bob Rosen and Andrea Simon), "Aaron Siskind: Making Pictures" (1991, Judith Wechsler), and "Jasper Johns: Take an Object" (1990, Hans Namuth and Wechsler). . . . ¶ March 1 at 6:30: A program of works by Rudy Burchhardt, who will be present. . . . ¶ March 2 at 3: "Mixed Feelings" (1991, Karin Junger), a documentary.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 24 at 2 and Feb. 25 at 4:15 and 8:15: "I Know Where I'm Going" (see page 30). . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 3:45 and Feb. 25 at 2 and 6: "The Spy in Black" (1939, Michael Powell), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson; and "The Volunteer" (1943, Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2 and 6:45 and Feb. 27 at 3:30, 5:30, 7:45, and 10: "Gone to Earth" ("The Wild Heart"; 1950, Powell and Pressburger), with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, and Cyril Cusack. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 4:15 and 9 and Feb. 28 at 3:30, 6, and 8:30: "Tales of Hoffmann" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 27-28 at 2: "The Wild Baby" (1983, Johan Hagelbäck, Eva Eriksson, and Jon Gustavsson), "Goodbye Mr. Vagabond" (1988 Daniel Bergman), and "Brenda Brave" (1988, Bergman). . . . ¶ March 1 at 2 and 6:15 and March 2 at 4 and 8:45: "The Little Prince Said" (1991, Christine Pascal). . . . ¶ March 1 at 4 and 8:45 and March 2 at 2 and 6:15: "Céline" (1992, Jean-Claude Brisseau).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"The Intensity of an Actor: An Al Pacino *Retrospective.*" Feb. 27 at 1: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Pacino. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 4:30: "The Godfather Part II" (1974, Coppola), with Pacino and Robert De Niro. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2: "The Godfather Part III" (1990, Coppola), with Pacino. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 5: "The Local Stigmatic" (1991, David Wheeler), with Pacino.



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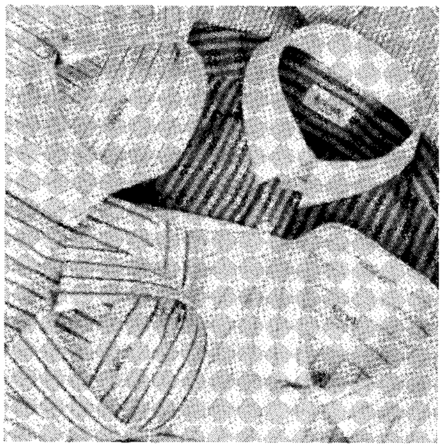

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Highland Fling

"I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING" (playing February 24-25, at the Walter Reade Theatre) is a light, poignant, and lyrical romance set in the Hebrides. It's not merely "breezy": even the ingeniously placed credits move with a whoosh of imagination. Wendy Hiller brings the same avidity to the role of the heroine (who bears the plain name Joan Webster) that she did to Eliza Doolittle in "Pygmalion." Hiller was incandescent whenever she portrayed an aggressive bustler, and here, the more she goes all out with her energy and ambitions, the more piercing her tenderness becomes. As conceived (in 1945) by co-producers/directors/scenarists Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger (a.k.a. the Archers), Webster is the prototype of the smart young Englishwoman at midcentury, intent on getting ahead. Trekking to the remote Scottish island that her tycoon fiancé has rented, she plans to marry for money. But when, for days on end, a gale prevents her from reaching her betrothed, she falls in love with a Highlander—a naval officer named Torquil MacNeil (the velvety-voiced Roger Livesey), the tycoon's landlord and the true laird of the isle of Kiloran. She finds herself awakening to the irrational and the intangible—things that can't be gained through will or weighed in pounds. The whole movie has a musical lilt. It's a comic-romantic rhapsody.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

ALADDIN—Spiffy, inventive, and hilarious. The directors, John Musker and Ron Clements, who collaborated on the screenplay with Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio, streamline the traditional Aladdin story into a contest between the boy and a towering vizier-wizard named Jafar, Aladdin's rival for the hand of the Sultan's daughter, Princess Jasmine. What makes this wisecracking cartoon such intense, giddy fun is the eruption of uninhibited parody that Robin Williams provides as the voice of the Genie in Aladdin's lamp. The Genie mutates into dozens of variations on himself as Williams impersonates everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr., to Arsenio Hall. The animators' quick-draw craftsmanship keeps up with Williams' breakaway creativity. With the voices of Scott Weinger, Linda Larkin, Jonathan Freeman, and Gilbert Gottfried (who unexpectedly triumphs as Jafar's tough parrot, Iago); composer Alan Menken contributes five songs, with lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman.—M.S. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/30/92.) (Village East Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

CHAPLIN—Aside from a few attempts to ape silent-slapstick style, the director of this sprawling bio-pic, Richard Attenborough, and the screenwriters (William Boyd, Bryan Forbes, and William Goldman, working from a story by Diana Hawkins), do their job like crammers. They overstuff nearly two and a half hours of running time with Chaplin's Dickensian London boyhood, his apprenticeship in vaudeville, his growing mastery of movie comedy, his frustrating love life, and the political consequences of his social conscience. Not surprisingly, simplification sets in early. Luckily, Robert Downey, Jr., as Chaplin, displays extraordinary physical and emotive talents. His deftness and agility make the loose re-creations of Chaplin's evolving style fun to watch; his suggestion of an unruly interior life is what keeps the movie (barely) alive.—M.S. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE CRYING GAME—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors. Also with Forest Whitaker, Miranda Richardson, Jim Broadbent, Adrian Dunbar, and a newcomer named Jaye Davidson, who is astonishing.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

ENCHANTED APRIL—Adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, this period romance has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. The lead characters are two proper middle-class English ladies, played by Josie Lawrence and Miranda Richardson, who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow (Joan Plowright) and a gorgeous, bored aristocrat (Polly Walker). Italy awakens the women's sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective; Lawrence and Richardson end up jolting their deadhead husbands (played by Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent) back to life. The director, Mike Newell, handles the performers deftly and sympathetically, from the wonderfully ebullient Lawrence and the ravishing Walker to the robustly comical Plowright; Michael Kitchen contributes a tour de force of eccentric charm as the villa's owner.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson square off in this yuppie versio of "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," with Cruise as a glib, Harvard-trained Navy lawyer defending two Marines accused of murder, and Nicholson as the Captain Queeg-like officer who set the crime in motion. The writer, Aaron Sorkin (who adapted his own hit play), and the director, Rob Reiner, seem to think the story has something to say about legal and military honor. They take issues that have been chewed over for centuries and finally succeed in reducing them to cud. The whole film, with its steady, important-picture pacing, its foursquare visual style, and its pseudo-profundity, is a piece of glorified banality. Nicholson boasts a couple of bravura scenes but Kevin Bacon gives the most persuasive performance, as the no-nonsense prosecutor.—M.S. (12/14/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Groundhog Day—An above-average Bill Murray vehicle, directed by Harold Ramis from a script by Ramis and Danny Rubin. The star plays Phil Connors, a burned-out TV weatherman who wakes up one morning to discover that he's stuck in time—condemned to relive, endlessly, Groundhog Day in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. The picture goes on a little too long, but Murray's inventiveness keeps it lively even during its less inspired stretches. The fundamental, deliberate monotony of the conception actually serves to highlight his skill at comic riffing. The movie feels like a spontaneous one-man jam session, and you sense that Murray can play all night, just for the fun of finding out what else he might come up with. He fools around as if there were no tomorrow. Also with Andie MacDowell, Chris Elliott, and Stephen Tobolowsky.—T.R. (2/22/93) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Village East Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

The Last Days of Chez Nous—With Lisa Harrow, Bruno Ganz, and Kerry Fox; directed by Gillian Armstrong. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 26.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. This is a rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. (He wrote and directed.) With Harriet Andersson. In Swedish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

Lorenzo's Oil—Susan Sarandon and Nick Nolte portray an extraordinary (real-life) couple named Michaela and Augusto Odone, whose five-year-old son, Lorenzo, is found to have an extremely rare, ruthlessly degenerative, incurable disease. Frustrated by the inadequacy of available therapies and outraged by the primitive state of knowledge about the disease, the Odones won't accept the inevitability of his fate until they've studied the disease thoroughly. It's easy to imagine the Odones' courage and tenacity processed by Hollywood into the sort of shrink-wrapped package of uplift that has, over the years, given the loftiest qualities of the human spirit a really bad name. But director George Miller, a former doctor best known for the punk-inflected "Mad Max" series of action movies, doesn't treat his characters reverently, and explains the data to us patiently, slowly, so we get caught up in the medical mystery. The result is an almost freak occurrence: an inspirational drama that's genuinely inspiring.—T.R. (1/11/93) (23rd St. West Triplex.)

Love Field—Jonathan Kaplan's movie begins in Dallas on the day of John Kennedy's assassination and follows its heroine, a Kennedy-worshipping married woman named Lurene

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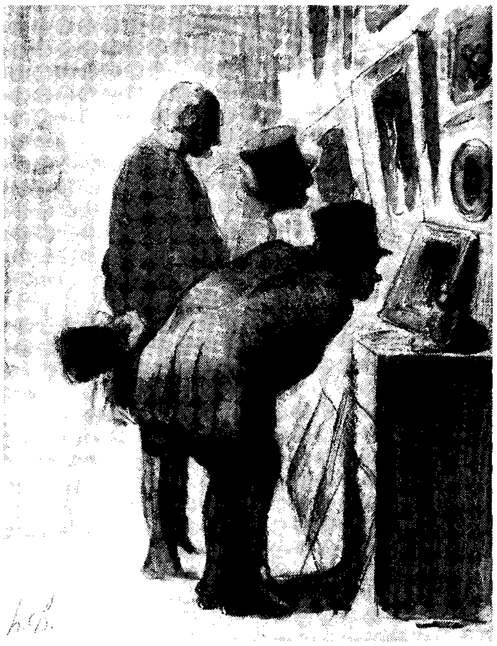

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

(Michelle Pfeiffer), as she embarks on a journey from Dallas to Washington, where she hopes to attend the President's funeral. Along the way, she gets herself tangled up in the lives of a quiet young black man, Paul (Dennis Haysbert), and his eight-year-old daughter, Jonell (Stephanie McFadden), whom she has met on a bus; before long, the script (by Don Roos) contrives to set them all on the run, outlaw-style, in a stolen car. Lurene and Paul become lovers. The rhythm is odd: this is a chase picture that moves at the Sunday-drive pace of the stately sedan in "Driving Miss Daisy." The movie is full of subtle, sharply observed, and emotionally convincing scenes, and its attitude toward the main characters is sensibly free of historical hindsight. The filmmakers err in the direction of modesty and tact; they stick to a flat, lulling TV-movie tone. But Pfeiffer's performance—energetic, funny, and lucid—keeps lifting the picture above its limitations.—T.R. (12/14/92) (Village East Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Olympia, and Embassy.)

Manhunter (1986)—Wildly erratic, too jazzed-up, but potent. Adapting Thomas Harris' novel "Red Dragon," the writer-director, Michael Mann, combines an F.B.I. manhunt for a serial killer with an eerie exploration of the murderer's mind and elements of family melodrama. Individual sequences work brilliantly: when Mann follows the killer's point of view from his van to a bedroom, where he shines a light in the face of a sleeping wife and mother, the director (who also served as a camera operator) puts fear and loathing in your belly. He twists the knot even further when F.B.I. manhunter Will Graham retraces the killer's steps and analyzes the bloodstains on the walls and floor. Unfortunately, Graham, the pivotal role, is played opaquely by William Petersen. The supporting cast outclasses him. Tom Noonan, as the killer, Francis Dolarhyde, makes you feel a queasy empathy for this shy monster; Joan Allen imbues Dolarhyde's blind lover with a strong, unsentimental sensitivity; and Brian Cox, the first incarnation of Dr. Hannibal Lecter, is both sardonic and chilling—he talks with terrifying blandness and looks like a bleached Bela Lugosi.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 25.)

El Mariachi—This first film by twenty-four-year-old Robert Rodriguez was made for seven thousand dollars, and part of its enormous charm is that it really looks like a seven-thousand-dollar movie. It's a grubby little thriller, set in a Mexican border town, about a wandering mariachi musician (Carlos Gallardo) who is mistaken for a killer. The picture is a virtually unbroken series of chases and shoot-outs, and the non-stop action should be tiresome, but it isn't. Rodriguez establishes a delirious pace, and keeps the bullets flying and the corpses crumpling for a brisk, and appropriately terse, eighty-two minutes. The movie has the sort of dry, bracingly unwholesome humor that relentless mayhem can produce if the characters are mean and abject enough and the storytelling is speedy and laconic. This young filmmaker is no visual wizard; he's just an energetic and imaginative manipulator of tried-and-true genre conventions. But if you enter his seedy world with expectations as low as the picture's aspirations, you'll probably have a very good time. Also with Reinol Martinez, Consuelo Gómez, and Peter Marquardt. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/22/93) (Village Theatre VII; starting Feb. 26.)

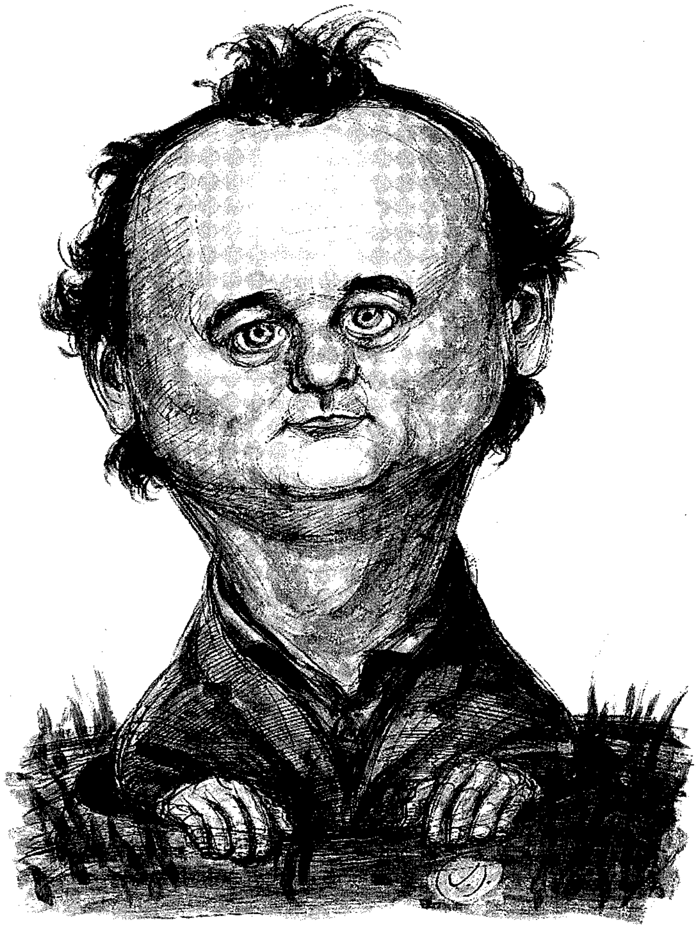
Passion Fish—Eighteen years ago, John Sayles might have boiled down this back-to-basics portrait of a paralyzed, bitter white soap star (Mary McDonnell) and her strong-willed black caretaker (Alfre Woodard) into a twenty-page short story. But as a movie writer-director-editor, he lets himself gas on about it for two and a quarter hours. Sayles has an ear for regional accents and colloquial dialogue, and an eye for quotidian details. But he's better on nuts and bolts than he is on heart and soul. The characters have consistency but no spontaneity or depth: their "surprises" are programmed. Sayles predictably intersperses scenes of rehab drama and female friendship with comic relief and local (Louisiana) color. Only David Strathairn and Vondie Curtis-Hall cut through the monotony as the heroines' earthy admirers. Those who've seen Sayles' bit in "Matinee" promoting the ant-man horror movie "Mant" might hope that the title creatures in this film will turn out to be imaginative hybrids, too. No such luck—they're simply little fishies attached to big metaphors.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Cinema Village.)

Riff-Raff—The ads proclaim, "A new comedy by Ken Loach . . . . Really!" Really? Well, sort of. In this extended sketch of contemporary working-class life, poorly compensated laborers from all over Great Britain create luxury quarters in London. The best parts *are* funny. The characters' byplay has a lived-in, badgering humor that gives the audience a rough tickle. Everything concerning a seasoned, chubby left-winger (Ricky Tomlinson) who uses the model bathroom and challenges the bosses is prime workplace comedy— pithy and sardonic. But Loach reverts to form when he depicts the romance between a young worker (Robert Carlyle) and a would-be singer (Emer McCourt). It's a failure both as a relationship and as a mini-dramedy. And Loach can't resist an editorial framing image (rats in debris) and a messagey finale. The movie would benefit from a few unexpected riffs; it needs to be more raffish. Script by Bill Jesse. In English, with American subtitles.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teen-ager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Sommersby—A handsome, educated Southerner unifies his countrymen, black and white, with plans for growing the economy—literally, on his land—until a scandal from the past catches up with him. The first Bill Clinton bio-pic? No, just an anemic takeoff on the "is he for real?" plot of "The Return of Martin Guerre." The director, Jon Amiel, and his screenwriters, Nicholas Meyer and Sarah Kernochan (Meyer and Anthony Schaffer get story credit), set their version a couple of years after the Civil War. Richard Gere plays the title character, who says he's Jodie Foster's husband, and even looks like him, but acts a lot nicer. Were it not for Sommersby's choice of crop—tobacco—this earnest movie would suit the Clinton era. The filmmakers split the emphasis between Foster and Gere's conundrum of a love story and his burgeoning civic responsibility; they devote whole sequences to images of kibbutz-like tobacco-raising. But the community conflicts and tormented romance don't harrow the imagination. It's a long haul to harvest-time. Philippe Rousselot did the



Bill Murray in "Groundhog Day."

handsome cinematography; Bill Pullman, the master of thankless parts, brings needed, twisted vim to the spoiler role of Foster's disappointed suitor.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle.)

Strictly Ballroom—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

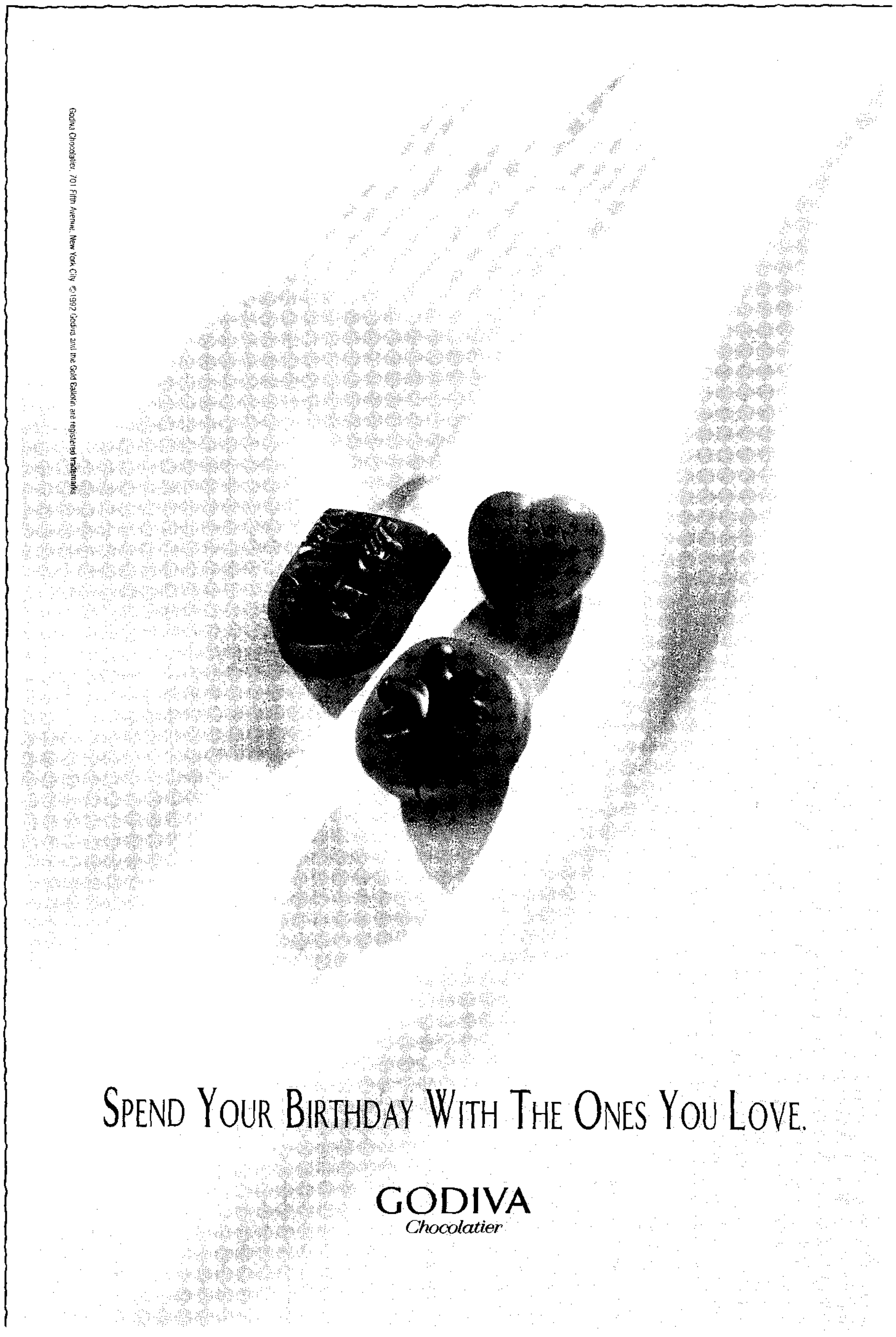
Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars. Pamela Brown contributes her silent, disconcerting presence; Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically); the Sadler's Wells Chorus fills out the larger dance sequences. After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to employ first-rate people in all the technical departments and to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they really laid on a spread. It's apparent that the décor and color were intended to create moods, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. Moira Shearer is lovely; it's a long film, though, and it seems structured almost as a series of divertissements. Powell directed.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 26-27.)

The Temp—People are stabbed in the back, replaced without warning, reduced to hysteria. And that's just the corporate takeover part! Before this cheap thriller goes the way of all "Fill-in-the-blank from Hell" movies, the director, Tom Holland, and the screenwriter, Kevin Falls, wring sour laughs of recognition at the nineties version of the rat race. Glittery-eyed Lara Flynn Boyle plays the blatant villainess: an ambitious temp assistant to executive Timothy Hutton (a paranoid nice guy). At first, the filmmakers put an ironic spin on the obvious plot turns. But halfway through they seem to give up—they let the action degenerate to the level of a USA-channel TV movie. Although Hutton is adept at tortured blandness, and Faye Dunaway looks and acts smart as his boss, the improbabilities swamp them. During the desperation ending, you can almost smell the producers' flop sweat.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Tous les Matins du Monde—More aesthetic than thou. After his wife's death leaves him desolate, the seventeenth-century composer Sainte Colombe (Jean-Pierre Marielle), a virtuoso on the viola da gamba, settles into an ascetic country life. Then the upstart Marin Marais (Guillaume Depardieu) tries to learn—or steal—his secrets. Gérard Depardieu, Guillaume's father, plays the aged Marais; Anne Brochet is Sainte Colombe's badly used elder daughter. Alain Corneau directed the script, which he and Pascal Quignard wrote from Quignard's novel. The bass-viol compositions (performed by Jordi Savall and Christophe Coin) are seductive. But the filmmakers' austere speculative fiction about the mystery and sorrow behind Sainte Colombe's art comes off as highbrow chin music. In French.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to de-romanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Village East Cinemas, Tower East, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Untamed Heart—A young man with a weak heart (Christian Slater), who works in a crummy diner, gets noticed by a lonely waitress (Marisa Tomei). You can guess the rest, but that doesn't detract from the mild, inoffensive pleasure of Tony Bill's film. The love story takes second place to the casual comedy that surrounds it—bored girls sitting around talking about boys. One of them is played by Rosie Perez, who's a natural at this kind of thing; but even her perkiness is put in the shade by Tomei, who brings startling high spirits to a dullish role. She snatches moments of happiness out of the air and shares them out to anyone who's around. The title, by the way, refers to some weird story about the hero's past—he thinks his heart came from a monkey—but the film skids around this in confusion. On the other hand, he does look a bit of an ape; O.K., love is love, but you still wonder what Tomei is doing with him.—A.L. (2/15/93) (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy 1.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

HISTORY DENIED

EVERY few years, it seems, New York has to rescue some quintessential piece of its landscape from the threat of extinction. This time, with tragic irony, it is the New-York Historical Society, which has announced that it must close its doors to the public for lack of funds. The neoclassical building on Central Park West will endure, because it is protected by a landmark designation, but the collections—the millions of books, manuscripts, maps, photographs, historical documents, objets d'art, paintings and prints, teapots and sleds—may have to be disbursed or sold.

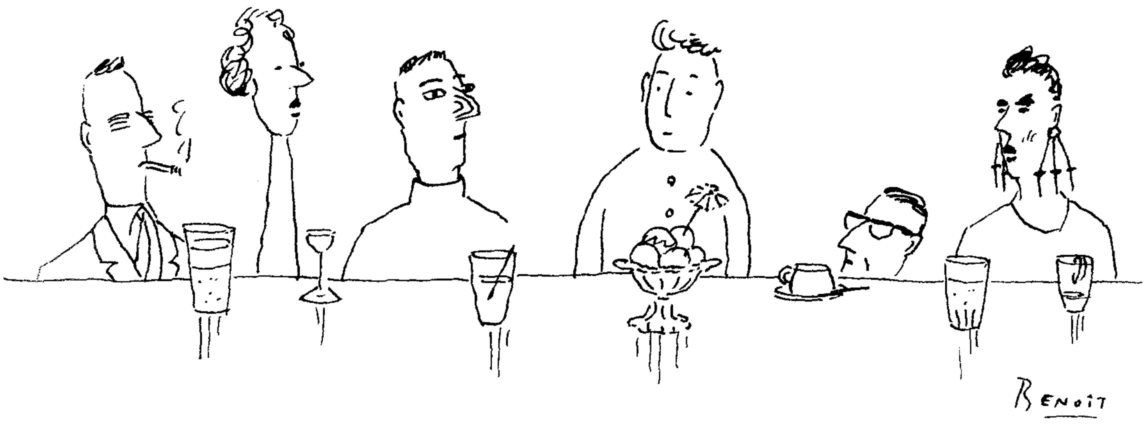
To a passerby, the familiar building on the corner of Seventy-seventh Street, which is a formal and inexpressive box, suggests very little about its occupant beyond a certain lineage and propriety. To anyone who knows the nature of the Historical Society, however, who has ventured inside the bronze doors and felt intimations of a Parisian *bibliothèque*, who has climbed a flight of wide marble stairs to visit the stately library, closed behind tall doors, and has riffled, even at random, through one of the card catalogues along a back wall, this is an unthinkable end for the organization that first institutionalized the concept of historic preservation in New York.

The New-York Historical Society is the dowager queen mother of the city's cultural institutions. It was founded in 1804, sixty-five years before the American Museum of Natural History, sixty-six before the Metropolitan Museum of Art, ninety-one before the New York Public Library—at a time when the nation was barely three decades old and only eccentrics were collecting American artifacts and ephemera. (The remains of the Bowling Green statue of King George, which was torn down and made into bullets during the Revolutionary War, is in its possession.)

New York was a provincial town in 1804, and as it grew, the Society, its self-appointed annotator, moved seven times to keep pace with its acquisitions—Hudson River paintings added to anti-slavery pamphlets, to church records, sanitation reports, and real-estate registers, to Colonial furniture, waistcoats, and spoons—before it settled on the sleepy Upper West Side and, in 1908, erected a pink granite palazzo as a permanent home.

By this time, the city was old enough and big enough to have awakened to its own history. By the eighteen-nineties, dozens of volumes had been published about New York, studying its origins and its rise, celebrating its progress and its new fame. In 1899, a fat tome entitled "The New Metropolis," or "Memorable Events of Three Centuries . . . from the Island of Mana-hat-ta to Greater New York at the Close of the Nineteenth Century" was issued in commemoration of the city's growth; it ran to three hundred thousand words and included a thousand engravings. This historical-mindedness was part of a sudden rush to remember earlier times, to document a way of life that was disappearing, and to take stock before the future took over. It was prompted by a mixture of civic pride and the imminent arrival of the millennium.

A century later, New York should be in a similar frame of mind. Given the fact that the past seems to be a more reliable source of inspiration than the future for architects, moviemakers, and couturiers, and that historic preservation is a universal passion, it would be positively aberrational to squander the society's collections now. The same day that the *Times* announced the library's closing, it reported, too, on a "fervor for Americana," noting that



$363,000 had been paid for a flannel shirt worn by Lou Gehrig and $8,800 for a Buddy 'L' toy truck, vintage nineteen-thirties.

Many things in the Historical Society's collection have acquired star status now: the most famous are Audubon's watercolors for "Birds of America," but there are also works by Gilbert Stuart and John Rogers, there is the DePeyster family silver, and the coach George Washington rode to his inauguration in. The heart of the collection resides in the quotidian and the commonplace, however—in unsung glories like civic documents, scrapbooks and diaries, architectural drawings, street photographs, old books. Writers and scholars refer to these ephemera as "our collective memory bank." These are the things, they say, which are truly priceless.

LA PUPUSA LOCA

BASICALLY, a *pupusa* is a stuffed tortilla. It is to El Salvador what tacos are to Mexico, what fish and chips are to England, and so on: soul and comfort food, identity icon, the very taste of nostalgia. Though Manhattan appropriates national foods, it has not, so far, appropriated the *pupusa*—not really. But La Pupusa Loca is just across the Hudson River, on the long stretch of Bergenline Avenue that runs through Union City and West New York and is New Jersey's answer to Miami's Little Havana.

Here are cigar stores where the cigars are rolled by hand, and an endless array of Cuban restaurants and sandwich shops, some of which now sport hand-lettered signs in their windows advertising Central American breakfasts (eggs, refried-black-bean purée, thick cream, and plaintains). South American restaurants now dot the avenue, too. A number of stores display oversized inexpensive suitcases chained together with bicycle locks and set out in rows on the sidewalk: the newer Latino immigrants go back and forth as often as their savings and their legal situations will allow, and they need *big* suitcases.

On one of the snowiest days of the year, the Saturday before Valentine's Day, customers are streaming into La Pupusa Loca for platters of *pupusas* with fillings of melted cheese and *chicharrón* (sautéed bits of pork); *atol* (a hot corn-and-cinnamon drink); and steaming bowls of *mondongo* (tripe soup). But mainly they come to feel "at home" in what is an exceedingly successful rendition of a big Salvadoran family restaurant.

The place is cavernous, and is decorated with blue and pink neon lights, Central American flags, a giant portrait on velvet of a German shepherd. Today, red and pink balloons and paper hearts hang from the ceiling. Above the front counter is a suspended rack for holding glasses. It is shingled and slanted like the roof of a house, is bordered in blue and pink neon, and is draped with a United States flag, to which cling, as if by their claws, a rubber lobster, a stuffed armadillo, and a stuffed pheasant; a set of steer horns sticks out of its front. The *música tropical* on the jukebox never stops.

A sign, in Spanish except for one word, offers free "deliverys." There is really no single Spanish word that accurately represents this service. On such a snowy day, the "deliverys" business is brisk, and Dolores Barrera, co-owner of La Pupusa Loca, stands behind the counter with a cordless telephone held to her ear. Doña Dolores is wearing a T-shirt and jeans and has the strong-shouldered build of a real campesina—someone who has spent at least part of her life hoeing corn in the tropics. Her hair is cut short, almost chic, and she wears earrings.

Doña Dolores and her husband, Carlos, have five children, and they all fled the Salvadoran town of El Paisnal in 1980, because of the war. Carlos had a small dairy farm there, and Dolores ran a *tienda*, a little store. She has to think a moment before remembering that the store was called La Dolorosa—and it makes her giggle. There were a lot of conflicts in the town, and Carlos Barrera says bluntly that he and his family wouldn't be alive today if they hadn't left. He wears glasses, which magnify an almost ferociously friendly gleam in his eyes, and he has on a green winter coat, which looks as if it might have come from L. L. Bean, and he doesn't take it off.

NURSERIES
Albert Hubbell

The seven Barreras lived in Washington Heights in one room with seven other people, relatives, for three years. They were illegal immigrants. Carlos had a job making furniture, for thirty dollars a week. Dolores worked as a housecleaner. On the side, she began making *pupusas* and *tamales* at home and selling them to her Central American neighbors. They were a big hit. The Barrera children, because of their illegal status, couldn't continue their education, but the steadily expanding home *pupusa* business kept them occupied, and away from trouble on the streets. In 1986, with the amnesty for illegal aliens, the Barreras went public. They rented a small space at the corner of 174th Street and Broadway. Displaced Salvadorans will travel a good distance for a *pupusa*, but *pupusas* are an acquired taste, and Washington Heights, of course, is overwhelmingly Dominican. For years, the Barreras' first establishment had a big blue-and-white sign that was an Upper Manhattan curiosity, and also a testimony to resourcefulness and adaptability: it read "Pupusas & Pizza."

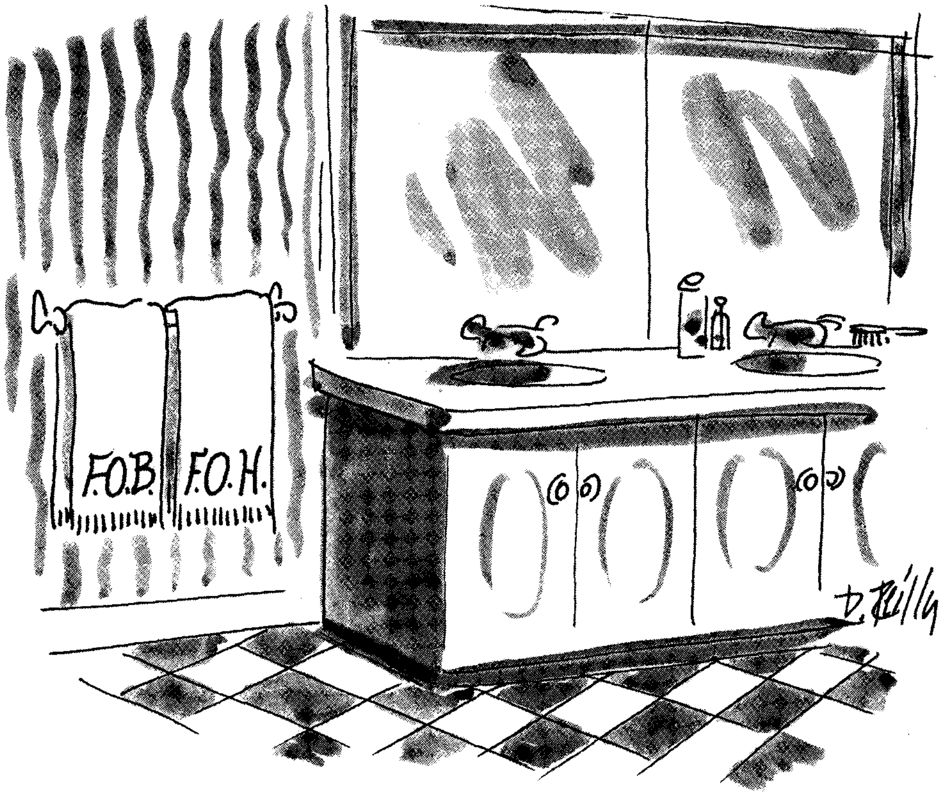
Now the Barreras preside over five restaurants, one for each child. The original *pupusería-pizzeria* in Washington Heights has moved a few blocks east, to St. Nicholas Avenue; another combination Salvadoran restaurant and pizzeria pioneered the Barreras' move across the river—in 1988—to North Bergen, and soon there was a third, in Elizabeth. La Pupusa Loca, the Barrera flagship, opened on Bergenline Avenue in 1990, and in January, twelve blocks down the avenue, the Barreras opened La Pupusa Loca 2, which on weekend nights is a thriving night club, with dancing to live Central American bands.

At La Pupusa Loca, a delicious drink called *chan*, which is supposed to be good for the kidneys, is made from lemonade, strawberry syrup, and Salvadoran *chan*-plant seeds. The mixture used for the drink *orchata*—a dense powder of ground cacao, rice, and sesame seeds—comes from El Salvador, too. Many of these ingredients, which attest to the Mayan origins of Central American cuisine, regularly arrive in New Jersey in the big suitcases of so-called *viajeros*—travelling salesmen, or simply travellers—who pay for their visits home by deploying their suitcases like cargo-ship containers.

Did Taco Bell start like this? Someday, might there be Pupusa Loca franchises all over the world? Carlos chuckles at the notion, and says he'll leave that up to the children, all of whom are grown. He and Dolores, he adds, just want to go home someday, to newly peaceful (they hope) El Salvador. They came here, like most other illegal immigrants, seeking only a chance to work, he explains, and asks how anybody can criticize people for that.

The Barreras have bought a house, in Teaneck, but it's for the children. Carlos and Dolores have never learned to drive, so they prefer to live in a rented apartment, within walking distance of La Pupusa Loca. "I'm a campesino first and always," Carlos says, "and I've never forgotten it."

Draped over a rafter in La Pupusa Loca's basement is Carlos's *atarraya*—a beautifully woven yellow-and-orange fishing net, its circumference weighted with long beads of lead. He had it brought up from El Salvador so that he could collect fish from New Jersey rivers for his restaurant's fish soup. The policeman who arrested him one evening must have paused in wonder for a moment at the ancient tropical sight of a man up to his waist in a twilit river and gracefully unfurling his radiant fishing net over the water with both hands.



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OLD KNICKS

NOT long ago, a few of the Knicks of the golden era came back to Madison Square Garden to play an old-timers' game. The players were in various stages of middle age, and nearly all of them seemed to have the true athlete's disdain of exercise. They had gone to fat. Dave DeBusschere, Earl Monroe, and ten others did not so much race out onto the court as jog out, with the precision of men trying to avoid a rupture. Unlike baseball, a game that can be played without humiliation as long as the eyes and the wrists are in decent condition, full-court basketball exposes every physical deficiency: the lack of spring, the exhaustion of endurance.

There are no Nolan Ryans in the N.B.A. At the other end of the court, where the N.B.A. Legends team limped through its warmup drills, Oscar Robertson, once a player of liquid genius for the Cincinnati Royals and the Milwaukee Bucks, looked like a happy weekend warrior ready for a driveway game, his belly lumping over his waistband. Satch Sanders, once a defensive stalwart for the Boston Celtics, had made his peace with age: for the game, he wore a pair of wire-rimmed glasses better suited to a partner at Nussbaum & Wald than to a power forward.

The one player who seemed unchanged from his playing days was Walt Frazier. Clyde is still trim, still wears disco muttonchops, and, as an announcer for the Knicks, indulges in a baroque sixties patter. "The luminaries are really illuminating the Garden now!" Frazier informed his listeners. Cool to the end, he had sensibly chosen the microphone over a stint in short pants: Clyde did not play.

"Hey, Dad!" one teen-ager said, taunting his father. "Let me know if any of your favorites are out there. Who's DeBusschere? Was he ever famous?"

Children are a cruel lot, and this one especially. But his father was too deep in dreamland to care.

"The Pearl," he whispered as Monroe dribbled the ball.

"The Dream," he said as Dean Meminger took a shot.

"Fly, Hawk, fly!" he begged as Connie Hawkins fumbled for the ball and stayed, sadly, grounded.

This fan, dressed in the roomy rugby shirt and relaxed jeans of the Clinton generation, was clearly not watching the game on the floor but, rather, some Proustian game in his mind, a black-and-white rebroadcast of the Knicks against the Lakers in which Bill Bradley was not yet a senator, Dick Barnett was not a doctor of education, and Wilt Chamberlain was still the Iago, not the Valentino, of the sport.

As the last seconds were ticking off

the clock, the fan spotted Danny Whelan, who had been the trainer for the Knicks during the championship years—a white-haired dumpling of a man even then, who always wore white duck pants and an orange warmup jacket, and would waddle onto the floor to tend to the bruises and sprains of his team. The fan was enthralled, for even Danny Whelan played a part on the screen of his memory.

"Who's the tubby guy on the bench?" his son asked.

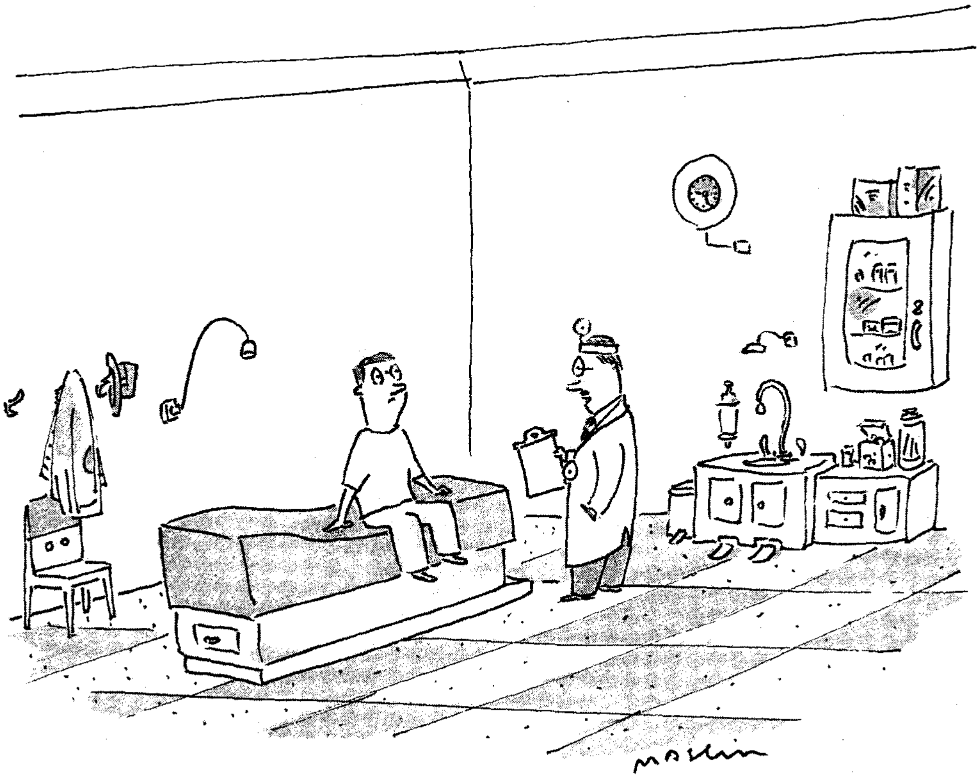
"A great man," the fan replied in a hushed, reverential tone. "He was once the Green Weenie."

GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT

THE annual White House Correspondents' Dinner is one of the grimmest social occasions in Washington, its only competition being the Radio and TV Correspondents' Dinner and a few other variations on the theme. They all work the same way. News organizations buy tickets or whole tables, and reporters invite their sources (spouses not included) for a black-tie evening of witless speeches, self-congratulation, and hotel food. The dinners generally take place in the airless subterranean "ballroom" of the Washington Hilton Hotel—known locally as the Hinckley Hilton, because it is where John Hinckley shot Ronald Reagan. The ballroom looks like the inside of a spaceship from a nineteen-fifties science-fiction movie. (The only way you know it's the nineteen-nineties is that the gravy comes under the meat and is called sauce.) It's vast, but, even so, you can hardly move for the crush of two thousand-odd people, milling with joyless determination.

Now this treasured Washington folk ritual and its imitators are threatened by new White House ethics rules, which say that Administration officials may not accept "gifts" worth more than twenty dollars from any individual or fifty dollars from any organization. That appears to eliminate these Dream Dates with the Media, which cost a minimum of a hundred dollars a ticket. The ethical concern may seem ludicrous, but the fact is that these events are deeply corrupting—not for the government officials who are invited but for the journalists who invite them. There is huge competition to get the most big shots at your table, in order to impress your boss (who has flown in for the occasion) and to lord it over your rivals. This can't be good for journalistic objectivity and distance in covering these same big shots. To have seen the ladies and gentlemen of the press slobbering over their captured Cabinet members in years past would have been an education to anyone who believed that liberal journalists were "out to get" Presidents Reagan and Bush. The potential excesses of such scenes during the Clinton Administration don't bear thinking about.

Even during the nineteen-eighties, the competition for big shots got completely out of hand, to the point where the richest media organizations were flying in Hollywood stars like Sylvester Stallone. Celebrity was everything. Celebrity for *what* ceased to matter. Nowhere is Washington's version of the Andy Warhol fifteen-minute dictum about celebrity better illustrated than at these dinners. One year, not so long ago, a hot guest was Guillermo Ford. Who's he? He's the Vice-President of Panama whose beating by Manuel Noriega's forces was captured on film, and made the cover of *Time*. (Now do you remember?) The next year, somebody snared the Kuwaiti Ambassador, much to the envy of rivals. Michael Kelly, of the Baltimore *Sun* (now of the New York *Times*), used to specialize in famous bimbos: Donna Rice one year, Fawn Hall the next. Theirs has been the more enduring fame.



"You'll be coughing up big bucks for quite some time, Mr. Vanihorn. Don't be alarmed—it's perfectly normal."

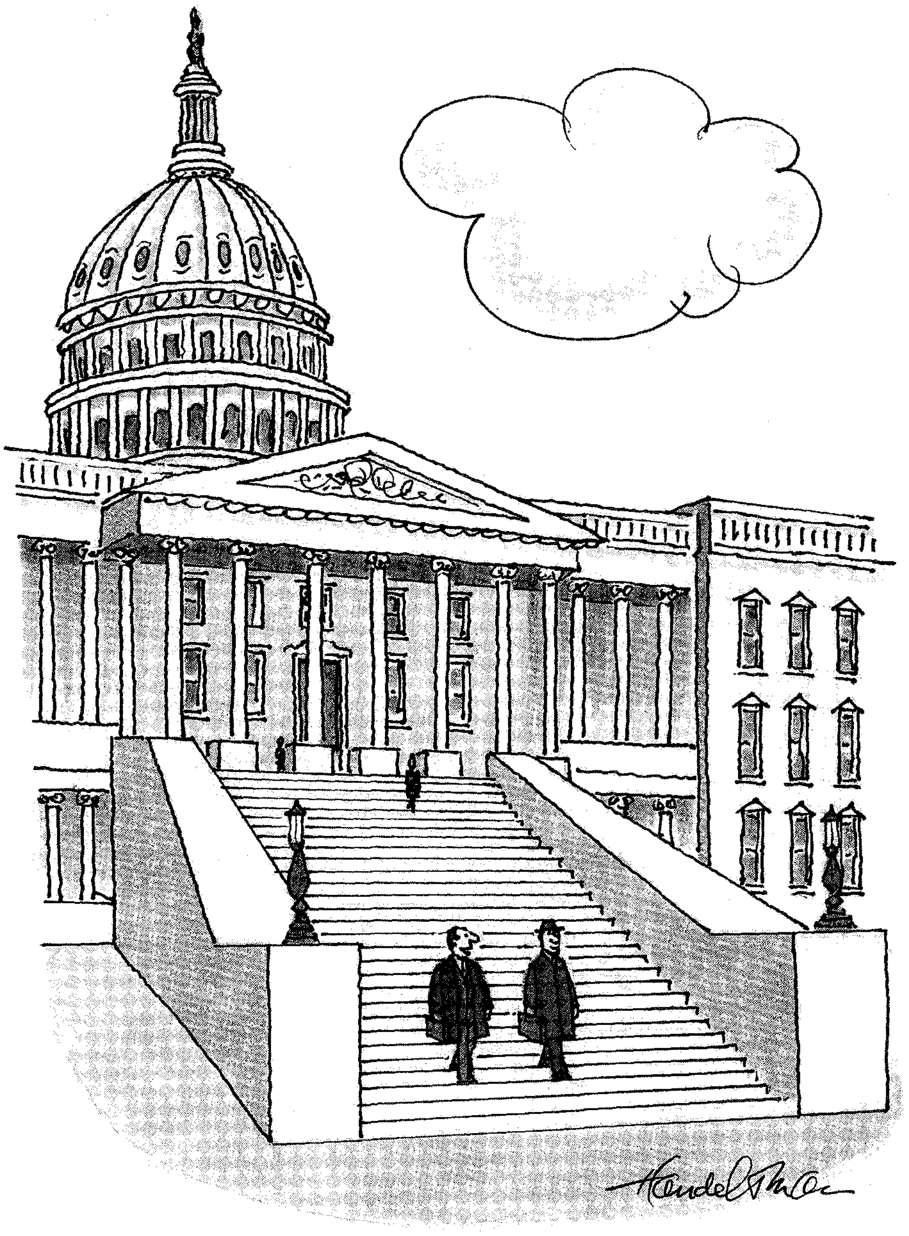
MAN OF THE HOUR

EVERY Wednesday around noon, Marvin Schneider abandons his ledgers and walks two and a half blocks to the former New York Life Building, on lower Broadway; puts on a grease-darkened smock; and ascends to a commodious, palazzo-like tower enclosed by four frosted-glass clockfaces, each twelve feet in diameter. He checks the enormous hands (the minute hand is six feet long and the hour hand is four feet long) against his own reliable pocket watch, and then, bellying up to an elegant assemblage of brass gears that were installed in 1897 by the renowned E. Howard Watch & Clock Company ("Timekeeper of the Nation"), he rewinds, by means of a three-quarter-horsepower motor, two thousand four hundred pounds of pig iron that propels the clockworks.

Schneider performed this weekly chore for thirteen years without much notice until last November, when Mayor David Dinkins succumbed to the pressure of nostalgia and named him city clock master. Schneider already had a mouthful of a title: he was, and is, chief of the administrative-costs unit of the Bureau of Claims and Reimbursement of the Office of Financial Operations in the city's Human Resources Administration. By adding the title of clock master, the Mayor gave his official blessing to a long private campaign that Schneider has waged to reanimate the city's moribund public clocks.

In addition to his work at the top of the old New York Life Building, he has realigned the drifting hands on the Brooklyn and Staten Island Borough Halls, restored the chimes issuing from the City Hall cupola, and repaired the bronze Sun Clock above the northeast corner of Chambers Street and Broadway by replacing a missing pin with a paper clip. Schneider returns periodically to lubricate and fine-tune the clocks' intricate, arcane bits—strike trains, worm gears, racks, snails. And as soon as he is able to replace mechanical parts pilfered by looters he will re-start the surviving hands of the two-faced clock in the belfry of the turn-of-the-century Harlem Courthouse, a Romanesque affair that has been largely abandoned since the nineteen-fifties. He has also made unofficial calls on wayward timepieces on the Central Park Arsenal, the Bell Ringer's Monument in Herald Square, and in the City Council chamber.

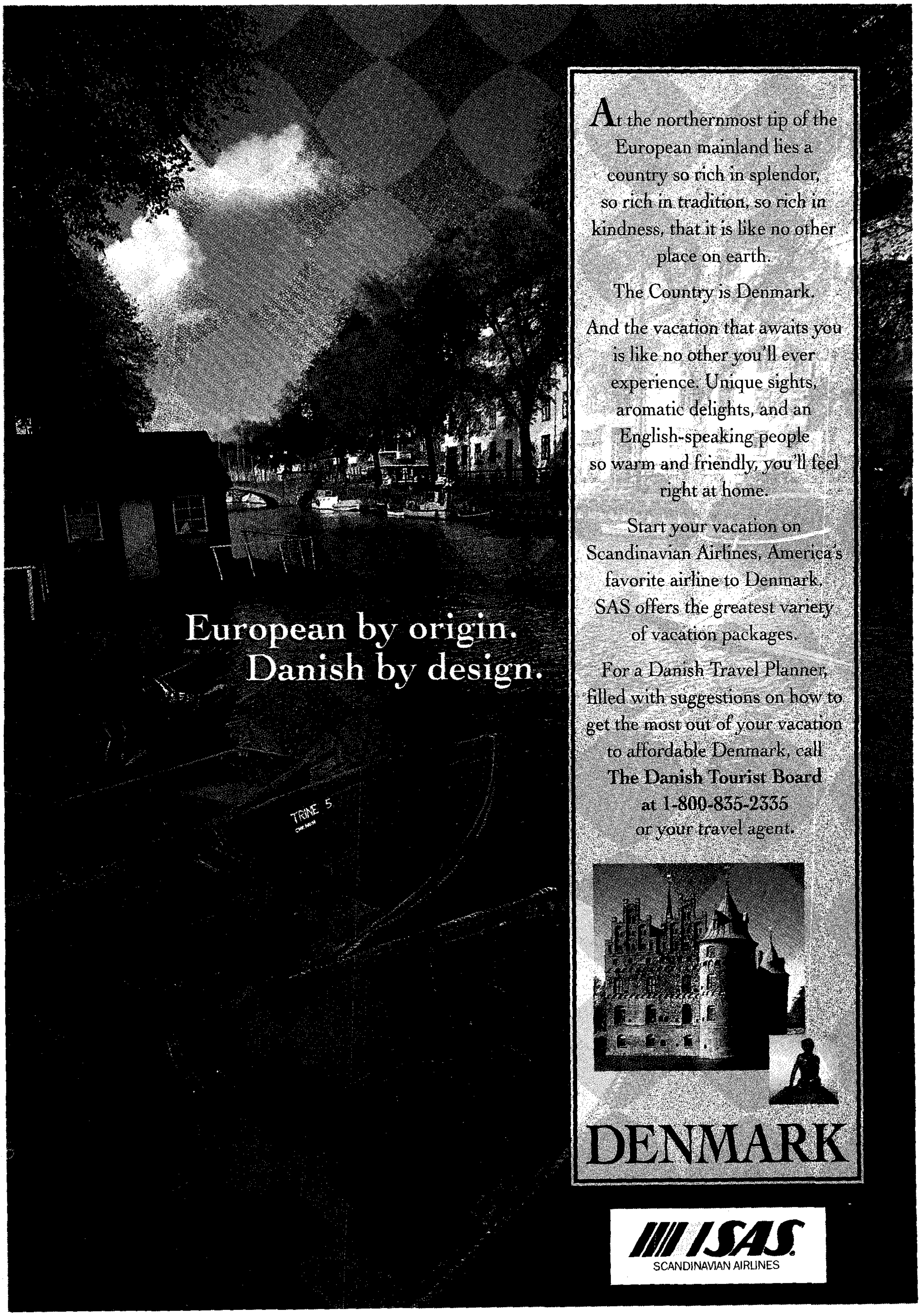
A short man who wears a sweater vest, rimless spectacles, and a mustache, Schneider is a colonel in the Army Reserve and an ordained rabbi. His interest in horology began in the early nineteen-seventies, when he noticed that the old New York Life Building's crowning timepiece had stopped working. He acquired a consuming urge to mend it, and eventually he and a friend sneaked upstairs and worked out how to do the mending. "We didn't touch anything," Schneider recalls. "We just looked until we figured it out. Brainpower, that's all. Concentration. Then I called the city and offered our services."



"I'm so happy—she called me by my first name!"

• •

Dissecting the mechanics in his mind proved easier than getting the city's permission to tinker with them. "They said we needed a million dollars in liability insurance," Schneider says. However, as a seasoned city employee, he knew how to navigate bureaucratic roadblocks, and in 1979 he persuaded New York Life to arrange the coverage as a sentimental gesture to the once magnificent headquarters it had abandoned for a building uptown some fifty years earlier. The city, which had presided over the building's dereliction, had no choice but to accept the company's largesse. Schneider spent a year's worth of lunch hours and Sundays nursing tangled gears back into working order, and now his labor is rewarded nearly every morning. "I notice people quickening their pace when the clock strikes nine," he says. "From time to time, I see somebody break into a run." ♦



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PROFILE

PRINCE OF THE CITY

Serene above the fray of New York's tabloid wars, columnist Murray Kempton remains the greatest newspaperman in town.

BY DAVID REMNICK

ON a summer night in 1977, Murray Kempton left the newsroom of the New York *Post* certain that he would never write his column for the paper again. He had threatened resignation many times before, but now he really meant it. The owner of the paper in those days, the Australian magnate Rupert Murdoch, had infuriated the staff with some outrage or other, and Kempton set off angrily for a night's marination that took him first to Greene Street, then to Great Jones, and finally to West Fourth, to Jimmy Day's.

There, as Kempton tells the story, he fell into conversation with a hooker, "drawn to me as I to her by the bond of there not being four teeth between our two heads." The two talked away the night—or, more likely, Kempton talked, and the hooker, enchanted by the sight of a bona-fide gentleman and the opportunity he presented for a night of blessed unemployment, listened and laughed as she rarely had before.

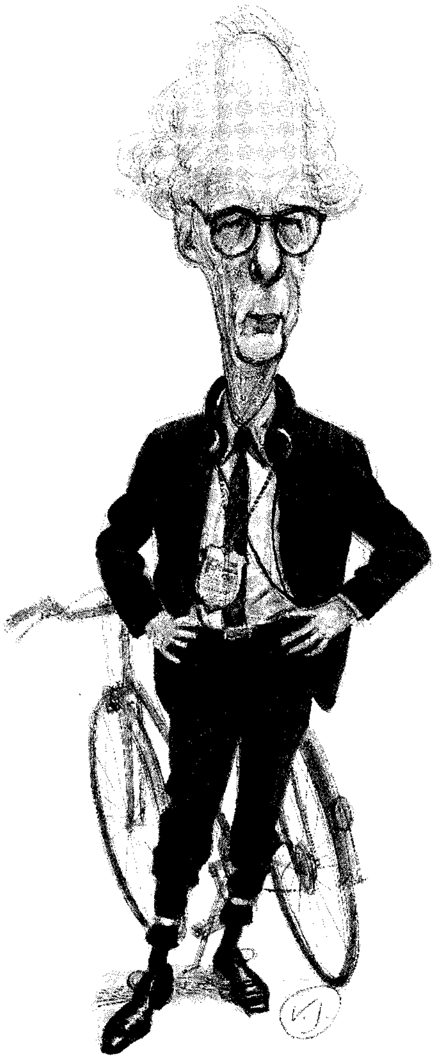
Hours later, as if after a movie blackout, Kempton found himself on the floor in an unfamiliar apartment. He was still dressed in his customary three-piece suit and polished oxfords. Two small children were playing slapjack on his back. Kempton blinked the sleep from his eyes only to see standing in the doorframe the prostitute and a large and frowning fellow, "unmistakably her procurer and undisguisedly aggrieved."

The columnist, ever the well-bred guest, rose to his feet and extended a spindly hand to his host.

"How do you do?" he said. "I'm Murray Kempton, of the *Post*."

"Murray Kempton?" said the pimp, his expression brightening. "I've read you all my life. You made me what I am today."

"Thus inspired," Kempton recalls, "I made my way homeward as soon as ceremony permitted, with high confidence that my hostess could sleep the night in full possession of such teeth as she had left. I returned, of course, to the *Post* the next day, ready to carry on with a renewed sense of a mission that had not invariably been in vain."



After forty years, Kempton still covers New York four times a week—by bicycle.

Kempton's exasperation with the *Post's* plunge into sleaze and right-wing politics finally overwhelmed him, and in 1981 he left for *Newsday*—a paper known, among those inclined to remark on its respectability in regard to that of the *Post* or the *News*, as "the tabloid in a tutu." Kempton has won all the important awards, including a Pulitzer Prize for commentary in 1985 and two

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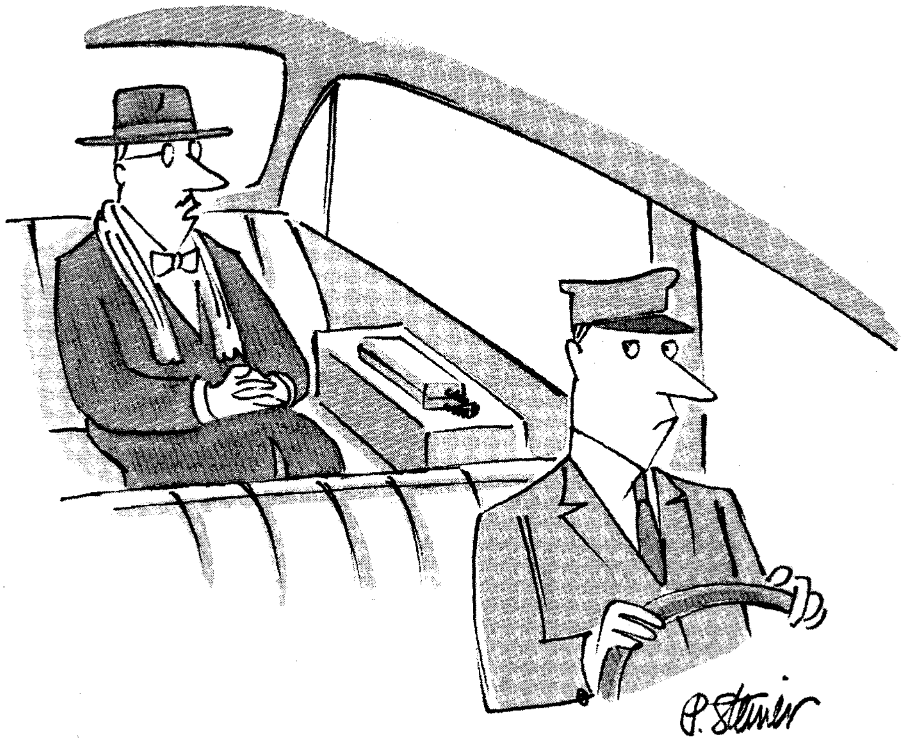
George Polk awards, and even one-sixth of a Grammy (for his contribution to the liner notes of a multi-disk Frank Sinatra album). His sense of mission, however, has not wavered. Now, with the *Post* and the *News* at war, and with the *Times* struggling to affect a youthful style without losing its stateliness, Kempton looms above it all—the one true original in the business. He is surely among the greatest of all living newspapermen, and yet he is for the most part a secret west of the Hudson River. His columns—there have been roughly ninety-six hundred of them since 1949—have never been very popular in nationwide syndication. Most editors outside New York consider his material too local and his language too baroque for their pages. Moreover, Kempton does not live the life of a state-of-the-art pundit. He does not trade prophecy on the Sunday-morning talk shows, nor does he pad his accounts as the featured speaker for the annual convention of the American Meat Packers Association. He is not the President's debate coach or the First Lady's adviser. As he once put it, "I walk wide of the cosmic and settle most happily for the local, a precinct less modest than I make it sound, since my local happens to be the only city under the eye of God where the librettist for 'Don Giovanni' could find his closest friend in the author of 'The Night Before Christmas.' "

Kempton smokes a pipe, but he does not sit in his office chewing on the stem. He begins his day by reviewing the Associated Press daybook. He finds a story, pursues it, and rarely arrives at the *Newsday* offices, at 2 Park Avenue, to write until late afternoon. "I like to get around," he says. "I need a scene, something to look at. I'd rather die than try to write out of my head four days a week. I am a spectacularly bad interviewer. I usually make a twenty-minute speech and then the interviewee says, 'Well, you may be right.' "

In the course of business, Kempton has had breakfast with Frank Costello, lunch with Richard Nixon, tea with Huey Newton, and dinner with Nancy Reagan. He is the only journalist I know of who has seen Bessie Smith sing, Sal Maglie pitch, Westbrook Pegler type, Jean Harris weep, and Jimmy Hoffa fib. Kempton spent the evening before the first Cassius Clay–Sonny Liston fight, in 1964, in Miami with Malcolm X. As a youth, he was a member of the Young Communist League; as an adult, he has found a champion in the godfather of modern American conservatism, William F. Buckley, Jr. As a chronicler of political decline and individual struggle, he has influences ranging from the Earl of Clarendon, of the seventeenth century, to Grantland Rice and H. L. Mencken, of the twentieth. He does not write down to his audience of subway straphangers. He will compare Anthony (Fat Tony) Salerno to a Roman emperor, Richard Nixon to Sir William Yonge, and the former Bronx borough president Stanley Simon to Dreyfus and hope for the best. In addition to his columns, he has written hundreds of essays in a range of magazines. For *House & Garden*, he described his life and his apartment in a New York S.R.O.; for *The Saturday Evening Post*, he recalled his arrest at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, in Chicago; and for *The New York Review of Books* he has written on the Newark federal prosecutor's collected wiretaps of Simone Rizzo DeCavalcante. His admirers make up an odd coalition. On his seventy-fifth birthday, in December, he received as gifts an American flag that had flown over the Capitol from Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the senior senator from New York, and an enormous bouquet of flowers from the wife of Carmine (the Snake) Persico.



"Have I ever hugged you, Elkins?"

If Kempton had been born in Japan, he would long ago have been declared a living treasure. "I grew up reading Murray, and the whole idea of him awed me," John Kifner, a foreign correspondent for the *Times*, says. "I had this romantic vision of this guy roaming the precincts and then going into a lonely newspaper office and then walking home on the empty streets having left behind this thing of beauty. I guess mine was the only room at Williams College to subscribe to the *Post*, and I got it so I could read Kempton."

Jimmy Breslin, a fellow-columnist at *Newsday*, says of Kempton, "The man has brought more honor to newspapers than anyone in my lifetime."

Perhaps the only public man or woman in New York who has scant regard for Kempton is the city's previous mayor, Edward Koch, who woke one morning in Gracie Mansion to find himself described as one who has "bullied the ill-fortuned and truckled to the fortuned," with the added note that "to walk in his wake has been to stumble through a rubble of vulgarities and meanness of spirit." The memory of such abuse still rankles Koch. "I thought my administration was one of the best in the history of New York City, and he didn't," he said not long ago, in a voice creaking with complaint. "I found him very unfair. But how can you have ill will toward a saint? He's Saint Murray."

The friction between Koch and Kempton was displayed one afternoon some years ago during a press conference at City Hall. Kempton arrived late, and as he sat down the chair beneath him collapsed.

"Here comes Murray Kempton breaking my furniture!" Koch cried out.

Climbing to his feet, Kempton said, "It's the *people's* furniture, Mr. Mayor."

If the greatest tributes come, in spite of themselves, from one's enemies, then surely the late chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation gave Kempton's honesty as a journalist the ultimate accolade. In 1964, J. Edgar Hoover himself scrawled in the margin of one document, recently declassified, "When a newspaper hires a snake like Kempton they can expect the worst. . . . I am surprised that Scripps-Howard are taking on this rat."

GENERATIONS of journalists in New York have known a sense of awe when, after years of seeing the tiny photograph of Murray Kempton over his columns in the paper, they have finally run into him. Nicholas Pileggi, known for his book on the New York Mafia, "Wise Guy," began his journalistic career in the city with the Associated Press, and he had the good fortune to meet Kempton on his first day on the job.

"I started work for the A.P. on January 6, 1956, and my first assignment was to cover a meeting of the joint council of the Teamsters at the Roosevelt Auditorium, on Union Square," Pileggi recalls. "Jimmy Hoffa had won control of the Midwest, and now he wanted to get his surrogate, a guy named John O'Rourke, elected in New York. Well, I was at a loss. This was really intricate, complicated stuff, full of political maneuvering. I had no idea what I was doing. And there was Murray Kempton, looking exactly like who he was—a great journalist taking notes, working. I'll never forget what he looked like. He was wearing a reversible tan-and-tweed raincoat with the tweed side out. I hadn't seen too many of those in Brooklyn. And he had this amazing red hair that just *launched* out of his head, like Elsa Lanchester's hair in 'The Bride of Frankenstein.' It turned out he was unbelievably friendly and generous. I went up to him and introduced myself, and he started to fill me in on what was going on. Then he took aside a tall, bald guy, and the two of them were obviously talking about how I didn't know anything and how they had to help me out. So then the tall, bald guy comes up to me, takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, and says, 'Here, just read this over the phone to your editor.' And that's what I did. It turned out that he was Abe Raskin, the great labor reporter for the *Times*. The next day, I walked into the office and my editor said, 'You did O.K. You had everything the *Times* had.' Murray Kempton had saved my life, with an assist from Abe Raskin."

Though Kempton's hair long ago turned white, he still has the sleek and elegant bearing that his friends remember from decades ago. He is not quite six feet tall, and if he eats at all he does not show it. He is the last gentleman, an amalgam of courtesy, formality, and kindness which is so rare that it strikes some as eccentricity. "He kind of reminds you of the wise Episcopal bishop," Russell Baker, of the *Times*, says.

In the service of his column, Kempton is everywhere. The novelist Nancy Lemann, who included a Kemptonian character in her book "Sportsman's Paradise," says, "It seems that every time I get in from the airport the first thing I see is this wonderful white-haired gent pedalling his bicycle down Park Avenue." There he is on his rickety three-speed headed for a show of the Russian avant-garde at the Guggenheim. There he is walking up the steps of some courthouse in the Bronx rarely visited by the press. ("Real estate is New York's last available lodgement for the muse of classic tragedy," he will write for the next morning's paper. "Orestes and Electra are alive in Surrogate's Court and suing Clytemnestra for Agamemnon's office-building portfolio.")

I first saw Kempton at the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Moscow, in 1988. In a pressroom built, it seemed, to satisfy the gargantuan demands of a five-year plan, he was at a distant table, hard at work. I was living in Moscow at the

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time and reading everything I could about Nikita Khrushchev, whose thaw in the nineteen-fifties was the antecedent to Gorbachev's *perestroika*. Unfortunately, the reading was dreary business—dreary until I read Kempton's columns in the *Post* on Khrushchev's trip across the United States in 1959. For Kempton's readers, that fantastic journey began on a runway in Washington:

> Nikita Khrushchev is an authentic, the real thing. He alighted on Andrews Field yesterday as a vice-president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union might descend upon Unity House. He even bore along in his wake his son-in-law, the editor of *Izvestia*. You could almost hear the echo: "Alexei is a bright boy, so I made him educational director of the local." . . .
>
> Poor Dwight Eisenhower stood waiting outside for Khrushchev's plane door to open yesterday as though he were waiting for some White House attendant to come in with a package that ticked.

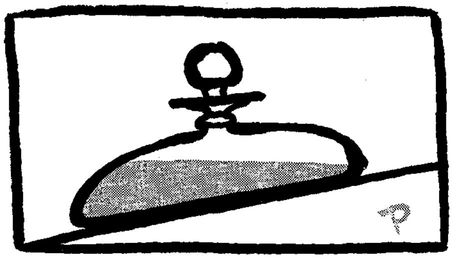
In California, as a guest of Twentieth Century Fox, Khrushchev watched a performance in which the chorus line from "Can-Can" revealed a row of buttocks to the guest of honor, and, Kempton reported, Khrushchev groused that the human face was more appealing to him than the rump. In Coon Rapids, Iowa, he was invited to the farm of Bob Garst. The farmer and his guest, along with the press herd, rollicked in the mud, all in the name of easing a crisis of diplomatic tension that would escalate, three years later, to the brink of nuclear confrontation. In Coon Rapids, Kempton was quite sure that he had witnessed the strangest apparition of his life:

> We shall not ever see again the scenes of a single yesterday; in a week, we shall have begun to doubt we ever saw them:
>
> Nikita Khrushchev, heir of Lenin, Stalin and Peter the Great, standing, his ventilated shoes encased in silage, in a field of beheaded sorghum, watching his host, Bob Garst, go down to the earth to pick up handfuls of the infinite essence of the droppings of generations of prize cattle and throw them in the face of a banzai charge of cameramen. . . .
>
> Henry Cabot Lodge, American Ambassador to the United Nations, Brahmin-born and schooled for command, bending over to ask the Chairman of the Council of Soviets if he hadn't seen enough. "See," said the Chairman, "the capitalist is trying to hide things from me." "This will be a jovial day," said Lodge. He spent it handling the microphone for the interpreters, a grand duke become overnight a Paris doorman. The air was filled with bursting smells of excess animal vitamin. "In all his life," said Khrushchev, "Mr. Lodge didn't take in as many smells as he did today."

There is not a journalist alive who would not cross an ocean (not to mention an oversized pressroom) to meet a man who can write like that (not to mention on a daily deadline). But Kempton was working hard that day in Moscow, and I figured the summit would be long and dull and there would be other chances to pester him. My hesitation turned out to be more courteous than wise. I never saw him in that pressroom again. He spent the rest of the summit wandering the streets of Moscow, ducking into the Museum of the Red Army and the Museum of the Revolution, and interviewing the children of revolutionaries and apparatchiks. Communist Party officials were especially charmed to meet him. It was not often that they had a chance to talk to an American journalist who had built his early reputation on his defense of Communists and labor unions. "How do you know so much about us?" they asked. "You must read a great deal of Sovietology."

"Actually," Kempton told them, "I have always thought the only Sovietologist worth reading is Anton Chekhov."

A FEW years after the Moscow summit, I met Kempton at a dinner given by Barbara Epstein, his closest friend and the co-editor of *The New York Review of Books*. He showed up late, apologizing for his deadlines. He explained that he had spent the morning at the John Gotti mob trial, listening to the testimony of Sammy Gravano, a bull practicing to be a canary. The remainder of the day was spent at a computer terminal waiting for the Muses to land. He was, of course, wearing his uniform—gray suit, white shirt, burgundy tie—but his pants cuffs were gathered with rubber bands, and there was a piece of heavy equipment strapped around his neck like a feed bag. It turned out to be a portable compact-disk player. He had ridden his bike from *Newsday* to dinner with the Valkyries storming in his head.



"The arias smooth out the potholes on Central Park West," he explained.

I said that I was just beginning to get to know the New York papers again after a long absence, but that, on brief inspection, the Mafia dons I was reading about seemed to me like some of the vain Communist Party chieftains I had met in such precincts as Baku, Alma-Ata, and Karaganda.

"You know, most of these guys, when you meet them, are just as bad as respectable people," Kempton said. "They take their beatings like men. Except in narcotics. I never met anyone who dealt in narcotics who had even the remotest decency. Do you remember that moment in Henry Adams' 'Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres' when Adams speaks of the Virgin and Child looking down on a dead faith? Well, John Gotti believed in all of it. He believed in a dead faith."

For years, Kempton has been writing that it is correct to say that mobsters are usually homicidal maniacs, but that it is folly to believe in an "invisible government" somehow "responsible for all the woes of our society not directly traceable to Soviet weather experiments." In American myth, the mafiosi are omnipotent lords, when in fact their palace is more often a row house in Bay Ridge or a split-level in Manhasset. "Slaves they certainly are of our credulous imagination; and we go on picking over them," he once wrote. "They are, after all, that precious asset to journalism, men who have crossed the shadow line beyond which they can no longer sue for libel and where they can thus be blamed, with impunity, for *everything*."

"Murray was the first writer I ever read to say that mobsters didn't control the world, that they were mostly just truck drivers without jobs," Nick Pileggi says. "He would hear about, say, Angelo Innuendo, of the great artichoke empire, who lived at such-and-such an address. Well, instead of swallowing the myth Murray would check out where the guy really lived, and, of course, it would turn out to be a ten-thousand-dollar house somewhere in Queens. The guy was a nobody. Not a prince—a nobody. And Murray got to know these guys because he'd see them in court. Someone would get arrested, and their brothers and cousins would all come to the trial.

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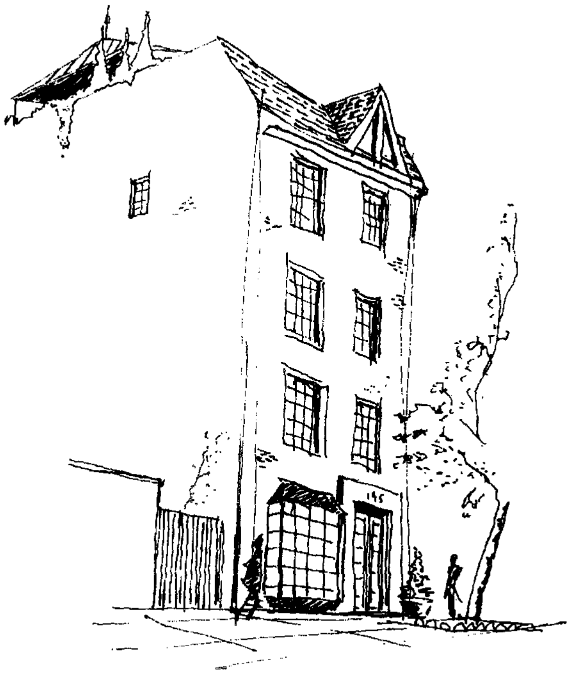

The house at 195 West Houston Street, New York City is to become the home of GILDA'S CLUB, named for Gilda Radner, who said that having cancer gave her membership to an elite club to which she would rather not belong. Gilda also said that it was at a psychosocial support community for people with cancer and their families — with therapy, lectures, workshops and parties — that she found friendship and hope and a renewed sense of control of her life. Gilda's last wish as she fought ovarian cancer was that there would one day be such a community on the East Coast, *free of charge to all*. Please join Gene Wilder and the special friends of Gilda and help open GILDA'S CLUB in June 1993.

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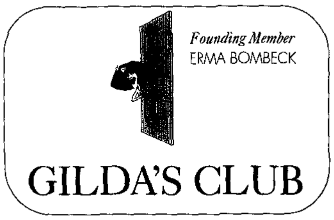

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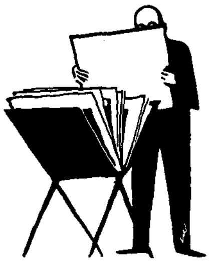
Murray would get to know them, and they would read what he wrote, maybe agree, maybe disagree, but they got to know him all the same. A few years later, inevitably, it was those guys who were on trial, and now Kempton had a personal relationship going. He knew who was who. He enjoyed a fluidity of movement in a world that had been closed to everyone else.”

Kempton first met Gotti and his lawyer Bruce Cutler outside a courtroom in 1991. “Duke was playing Kansas for the N.C.A.A. basketball title, and John decided to bet Cutler on the game,” he said recently. “Gotti took Duke. No points, no odds. He just took Duke, and Cutler agreed. I turned around and said, ‘Mr. Gotti, perhaps you ought to give odds, considering Duke is a heavy favorite.’ Gotti said, ‘Why don’t you mind your business, you son of a bitch?’ That was our introduction.”

But, as the trial dragged on, both Gotti and Cutler saw Kempton as somehow apart from the rest of the press. “John Gotti respects Murray, because he has always been fair about John Gotti,” Cutler told me some time afterward. “The man has a sense of history.” Kempton had, it is true, dined with Frank Costello when Gotti was just a boy. And so when Gotti was found not guilty one of his friends invited Kempton to a secret sanctum of Little Italy, the Ravenite Social Club, on Mulberry Street.

“This place of such mythology looked like a rec room in Queens,” Kempton told me. “John was there, looking very fine, drinking sambuca, very pleased with himself, feeling immortal, the poor son of a bitch.”



I asked Kempton if he ever really liked any of the mobsters he had come to know.

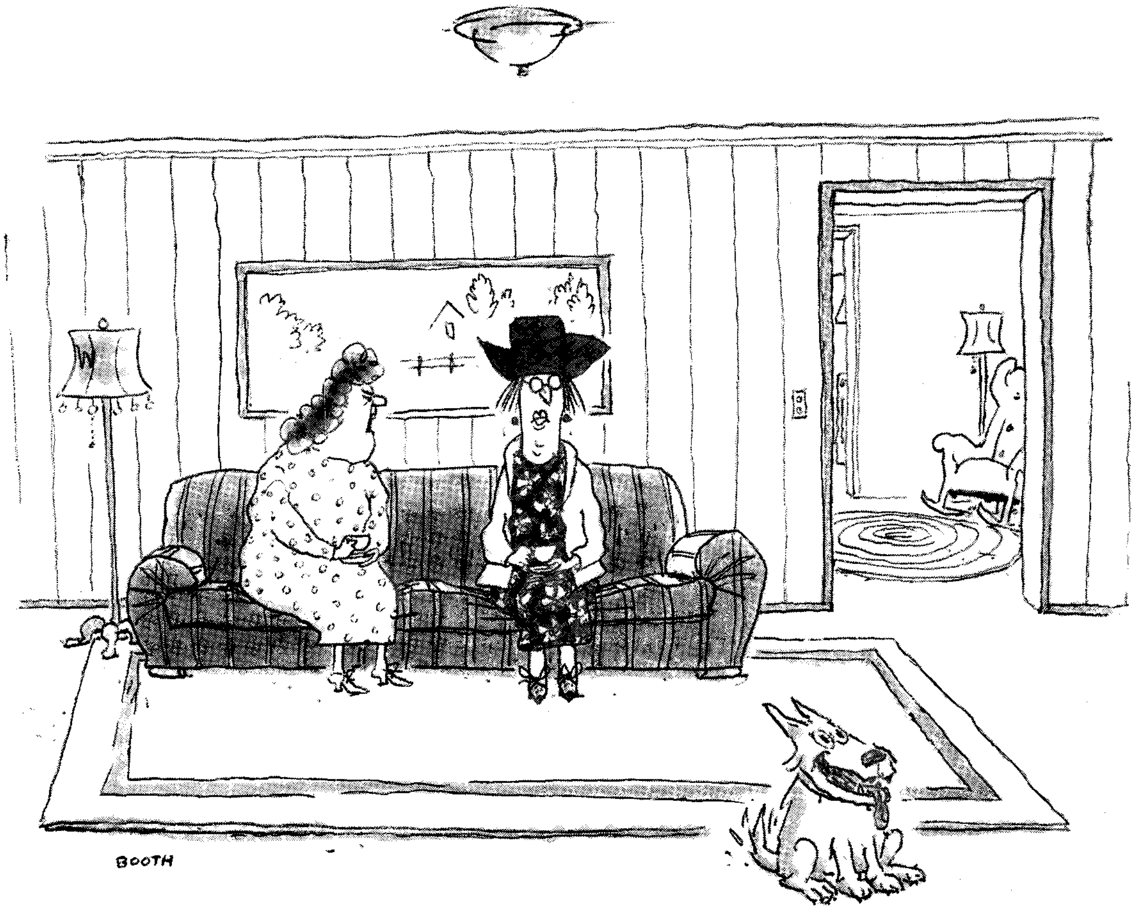
“I have tremendous admiration for Carmine Persico,” he said. “There’s just a dignity about him. Of course, he is a killer, a real killer. But I love him because of his wiretaps. They are just wonderful. I remember one in which his cousin Freddie DeChristopher—a bit of a sleazebag, really—testified to one of Persico’s conversations. They had been talking about Carmine Galante, a man universally hated by his colleagues. They had all been playing cards, and Galante had been riding someone at the table, an Irishman. Galante just kept it up with all manner of obscene anti-Irish comments. Finally, Persico said, ‘Get out of the game!’ and Galante did, slinking off for home. The next day, Galante came back to the card game, begging, ‘Please! I’m sorry! I’ll never do it again!’ It was wonderful. Persico said about Galante, ‘He’s not such a bad guy. He was just brung up wrong.’ ”

Over the years, Kempton’s arch affections for made men have confused his readers, causing them to believe that he was championing the cause of random murder when in fact he was trying to write about character against a comic background. The governor of New York, Mario Cuomo, once called Sydney Schanberg, a columnist at *Newsday*, and asked, in a voice truly distressed, “How do I get Murray Kempton to love me?”

“Governor,” Schanberg said, “why don’t you try getting indicted?”

KEMPTON’S various publishers have done as badly by him and his talent as the editors who have left him off their op-ed pages. He has produced three books, and all of them are now out of print. “Part of Our Time: Some Monuments and Ruins of the Thirties” (1955) is a classic account of the odyssey of some of the country’s radicals, well known and obscure; “America Comes of Middle Age” (1963) is a collection of columns published in the *Post;* and “The Briar Patch: The People of the State of New York vs. Lumumba Shakur, et al.” (1973), which won the National Book Award, is about the Black Panther movement and the court system.

With a nudge from William Buckley and Sam Vaughan, an editor at Random House, Kempton has sorted through his columns and essays of the last quarter century in the hope of publishing a new collection. Vaughan’s assistant sent me a twelve-hundred-page stack of photocopied clippings, and I read them straight through in a couple of days—an astonishing experience. Reading Kempton, over time in newspapers or all at once in a book, is like watching an endless parade of the great characters of American life: Whittaker Chambers on the witness stand, Carmine DeSapio at Tammany Hall, Adlai Stevenson campaigning, Louis Armstrong backstage in his undershorts, exhausted between sets. Kempton's sense of the absurd and his ability to sketch a scene in a few sentences, to deflate the pompous in a phrase, make the parade as rich as any great novel. Here, describing Billy Graham's crusade come to New York, Kempton does as much in the space of a column to deflate unctuous piety as Sinclair Lewis did in all of "Elmer Gantry": "Before I say another word about Billy Graham's opening, I should like to say that, if Jesus Christ crucified for our sins was good enough for Johann Sebastian Bach and Fyodor Dostoevski and Georges Rouault, He is much too good for the likes of me, and I shall make no sport of any honest prophet of His." In paragraphs to come, of course, Kempton brings the pastor to his knees, just as he said he would not: "The vengeful God is a stallion; in Graham's hands he is a gelding."



"Fred said he wants his ashes mingled with Daisy's ashes. He said not a word about my ashes!"

• •

History is much the richer for Kempton's judgments. Those who avoid them do so at their peril. David Mamet, for one, would have done well to read just a few paragraphs of Kempton's visit to the trial of Jimmy Hoffa before he gave Danny DeVito and Jack Nicholson a script that would make a saint of a lout:

> They will, in our lifetime, run excursion trains to Washington so that young lawyers can watch Edward Bennett Williams postpone the frying of some damned soul. It is a good use for trains. To watch Williams and then to watch a Department of Justice lawyer contending with him is to understand the essential superiority of free enterprise to government ownership. The Justice Department used forty F.B.I. agents to sew Jimmy Hoffa in a sack last March; yesterday Edward Bennett Williams almost had him out. . . .
>
> When Judge Matthews broke in to announce a recess, there was a low sigh of appreciation from the audience—Williams draws Washington audiences who understand each nuance of his work the way the Milanese do La Scala—and Ed Williams, saving himself, walked back. Jimmy Hoffa did not even look at him.
>
> "Is that all," he said querulously, "he's going to say about this fraud and deceit?" One of his retainers said: "Relax, Jimmy."
>
> To have no sense of sin is to have no taste, and to have no taste is to be a loser at the end; Edward Bennett Williams can save you only in the non-essentials.

FANS of Kempton know many of these set pieces well. But they constitute not merely a set of triumphant riffs, a scatter of portraits. They add up, over time, to a portrait of their author. Kempton's essay in "Part of Our Time" about the early years of Alger Hiss and his yearning to overcome the "shabby gentility" of his surroundings in Baltimore is partly an essay in autobiography, a glimpse of the sources of Kempton's motivations and sense of character and mercy. On his mother's side, Kempton comes from a grand lineage of Episcopal bishops and political potentates, a fallen Virginia family that moved north to Baltimore after the Civil War. His great-great-grandfather James Murray Mason was the author of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 and later became the Confederate Ambassador to Britain. James Mason's grandfather George Mason was the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights.

"By the time it got down to us, my family was very uneven," Kempton said one evening. We were in his apartment, a tiny place in the West Eighties, drinking coffee and beer. The living room was filled with books, papers, and Kempton's one indulgence, compact disks. It was his day off. He was dressed in a three-piece suit.

"My maternal grandmother was a Randolph—pronounced 'Randoff'—and that made me feel totally inferior," he went on. "The Randolphs were like the

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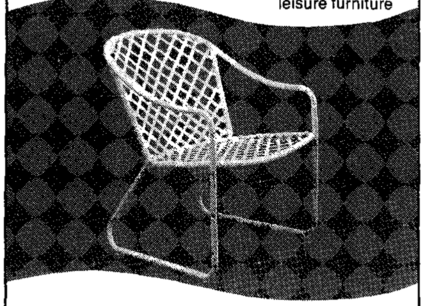

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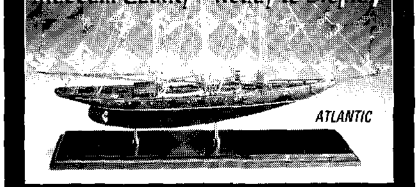

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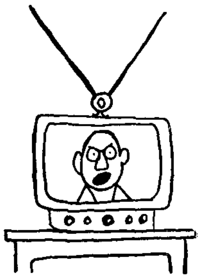
Guermanteses in Proust. My grandfather was like Synge as Yeats describes him: 'He was a solitary, undemonstrative man, never asking pity, nor complaining, nor seeking sympathy.' On my father's side, we were extraordinarily dim. Come to think of it, I have never known why my father and my mother ever married. I was never able to ask."

Kempton's father, a stockbroker, died of influenza when Murray was three years old. The family, with the memory of grand Confederate circumstances still in them but with few resources to sustain the glory, began to fray at the collar. There is in Kempton a powerful sense of failure, of being on what he calls the "losing side" of things. "Baltimore had five private schools at the time," he said. "I went to Boys' Latin, which was secondary in all aspects. Not so very long ago, I got a letter inviting me to the fiftieth reunion of my class. But I wrote back declining the invitation. I just could not face my classmates. I couldn't face my awfulness as a child. I totally messed up. I made the class a total disgrace. I was supposed to edit the yearbook and never got it done. It's a shameful memory, and it returns to me, absolutely, in this strange, shameful way."

Kempton is known in New York for elaborate courtesies, for ending a phone conversation with "God bless you." He cannot countenance a cad. The worst villain in any of his recent pieces may have been the late diet doctor Herman Tarnower, who disappointed the headmistress Jean Harris in love and paid a price for it. Kempton pitied Harris, especially when she took the witness stand and said that the doctor's inattentions had made her feel like an empty suit.



Jimmy Breslin tells the story of arriving late at Harris's trial for the murder of Tarnower and looking to his colleague for an update.

"What's going on?" Breslin asked Kempton.

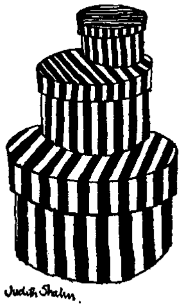
"Well," Kempton said, "I was with her through the second bullet." But then, with infinite sadness in his eyes, he added, "There were four, you know."

Kempton writes, above all, about human character, about honor or the lack of it. Perhaps the letter he has received that he cherishes most is one from Fat Tony Salerno saying that Roy Cohn "always stated that you were an honorable man."

The yearning for honor, Kempton told me, comes as much from reading as from the gentility of his ancestors. "As a boy, I read the G. A. Henty books, and from that I gathered how to conduct oneself," he said. "They were historical novels about Edwardian Englishmen plunked down at Agincourt or wherever and then behaving with absolute aplomb. I've always taken honor very seriously, particularly since the possession of it has been a lifetime struggle. As a journalist, you must have honor. You have to go places where you are a stranger, so good manners are also essential. I suppose I carry them to the point of eccentricity sometimes, but they can be useful. You know, I often get the sense that *everyone* in this country truly wants to be a gentleman. I was once in Nashville in the mid-fifties. We were all standing in front of the steps of the State Capitol, where some Fascist was giving a speech to a demonstration. The evils of integration, and so on. I was drinking in those days, and so I was a little slow in leaving. Two guys came up and accosted me, and I said, 'Gentlemen, how is it you can come to the State Capitol and give a speech on the steps without wearing a necktie!' They were absolutely shaken to the bone and slithered off with apologies."

At Johns Hopkins, Kempton was a star undergraduate. "Murray was eight years or so ahead of me at Hopkins, but by the time I got there he was still considered the great editor of the school paper, the *News-Letter*," Russell Baker says. "Murray was the campus radical and was known for going after the Hopkins president, Isaiah Bowman, who had been Woodrow Wilson's geographer at Versailles. Bowman was a tyrannical old man, known as a hopeless conservative even though he was probably a Wilson Democrat. Kempton challenged the mossback and was loved for it."

Kempton got a summer job at the 1936 Democratic National Convention, in Philadelphia, as a page for H. L. Mencken. After Mencken finished typing a sheet of his column, he would lift it high above him and shout "Copy!" and then wait for young Kempton to snatch it away and carry it off to the telegraph room. "By then, I was also reading Mencken's things in the Baltimore *Evening Sun,*" Kempton told me. "I read a lot of things then. But the trouble was I didn't read anything closely in those days except Lenin and Trotsky. Ahhh, well. You read that shit for absolute truth. But I suppose my Marxism-Leninism was an affectation, like everything else."



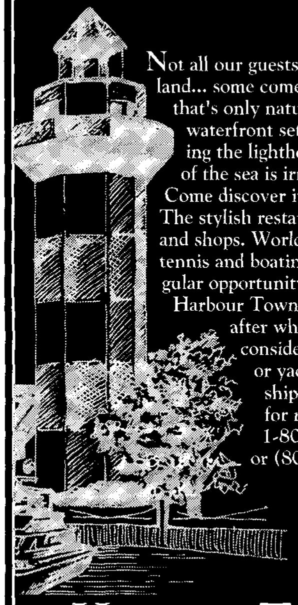
As a way to escape the dreariness of Baltimore, Kempton joined the Communist faction of the sailors' union in August and spent the rest of the summer working on a mail boat that ran between Baltimore and Norfolk, Virginia. His membership in the union did not last long. Within a year, disillusioned by the Moscow trials and other horrific news from the East, he had quit the Communists and joined the Socialist Party of Norman Thomas. After graduating from Johns Hopkins, in 1939, he worked for a while as a relief investigator in Baltimore and then moved to New York, to work as an organizer for the Campaign for Youth Needs, and then to Peekskill, to work for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He also wrote pamphlets for the Young People's Socialist League and the Workers Defense League.

In 1942, Kempton was hired by the *Post* to write about labor issues, but three months later he was drafted into the Army. "It was really in the Army that I read an awful lot," Kempton says. "There wasn't much to do—that's the nature of military services—and, oddly, in the Army, you are generally given full run of your eccentricities. People accepted you with a certain inevitability. It was like when I was covering the Black Panthers. There was a basic lack of resentment among them, even of the guys in their midst spying on them. They figured everyone had to do something to get by, whether it was selling reefer or spying for the cops. In the Army, no one cared if you read. Books were not a subject of conversation, which, in a way, is a bloody relief."

In his columns over the years Kempton has been, by turns, shy and comic about his military service in New Guinea and in the Philippines during the latter part of the war. He has used it mainly as another example of his alleged haplessness. In a famous column written after Adlai Stevenson lost in the 1952 Presidential race—a heartbreaking loss for Kempton—he wrote, "Man and boy, I've been losing since birth, and the only time I've ever won has been with the Democrats.... During the war, I had a brief, tenuous relationship with an outfit called the 38th Division. Its nickname was the Cyclone Division. Do you think they called it the Cyclone Division because it had swept through the enemies of freedom? Of course not. They called it the Cyclone Division because all its tents got blown down on maneuvers. That's how it is with my team every time. I can't even persuade my kids to be Republicans and escape the family curse."

But Kempton's war was no comedy. He has begun writing a memoir, entitled "Once Ain't for Always"—a line from Bessie Smith's "Lost Your Head Blues"—and the one chapter he has finished is a brilliant piece about the war. It is filled with the battlefield confusion and moral embarrassment of "The Charterhouse of Parma," in which Stendhal's hero, desperate for action, takes part in the Battle of Waterloo without quite knowing it. On patrol in the Philippines, Kempton and his fellows were ambushed by the Japanese at a time when the Japanese had all but given up the war. "The one thing about being ambushed is that you can never take yourself very seriously again," Kempton told me.

After returning from the Army and rejoining the *Post*, a fairly left-wing paper in those days, Kempton worked for two years as an assistant to the paper's labor editor, Victor Riesel. The two men would climb out onto the roof of the *Post* building, on West Street, and mull over the day's story. "Well, fellow-worker," Riesel would say, "whom do we hack today?" In 1949, Kempton succeeded Riesel and quickly expanded his beat from labor to whatever it was that struck him as a good story on a given day. Like Mencken before him, Kempton revelled in the follies of politics, and, like no other newspaper voice of his time, he wrote about politicians as buffoons, treating them to the same dish of irony he offered to any other suspect



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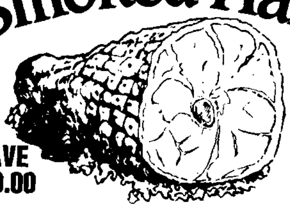

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character. There have been exceptions. Adlai Stevenson was his hero, and all others were measured against that standard.

In the nineteen-fifties, Kempton established his passion for mercy and justice on two great issues of the time: the treatment of black men and women in the South, and the treatment of American Communists in the courts and in the press. These were constituencies which at the time had few supporters. Kempton was nearly alone in championing men and women who had fallen under the spell of ideology and the Communist Party and never seemed to cease paying for their folly. He defended radicals whose names are now all but forgotten: Eva Bittelman, Steve Nelson, Lionel Stander.

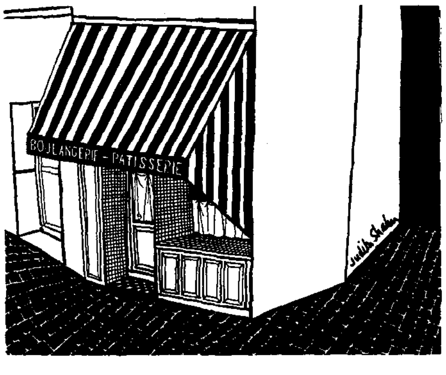
In the mid-fifties, Kempton went South with his typewriter, his phonograph, and his stack of jazz records. In Sumner, Mississippi, he watched Mose Wright, a field hand in his sixties, stand up in a courtroom and finger the murderers—two white men—of a fourteen-year-old black boy named Emmett Louis Till. Wright's courage gave others the nerve to do the same. "They will be belted and flayed as he was yesterday, but they will walk out with the memory of having been human beings for just a little while," Kempton wrote. "Whatever the result, there is a kind of majesty in the spectacle of the State of Mississippi honestly trying to convict two white men on the word of four Negroes. And we owe that sight to Mose Wright, who was condemned to bow all his life, and had enough left to raise his head and look the enemy in those terrible eyes when he was sixty-four."

In Atlanta and Washington, Kempton came to know Martin Luther King as a young man. King was an intellectual who "would not look incongruous as a side-man in one of Dizzy Gillespie's big bands," he wrote. "He is hip in the word's deepest and finest sense; the night his house was bombed by the Citizens' Council, he came out and told his neighbors to remember that their one, great unconquerable shield was the whole armor of love."

Kempton's writing about race surprised some liberal readers by its refusal to subscribe to a political correctness. At a time when others were writing patronizing articles defending the fighter Sonny Liston for his thuggish behavior, Kempton took a more complicated path. "The Negro heavyweights, as Negroes tend to do, have usually given that sense of being men above their calling," he wrote. "Floyd Patterson sounded like a Freedom Rider. We return to reality with Liston. We have at last a heavyweight champion on the moral level of the men who own him. . . . He has already helped us grow up as a country because he is the first morally inferior Negro I can think of to be given an equal opportunity. He will help us grow up further if he destroys the illusion that a man whose trade it is to beat another man senseless for money represents an image which at all costs must be kept pure for American youth."

The texture of Kempton's thinking has changed little since his first wave of popularity, in the fifties and early sixties, but he still has the ability to surprise. It does not require a high ceremony of state or a moral crusade to excite his sense of mercy. Six years ago, a woman named Jessica Hahn was a supporting player in the fall of the preacher Jim Bakker. The preacher's circle mocked Hahn as a tramp. A gentleman rushed to her defense. "She was delivered like a package of prime beef and she is to be commended for the spirit to bite the diner back," Kempton wrote of Hahn. "Her sponsors had trusted her to be used and she has defied them and made herself the user. And now some of the Assemblies of God stand at the Armageddon they had promised for the rest of us and the sound of battle resounds with a discord of strumpets."

Jim Dwyer, another columnist at *Newsday*, says that through example and discussions on the newsroom floor Kempton has taught a couple of generations of journalists to avoid self-congratulation and the easy judgment. "Beneath all of Murray's gentility and manners is a very serious question, 'Who do you think you are?,' " Dwyer said. "He sort of compels you to behave like a gentleman and remember that you are probably not all that much better than the person you are writing about."



Kempton's fascination with, and even affection for, Richard Nixon over the years has always been troubling to the arbiters of proper liberalism. I asked him one afternoon why he responded so strongly to the demon of his era.

"I first met Nixon the day that Lee Pressman testified to the House Un-American Activities Committee and confessed his sins," Kempton said. "I was staying at the old Congressional Hotel, and Nixon was there, too. I called him, and we sat up talking until five o'clock in the morning. At one point, he said he was getting ready to run for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas. He said he just hated to run against her, because he admired her so much!

"Nixon liked me because he'd known me for a long while. Once I got my balance in about 1962 and stopped blaming everything on one guy, I just sort of got fond of him. We would have lunch when he was in exile and was the ambassador of Pepsi. He was so wonderful, so smart about everyone's affairs but his own. I remember, years later, the day Mrs. Marcos was being booked and I was visiting him in his office. I said, 'Mr. President, I wish you would do my profession a favor and go out there and greet Mrs. Marcos in front of all the cameras.' Nixon looked gloomily into his coffee cup. He said, 'I can't do that, but I will call over there later.' Then he said, 'You know, this is a very vindictive country.' It was on the tip of my tongue to say, 'If this is a vindictive country, then why am I here sitting at your feet calling you "Mr. President"?'

"Nixon was just amazing. I came to meet him for lunch once in 1966, and he asked me where I'd been. He's always collecting information on everyone else. I said that I had just seen John Lindsay, and I was bubbling with enthusiasm; I said I thought Lindsay had a limitless future. Over Nixon's face swept a look of limitless pain at the ignorance of mankind, and then he said, 'Lindsay will have a fight with Rockefeller and go off to the Democratic Party.' "

Kempton's affection for Nixon is also connected to a personal gesture that came amid the great tragedy of his life. Kempton does not invite personal questions, but it is clear that he has borne more sadness than should be asked of anyone. He is divorced from his first wife, Mina Bluethenthal, and separated from his second, Beverly Gary Kempton. He has five children, of whom one son was born with a severe learning disability, though he works, and lives an independent life. Another son, Mike, was killed, with his bride, in a car accident two decades ago.

"When my son Mike died, in 1971, the *Times* ran an obituary that described his activities in some detail," Kempton said. "He'd been involved in anti-draft things—resistance, and so on. The morning after the obit ran in the *Times*, the doorbell rang. I went to the door, and there was a man in plainclothes with an envelope from the White House, a handwritten letter. The writer described our long friendship and how when he read in the *Times* about Mike it reminded him of me in the fifties and our meeting. It was amazing. Here was this essentially fictive friendship and the expression of admiration for an idealism totally at variance with Nixon's own politics. Well, I can't tell you how touched I was. There was something beautiful and lonely in that note."

I NEVER quite understood why Kempton had stayed with his column for forty years until I watched him put one together. We agreed to meet one morning this past December and go wherever the A.P. daybook took us. It was a few days before Christmas, and Kempton was distressed. "I am afraid the pickings are rather thin," he said. But then, brightening, he added, "Of course, there is this marvellous case of the subway shooting. Maybe that's it. Let's meet at Bellevue Hospital."

A rookie transit policeman named Derwin Pannell had been critically injured when two of his colleagues shot him in a Brooklyn subway station. The two officers did not realize that Pannell was working undercover and had been arresting, not mugging, a woman who had beaten the fare. They claimed that his gun was drawn; he said he had holstered the revolver. To complicate matters infinitely, Pannell is black and the other officers are white. Pannell was scheduled to give

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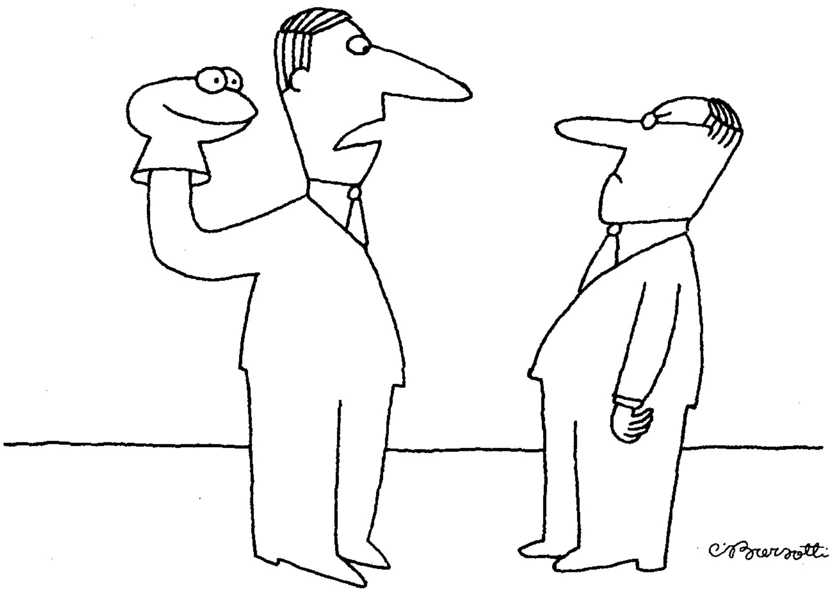

"Surely you can't hold me responsible for what others might say."

his first press conference at Bellevue.

I met Kempton on a corner near Lincoln Center. He wore an expression of high optimism. We took a gypsy cab downtown to Bellevue, talking over the woes of the New York Giants as they completed a pitiful season.

"I might have had some pity for the coach, but finally he is too self-referring to demand real sympathy," Kempton said. "My guess is that management has noticed this." Once more, his judgment was prescient. The coach, Ray Handley, was dismissed in late December.

"Happy New Year," the driver said as we pulled up to the hospital.

"God bless you, sir," Kempton said, and we headed for the story.

For reporters covering politics or public events of any kind, an amazing amount of the day is spent waiting around—waiting for the jury to come in or the press conference to begin. At these group waiting sessions, Kempton is the dean but not the lord. He is deferred to, yet he is too funny, and too kind to his younger colleagues, to be anything but charming about his position. As we stood around, hour after hour, in the Bellevue lobby waiting for the Brooklyn District Attorney to finish his ministrations to the fallen officer, Kempton regaled staffers from the *Post*, the *Times*, and the local TV stations with stories about the trombone mechanics of Jack Teagarden, the vocal triumphs of Johnny Mercer, and the brutal oddities of Jimmy Hoffa. When it was discovered that Kempton's name was not on the short list of reporters who would be allowed to visit Pannell for an interview, there were apologies all around and the name was added. None of those left off the list complained. "These are the small gifts I get for being ancient," Kempton said, and set off for the interview.

While Kempton and half a dozen other privileged souls went to visit the newsmaker, the rest of us lingered in the Bellevue lobby. I spoke with Ron Bell, a veteran cameraman for ABC, who has been covering stories with Kempton for years. "I remember when the Pope was in the States a while back and we were all at the Alamo waiting for him," Bell said. "It was something like a hundred and ten degrees out, and everyone was cranky and soaking wet. People were passing out and being taken off to the hospital with heat exhaustion. Then I turned around and I saw Murray Kempton—in a gray wool suit, listening to some opera on his portable CD player, absolutely dry and happy."

An hour later, the interviewers were back. Everyone seemed bored and jaded except Kempton. He was bursting with theories about the case, and he tried out some one-liners on his *Newsday* colleague Ellis Henican, a few of which made it into the column. He was a pleasure to see—a columnist who depends on his effort and sensibility rather than on propinquity to the powerful.

"The truth is that I have no sources," Kempton said. He does not believe in them. Kempton has written, "Persons privy to events either do not know what is important about them or, when they do, generally lie, as even Lincoln lied to Greeley for purposes of seduction."

There are those in New York journalism who mourn the idea that Kempton has never written for the *Times*, a paper that would undoubtedly give him a wider, more influential audience than *Newsday*. But Kempton does not crave the gravity of the *Times*. He has always enjoyed the rakishness of his papers, the sense of outsiderness that came with the *Post* or with the *World-Telegram & Sun*, where he worked briefly during the mid-sixties. Besides, he has written, "Not the *Times* or a dozen *Timeses* could ever attain a consequence justifying identification as a Fourth Estate of the Realm. Journalism might at best be called the Third-and-a-Quarter Estate, to signify its status as a quadruped with three feet mired in each of the other three estates and the fourth pawing the air above the ground."

Kempton goes to court, reads cartons of documents, and visits the battlefields of El Salvador, because real reporting is what he admires in his favorite colleagues. A real reporter is what he wants to be. Jim Dwyer, of *Newsday*, says, "I was once at a luncheon at Columbia University for the Meyer Berger Award. During the lunch, Murray Kempton said, 'You know, I never won the Berger Award.' And one of the winners on this occasion—Sara Rimer, of the *Times*—said, 'Murray, you just won the Pulitzer!' Murray said, 'The Pulitzer is named for a publisher. The Meyer Berger is named for a reporter.' "

Kempton's disdain for publishers has only heightened in recent weeks, as he has witnessed the noisy arrival of Mortimer Zuckerman at the *News*, and the even noisier controversy surrounding the *Post's* would-be publisher Steven Hoffenberg. "Zuckerman is a perfectly awful person," Kempton says. As for Hoffenberg, "he's like a bank robber who's taken a hostage—or, at least, that's what one of my friends at the *Post* says. The Securities and Exchange Commission can't land on him, or, if it does, that will lead to the end of the *Post*.

"When I was at the *Post*, we thought

of the *News* with great awe," Kempton goes on. "It was a wonderful paper, but it ruined itself. There were editors there—especially in Washington—who felt inferior because national politicians would take calls from the *Times* but not from the *News*. Mike O'Neill"—who was the editor of the *News* from 1975 to 1982—"decided that it was a slum paper. So he tried to make it appeal to the upper middle classes, to make it into an easy-to-fold *Herald Tribune*. They came up with a culture section almost as dreary as the *Times'*. They spent a bucket of money, and it went nowhere. You see, a newspaper is like a bad habit—if you try to alter it, it rarely works out. Now, the *Post*, which is losing all its best people to the *News*, was doing a wonderful job as a guerrilla operation. They came up with a lot of stories—and some of them were true! In the end, my view of this so-called tabloid war is that I just don't consider the character of publishers. I'm rooting for my friends—the reporters."

KEMPTON has just finished one of his best years, despite his claim to having had "a dreary patch of failures and repetitions." In July, when the press corps flooded Madison Square Garden for the Democratic National Convention, he quietly went off to Dallas and, almost alone among the columnists, was there to hear Ross Perot quit the race. He rode the train with President Bush on "his Via Dolorosa," in the last days of a losing campaign. Kempton sounded the valedictory note for the President weeks before his colleagues. It is characteristic of Kempton that he was kindest to Bush when Bush was clearly on the way out. When Bush was ascendant, there was no one who wielded a sharper lance. In 1986, when Bush was Vice-President and was aiming higher, Kempton wrote:

> The vice president of the United States could stand as symbol of every soul in prison if he were not so much more degraded than his fellows by the requirement that he not only clank his chains but loudly bless them in the bargain.
>
> Bush does show promise of pushing the state of the art to new heights of self-abasement, but that may be because his endeavors come from the heart. I once watched Bush at an aerobics class during the 1980 primaries. His companions in this flirtation with cardiac arrest were all thirty years younger than he, and yet, the closer he approached *extremis*, the more earnestly he smiled. Doggedness at the price of dignity was plainly his life's commitment and, had I been endowed with a wisp of political acuity, I would have known then that George Bush was born to be a vice president.

In a year when much of the press fell in love with Bill Clinton, Kempton was almost alone among liberals in not going all gooey in his writing about the new President. I brought up the subject one day while we were having coffee in the *Newsday* cafeteria.

"Clinton? I hear the man's name and I break out in a rash. It's a completely irrational matter, I know, but there it is," Kempton said. "The business of the draft bothers me. I like the guys who either went and served or the ones who refused and paid for it. There's such an awful piety in Clinton's actions. And the lying. Well, of course, I lied all the time in my life, and the only reason I stopped is that I kept getting caught out. That Clinton still lies like that at his age just means he has no real experience of life. As Yeats once said of Wilfred Owen, 'there's every excuse for him, but no excuse for those who liked him.' "

Although Kempton is still working at the top of his form when most journalists his age are retired or are lecturing the young, he does not get quite the attention he once did.

"There was a time when I was writing one of the few local columns in New York," Kempton said. "There was Meyer Berger, but I had it mostly to myself. That meant if there was a story out there and I let it slide for a few days no one would notice. Now there are twenty local columns, at least, many of them in my own paper. Things really changed when Breslin came along. I always had great admiration for Breslin. I suppose I'm competitive, but I never worried about Breslin unless a story went on for four days. It's almost as if he would bracket himself: he would be wildly off on one side the first day, off to the other side on the next, but on the third and fourth days he would hit the target absolutely, he'd knock the spots off it. What I always had going for me was that I knew everyone. If something came up on, say, Adam Clayton Powell, I would not begin with the delusion that he was a great statesman and then learn my lesson. I already knew the gentleman."

These days, New York is a tabloid city. The morning talk in elevators and

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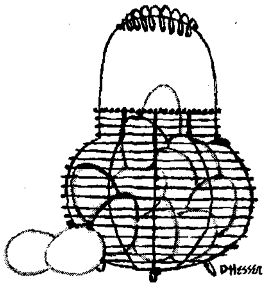
coffee shops is shaped not by the *Times*, which reaches just one city household in ten, but by the voices in the tabloids. Many of the younger columnists are clones of Breslin's tough-guy-with-a-heart-of-gold style. There are no clones of Murray Kempton. To imitate him, after all, would mean to read what he has read, to see and feel what he has seen and felt, and to be blessed with his sense of mercy and language. "There is no Sonny Stitt to his Charlie Parker," says Pete Hamill, who has just been appointed the editor of the *Post*. "Murray is so specifically himself that he cannot be imitated."



The editors at *Newsday* have occasionally heard complaints from readers that Kempton's style is too difficult, and it is true that on the rare day when he is off, his sentences require more work than the bleary-eyed morning reader is willing to expend. But this is nothing new, and in at least one instance served as a shield. In 1955, Victor Lasky sued Kempton for libel. Lasky initially won the case but lost on appeal. The reasoning of the judges was, in fact, Kemptonian: "The Supreme Court, Appellate Division, held that where the accused article was frequently cryptic in meaning, sometimes contradictory, and only dubiously suggestive of matters defaming plaintiff, and in absence of allegation of falsity, it was not determinable which parts of ambiguous article plaintiff might be relying on as libelous, complaint which failed to make specific allegations of falsity or proper allegation of extrinsic facts or innuendo was insufficient." In other words, since the judges themselves could not quite understand the article in question the appeal was upheld.

"Most people regard me, stylistically, as a freak," Kempton told me one afternoon. "It's someone's idea of baroque or rococo. There is an arch quality in there that grates on me when I go read it. I look at my pieces and despair.

"My work is probably more detached now than it used to be. The attitude, not the style, has changed. In the fifties, when I did all those Southern stories, I was drunk a lot of the time, and when you drink there are these great passions and flights. It seems to come easily, but you never know when you are bad. The fact is, I've always been discontented with the way I write. This is a serious remark. But I don't have the feeling that as I get older my style is falling apart. It's such a jerry-built style in the first place, and if the pillars shake no one will ever notice.

"Writing four times a week is a little much, except if you don't do it four times a week, you struggle. I'm happiest writing every day. I spent eight years of my life not working for a newspaper—when I was freelance and writing a book—and they were the low points of my life.

"The right word should come to you, and yet I feel I'm getting slack. The most important thing is to know when you are bad. When you lose that, you can never really be any good anymore. The work of old men is usually a comedown, at least for me. I prefer Beethoven's middle quartets to the late ones. The late Henry James is marvellous, but the wit is gone, and when the wit goes, that's the beginning of decay. Proust was immune. He stayed funny to the end."

At his seventy-fifth-birthday party, in the *Newsday* offices, a happy, noisy affair with a string trio and lots of champagne, it came Kempton's time to speak. Mayor David Dinkins had come by to pay tribute, Senator Moynihan had given him his flag, and his colleagues had paid their respects. Now Kempton glanced down at his birthday cake, an enormous confection that portrayed, in icing of various colors, an elegant gent bicycling from one courthouse to the next. The birthday boy smiled. "Splendid," he said.

Then Kempton gave a short speech praising the staff, those who had helped him on stories and had won prizes for reporting on New York City. Referring to somebody's statement that the city was filled with "Murray wannabes," he said, "That really is hyperbole. I think of myself as a never-be"—the man on the losing side of things.

Finally, he said, "I hope there will still be a few more gaudy nights. I hope there will be something that will make me as proud of myself as I have been of you." Sometime toward the end of next year, Murray Kempton will write his ten-thousandth column. ◆

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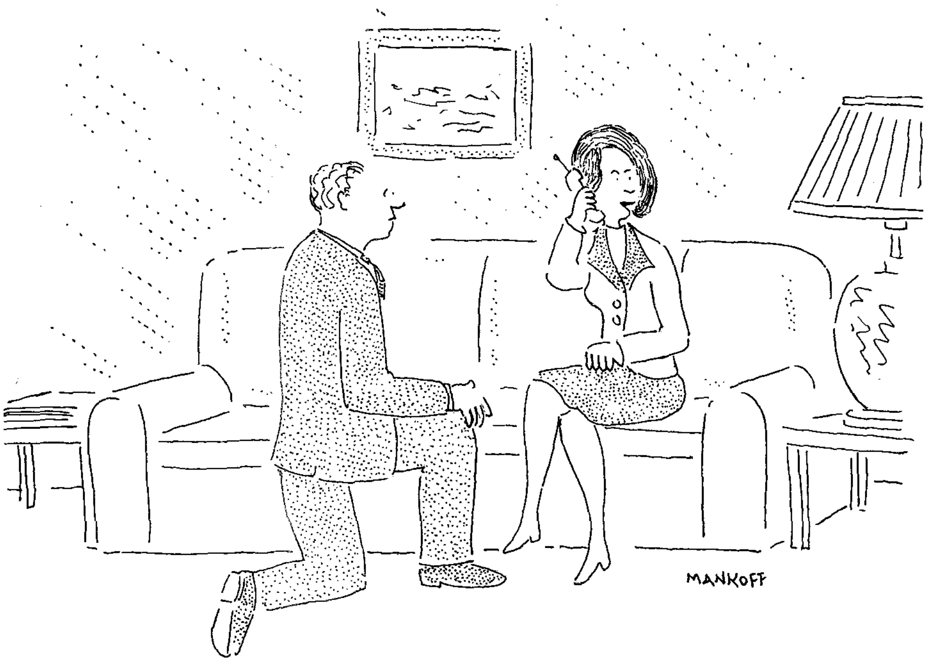
GLAD RAGS

BY JOHN UPDIKE

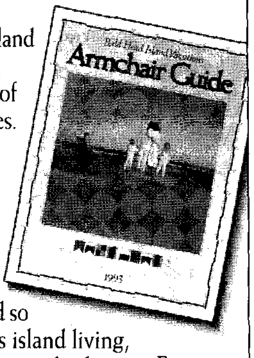
To those of us who were alive and sartorially active at the time, it was saddening to read in the Boston *Globe* recently the allegation, by "New York socialite" Susan Rosenstiel, that in 1958 J. Edgar Hoover was parading around in a Plaza Hotel suite wearing women's clothes: "He was wearing a fluffy black dress, very fluffy, with flounces, and lace stockings and high heels, and a black curly wig." I was saddened to think that future generations, trying to grasp the peculiar splendor and excitement of high-echelon cross-dressing during Eisenhower's second term, will imagine that dowdy bit of black fluff, with its fussy flounces and matching wig, to have been *très à la mode*, when the truth is we all considered J. Edgar something of a frump.

Ike, for instance, dear Ike with his infallible instincts, would never have let himself be caught in lace stockings, even though he did have the legs for them. I remember, within a month of Saint Laurent's 1958 collection for Dior, Ike coming out in a stunning cobalt-blue wool trapeze, with white open-backed heels and a false chignon. That very day, if memory serves, he had sent five thousand marines to Lebanon, and not a hair out of place. It was with this outfit—or was it a belted A-line from the previous year?—that he sported a flowered silk neck cloth, when scarves were still thought to be strictly for babushkas. He was very conservative as to hemlines, however; when Saint Laurent lifted skirts to the knee in 1959, the President waited three months for Congress to decide the issue, and then, losing all patience, switched to Balenciaga with a stroke of his pen. Thenceforth, to the very end of his Administration, he stuck with long-waisted day dresses in neutral duns and beiges.

John Foster Dulles, on the other hand, favored a slinky-pajama look and pastel pants suits with a touch of glimmer in the fabric. Oodles of bangles, upswept blond wigs, and pom-pommed mules. Despite his staunch anti-Communism, he was oddly partial to red, though I believe on good authority that Sherman Adams at least once took Foster aside and made the point that bright colors did not become a big-boned frame. Sherman, though he was undone by vicuña, lingers in my mind's eye as a



"Dave, could you hold on a sec while I take care of some personal business?"



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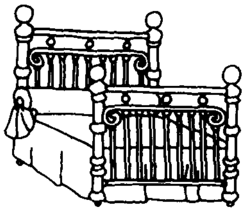

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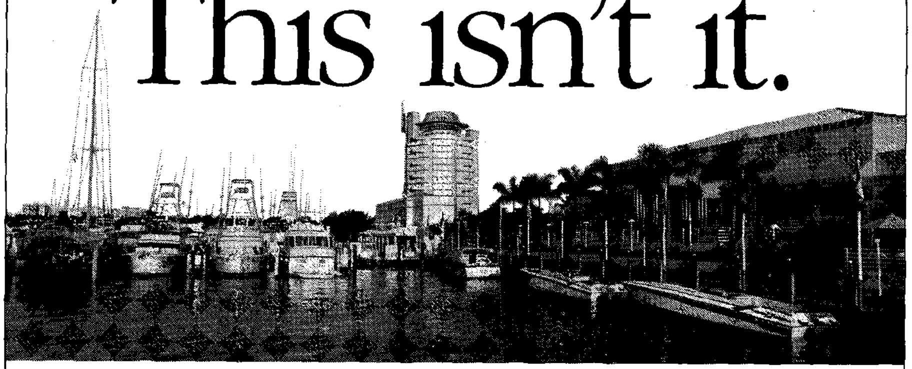
creature of whimsical ostrich-feather boas and enchantments in lightly starched lemon voile. Neil McElroy, the Secretary of Defense, vied with Senator Dirksen for the title of Most Quietly Elegant; at a time when bell-shaped skirts and full-sleeved blouses were controlling the silhouette, McElroy denounced Pentagon cost run-ups in a shimmering jade-green sheath, side-slit to the thigh and topped by a cloth-buttoned brocade-linen bodice with shoelace shoulder straps. Foster Dulles' brother Allen also preferred the slim look—tailored suits of pencil-striped wool, the jackets sharply cinched at the waist, with wide lapels piquantly emphasizing the bosom of a padded corselette.

That terrible weekend after Sputnik, to rally our spirits Ike commandeered a ballroom at the Mayflower and sent down the directive: *Glad rags only.* My God, what floods of organdie and tulle, ruffles and ruchings and appliquéd beadwork! Present-day Washington, with its dreary cutbacks, has no concept of our kind of style. Of course, the United States had half the world's refrigerators then, and the national debt was peanuts. I went up to Allen, who in the spirit of the occasion had forsaken his pinstripes for a so-called "corolla" gown by Capucci of dusty-rose taffeta, with a real rose stuck in his silver-dusted wig, and I recall saying, "My goodness, what ever are we going to do about the Soviets and this terrible Cold War?"

Eavesdropping as he always was, J. Edgar came up to us in some perfectly inappropriate, pathetic little frock of cocoa crêpe gathered in front and trimmed with a ribbon bowknot. That winsome bulldog-puppy face of his was crowned by a grotesque paste tiara, and the spike heels of his patent-leather pumps kept sticking in the parquet floor.

Allen suavely elbowed him aside and spoke sotto voce to me. "Mr. Under-Secretary"—I was always being Under-Secretary of something or other in those giddy years—"not to worry, though the Commies have the rocket power for now. Our top-secret reconnaissance flights, I can inform you, have come back with photographs of Khrushchev in an evening dress of gold-threaded silk chiffon, and Mikoyan in a two-piece, low-backed outfit of velvet and shirred georgette. If this is the game they want to play, we'll outspend the bastards right into the ground!" ♦



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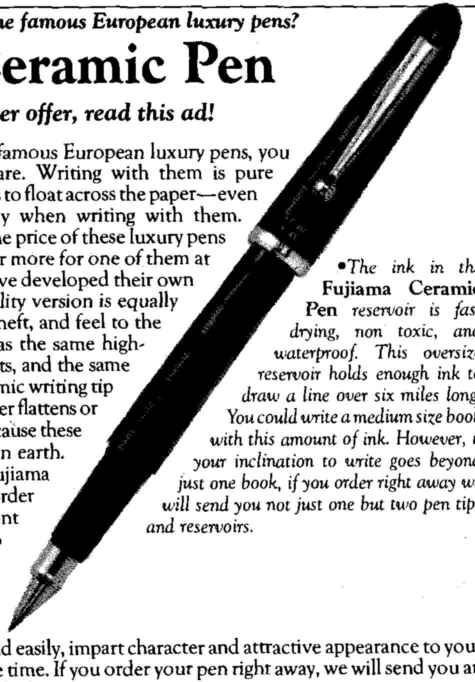

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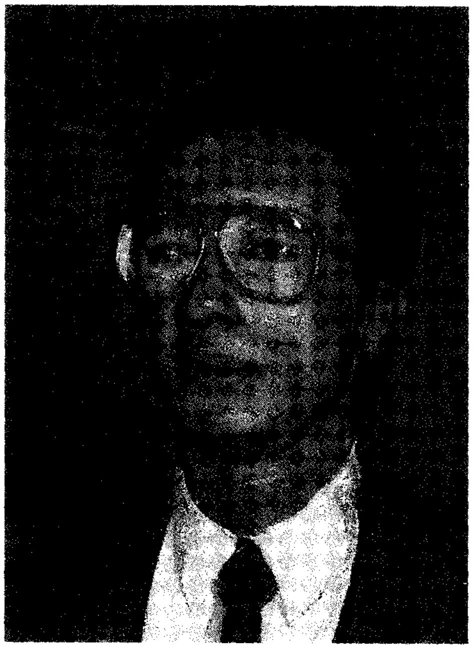
ARTHUR ASHE REMEMBERED

BY JOHN McPHEE



HE once described his life as "a succession of fortunate circumstances." He was in his twenties then. More than half of his life was behind him. His memory of his mother was confined to a single image: in a blue corduroy bathrobe she stood in a doorway looking out on the courts and playing fields surrounding their house, which stood in the center of a Richmond playground. Weakened by illness, she was taken to a hospital that day, and died at the age of twenty-seven. He was six.

It was to be his tragedy, as the world knows, that he would leave his own child when she was six, that his life would be trapped in a medical irony as a result of early heart disease, and death would come to him prematurely, as it had to his mother.

His mother was tall, with long soft hair and a face that was gentle and thin. She read a lot. She read a lot to him. His father said of her, "She was just like Arthur Junior. She never argued. She was quiet, easygoing, kindhearted."

If by legacy her son never argued, he was also schooled, instructed, coached not to argue, and as he moved alone into alien country he fashioned not-arguing into an enigma and turned the enigma into a weapon. When things got tough (as I noted in these pages twenty-four years ago), he had control. Even in very tight moments, other players thought he was toying with them. They rarely knew what he was thinking. They could not tell if he was angry. It was maddening, sometimes, to play against him. Never less than candid, he said that what he liked best about himself on a tennis court was his demeanor: "What it is is controlled cool, in a way. Always have the situation under control, even if losing. Never betray an inward sense of defeat."

And of course he never did—not in the height of his athletic power, not in the statesmanship of the years that followed, and not in the endgame of his existence. If you wished to choose a single image, you would see him standing there in his twenties, his lithe body a braid of cables, his energy without apparent limit, in a court situation indescribably bad, and all he does is put his index finger on the bridge of his glasses and push them back up the bridge of his nose. In the shadow of disaster, he hits out. Faced with a choice between a conservative, percentage return or a one-in-ten flat-out blast, he chooses the blast. In a signature manner, he extends his left arm to point upward at lobs as they fall toward him. His overheads, in fire bursts, put them away. His backhand is, if anything, stronger than his forehand, and his shots from either side for the most part are explosions. In motions graceful and decisive, though, and with reactions as fast as the imagination, he is a master of drop shots, of cat-and-mouse, of miscellaneous dinks and chips and (riskiest of all) the crosscourt half-volley. Other tennis players might be wondering who in his right mind would attempt something like that, but that is how Ashe plays the game: at the tensest moment, he goes for the all but impossible. He is predictably unpredictable. He is unreadable. His ballistic serves move in odd patterns and come off the court in unexpected ways. Behind his impassive face—behind the enigmatic glasses, the lifted chin, the first-mate-on-the-bridge look—there seems to be, even from this distance, a smile. ♦

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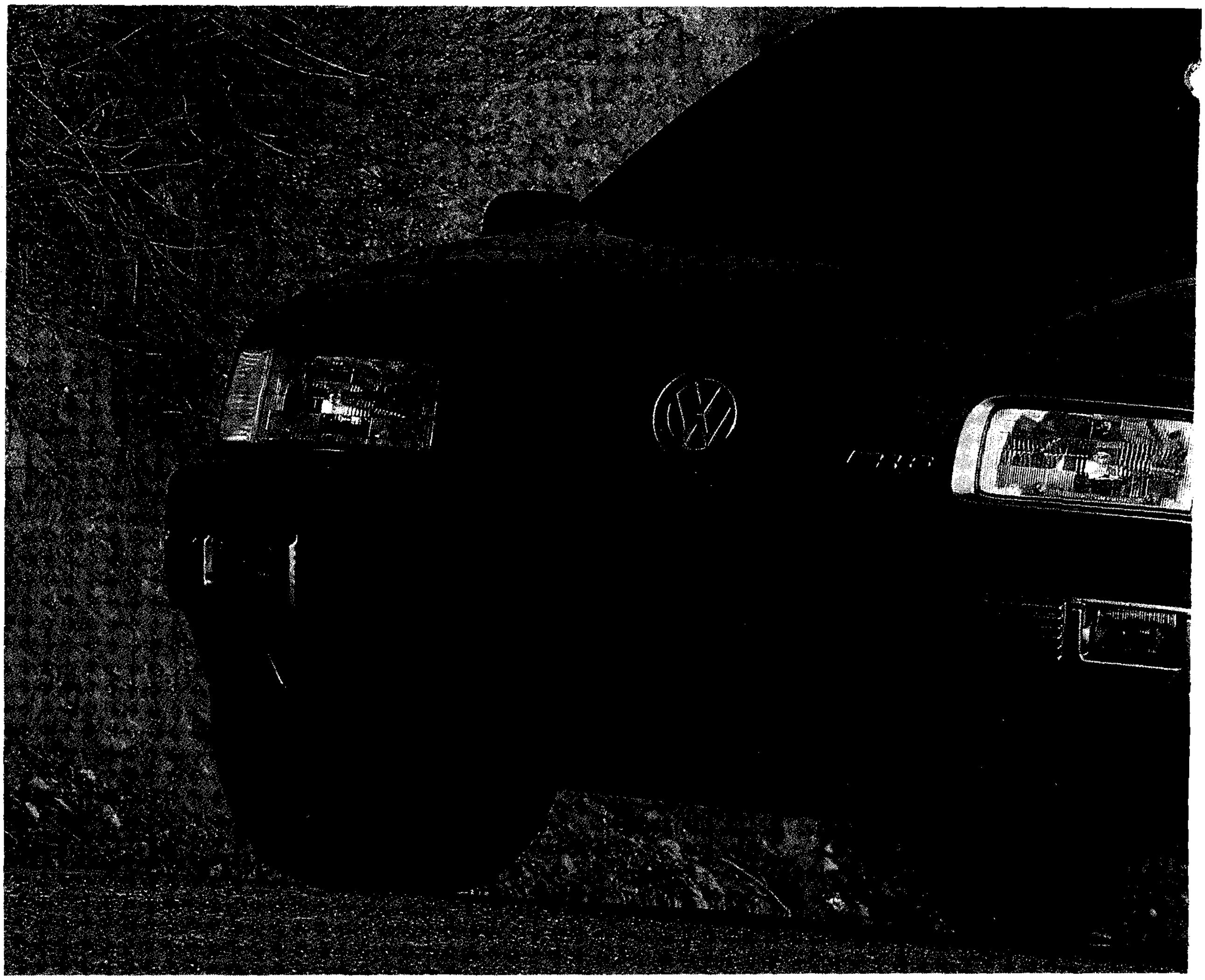

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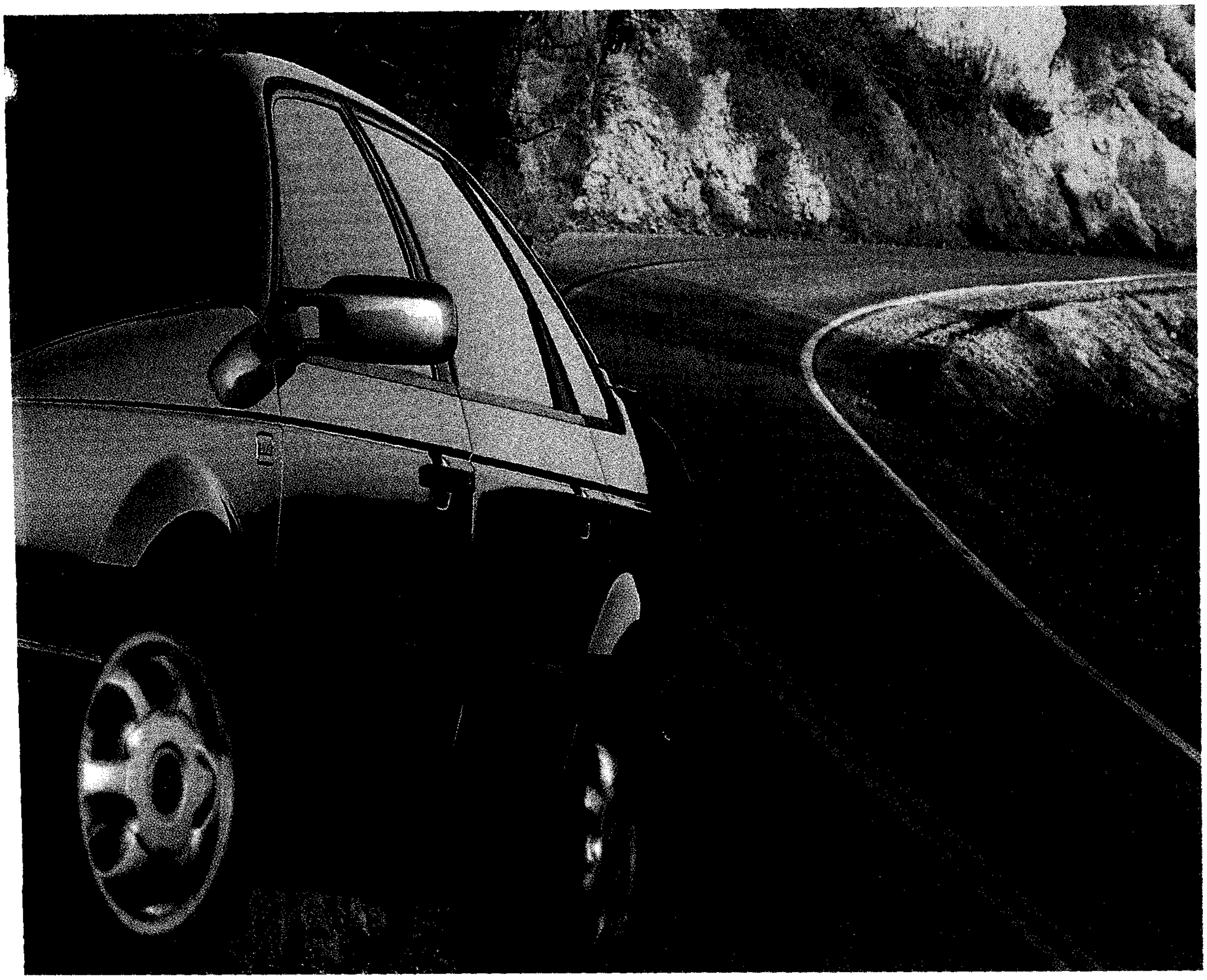

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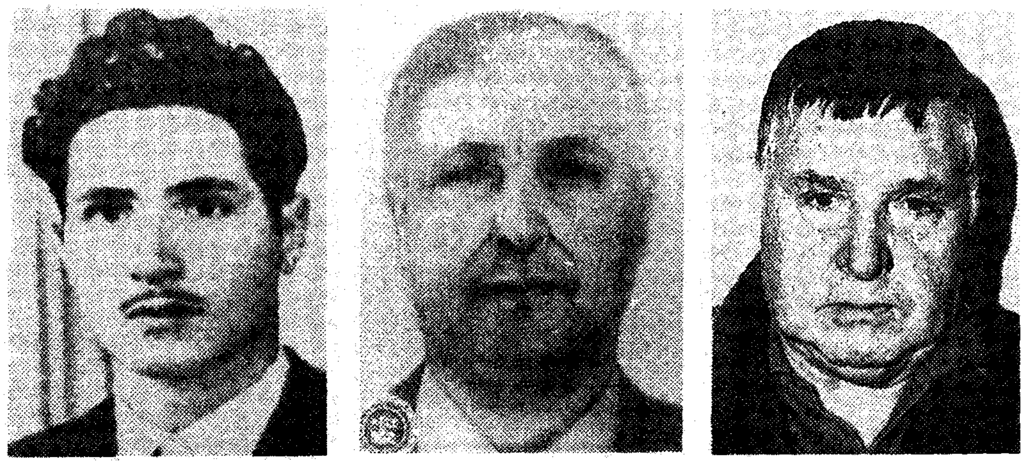
LETTER FROM PALERMO

THE MAFIA'S BIGGEST MISTAKE

What the anti-Mafia prosecutors Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino were never allowed to accomplish in life, they may achieve in death. Their murders last summer launched a populist revolt in Sicily, the arrest of Salvatore Riina—the capo dei capi—and a crackdown on the Mafia's pillar of support within the government in Rome.

BY ALEXANDER STILLE



The only photograph of Salvatore Riina as a young man (left), a composite photograph made by the F.B.I., and "the beast" at his arrest in Palermo on January 15th. Riina ruled Sicily like a feudal lord; with his arrest, one newspaper noted, Italy entered Europe.

UNTIL he was arrested in January, only three photographs existed of Salvatore (Totò) Riina, the undisputed boss of the Sicilian Mafia, who had successfully eluded capture for twenty-three years. The last picture, taken more than ten years ago, showed the *capo dei capi*—the boss of bosses—smiling for the camera, like any other tourist, among the pigeons of St. Mark's Square in Venice: a symbol of the impunity of the Mafia and the impotence of the Italian state. Riina's years underground did not prevent him from living a full life. In one Mafia hideout, police found invitations to his wedding—to his childhood sweetheart, from the town of Corleone. The ceremony was conducted in Palermo by a Mafia priest, who was eventually defrocked for his involvement in a kidnapping. Between 1974 and 1980, the couple had four children, all of whom were delivered in the same Palermo hospital and were dutifully registered under their real names. At the same time, Riina began building one of the largest and richest criminal empires in the world, managed billions of dollars' worth of drug-trafficking and money-laundering operations, and tightened Cosa Nostra's grip on most of southern Italy. The hundreds of corpses that began turning up in Palermo in the early eighties were testimony to his bloody rise to absolute power. Rival mafiosi who fled into the arms of Italian police have described his diabolic cunning and ruthlessness. "He's either a devil or a god," one of them said. "He's everywhere, and nowhere, he hears everything." The hand of Riina is believed to have been behind the most spectacular political crimes of the last decade—from the assassination of the police prefect of Palermo, General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, in 1982, to the assassinations last summer of Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino, the country's most prominent prosecutors. In this period, the invisible Riina was convicted, in absentia, of some hundred and fifty murders and sentenced to three life terms.

Such an aura of invulnerability had surrounded Riina that there was a sense of shock, and even disbelief, when, on the morning of January 15th, Italian carabinieri finally arrested a short, paunchy, sixty-two-year-old diabetic, as he was riding unarmed through downtown Palermo in a plain Citroën sedan. With his inexpensive, ill-fitting clothes, crudely cut short hair, and thick, stubby fingers, Riina looked like what his false identity card said he was: a Sicilian farmhand on a visit to the big city. The man whom mafiosi referred to as *la belva* ("the beast") was a model of soft-spoken, Old World courtesy: he stood up whenever prosecutors entered the courtroom, and addressed them deferentially. Insisting he was simply "a poor, sick old man," he said he knew nothing about Cosa Nostra. Could this be the man who had pulled the strings of the world's dominant criminal organization—who had overseen the expansion of Cosa Nostra into the opium fields of the Far East and the fiscal paradises of the Caribbean, and into the South American cocaine trade and Eastern European real estate?

But the behavior of this small, gentle-seeming man, who is now being held in a Rome prison, is consistent with the portrait of Riina that has emerged in recent years. "Riina is incredibly ignorant, but he has intuition and intelligence," Antonino Calderone, a former vice-capo of the Catania Mafia, told police a few years ago, after he began coöperating with the authorities. "His philosophy is 'If someone's finger is hurt, it's better to be safe and cut off his arm.' " This is the simple code of the brutal, ancient world of the Sicilian countryside, where for thousands of years force has been the only law. In this world, there is no contradiction between personal kindness and extreme ferocity. Riina, in fact, is known for outbursts of sentimentality: he is said to have cried when remembering how his mother had been too poor to travel to the mainland and visit him when he was in prison in the nineteen-sixties. By all accounts, he is a devoted father and a faithful husband. "I don't want any women other than my Ninetta," he told Calderone, adding, "And if they don't let me marry her, I'll have to kill some people." This kind of "family" feeling extended to Mafia business. Riina gave such an impassioned speech at a banquet commemorating Calderone's older brother, the former boss of Catania, who was murdered in 1978, that he reduced most of the crowd of hardened mafiosi to tears, even though they had reason to suspect that Riina had given the assassination his blessing. Quite possibly, Riina's admiration for the elder Calderone was genuine; it was just too bad that he had become an obstacle to the hegemonic designs of the Mafia from Corleone.

Riina seems an anomalous, almost impossible figure in the Europe of Maastricht, bullet trains, and GATT negotiations—reminiscent of the Japanese soldiers who supposedly emerged from the Philippine jungle in the nineteen-sixties believing that the Second World War was still on. Riina's capture is a sign that Italy, however slowly and painfully, is changing. "With the arrest of Riina, Italy enters Europe," one commentator wrote in *La Stampa*.

THAT a killer with an elementary-school education could have been allowed to become one of the most powerful men in the world's sixth-richest nation is the result of a long history of collusion between the Mafia and members of the Italian political class. The same system of party patronage that lent itself to widespread bribery in northern Italy has been highly porous to Mafia infiltration in the south. During the period in which southern Italy has come under the near-total domination of the Mafia, the region has constituted a great reservoir of votes for the governing parties. While some members of the state fought and died in struggles to prosecute the Mafia, others worked to undermine them, and the majority of them found it convenient to look the other way.

Until recently, signs of government complicity with the Mafia surfaced from time to time, then inevitably disappeared. In the nineteen-seventies, Aristide Gunnella, a member of the small but respected Republican Party, gave a job to a major Mafia boss, yet not only was Gunnella not expelled from his party; he went on to become its vice-secretary and a government minister. Today, Gunnella is being prosecuted for his association with the Mafia.

Once, in 1982, when police were tracking a wanted mafioso, they found him at an airport near the town of Catanzaro, in Calabria, carrying the suitcase of a powerful Christian Democrat senator, who was the under-secretary of transportation at the time. The senator, Elio Triolo, shrugged off his ties to the mafioso, saying, "Everybody in Catanzaro knows everybody else," and the parliament refused to waive Triolo's immunity from prosecution, so there could be no further investigation. Meanwhile, the police officers involved in the arrest were transferred to posts far from Calabria.

For three decades, the parliament's anti-Mafia commission—created in 1962 to monitor organized crime—gathered evidence tying Salvatore Lima, a former mayor of Palermo, to major Mafia bosses, but that did not keep Lima from becoming a member of both the Italian and the European parliaments, and a close friend and adviser of perhaps the most powerful politician in Italy—Giulio Andreotti, who has served as Prime Minister seven times. Not long ago, another colleague of Andreotti's, Calogero Mannino, was discovered to have attended the wedding of the son of a prominent Mafia boss. Mannino defended himself by saying that he was a guest of the bride's family and had not known whom she was marrying. (Lima was murdered by the Mafia last spring, while Mannino remains a member of parliament.)

When investigating the Catania Mafia, Giovanni Falcone, one of the prosecutors who were murdered last year, found photographs of a 1982 party showing the mayor and members of the city council in merry revelry with Nitto Santapaola, the notorious boss of Catania, who at that time was conducting a bloody clan war in the streets of the city. One picture featured Santapaola in the friendly embrace of Salvatore Lo Turco, a member of the Sicilian parliament's local anti-Mafia commission. Trying to explain this bizarre scene, Lo Turco told Falcone that Santapaola "won me over with his gentlemanly air and good manners." Santapaola, who is still at large, is a close ally of Totò Riina and is considered a possible successor.

As recently as 1983, the Italian Minister of Justice maintained that the Mafia could not be defeated but only "kept within physiological limits," as if it were an immutable part of the Sicilian landscape, like lemon groves or Mt. Etna.

Now, however, the political climate in which Cosa Nostra has thrived is undergoing its most profound crisis since the Second World War. Perhaps more than any other country in Western Europe, Italy was dominated from the nineteen-forties on by the politics of the Cold War. It had the largest Communist Party of any democratic country, and its political life was polarized by the opposing forces of the Communists and the Christian Democrats. "Because of the presence of a large Communist Party, the Christian Democratic Party has been in government for forty-seven years," says Pietro Scoppola, a professor of political science and history at the University of Rome and a Catholic scholar close to the Christian Democratic Party. "The normal alternation of governments in Italy was impossible. The D.C."—Democrazia Cristiana—"was forced to use its power to consolidate its electoral position, through patronage. And the passage from patronage to corruption and from corruption to Mafia is a quick one."

For decades, Italian voters tended to consider corruption and complicity in it a lesser evil than a government headed by the Communists. But, because the Communist Party was nevertheless one of the pillars of the old system, its disintegration has caused the whole edifice of government to shake. Almost overnight, a nation that preferred to ignore corruption has begun pursuing it with the zeal of a new convert. Crowds cheer as once untouchable party chieftains are dragged off to jail. The traditional parties are losing votes and fighting for their survival. "Either we change or we die,"

SANTA MARIA
ST. THOMAS
SANTA BARBARA
SAINT-SAËNS
ST. VALENTINE
ST. GEOR
STEVENSON

Proposed solution to repugnant and obsolete St. Patrick's Day parade: add more saints.

• •

Enzo Scotti, a senior Christian Democrat leader, said recently.

The enormous national housecleaning began last February in Milan, with an investigation into government bribery, and has been spreading ever since. As it has moved south, it has uncovered deeper and deeper levels of collusion between the government and the Mafia. The arrest of Totò Riina is part of a larger, "Copernican" revolution in Italian life, in which the political forces around which everything revolved have been thrown out of alignment. Consider a few of the events that occurred within a week of Riina's arrest: The Socialist leader and former Prime Minister Bettino Craxi went on television to defend himself against recent indictments for bribery and corruption. Giulio Andreotti, the seven-time Prime Minister, published a lengthy article defending himself against a range of charges, from financial skullduggery to collusion with the Mafia. The Italian Supreme Court opened the way for a national referendum that could overhaul Italy's multiparty democracy and lead to the creation of an Anglo-Saxon-style two-party system. The Italian parliament debated preparations for selling off large state-owned industries that have been the backbone of the Italian patronage system for forty-five years. At any other time in recent history, any one of these events would have seemed extraordinary. Now something extraordinary happens every day.

The capture of Totò Riina is the culmination of a remarkable reversal for the Mafia, which began last summer after the devastating murders of Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino. On May 23rd, Falcone, a fifty-three-year-old Palermitano, and his wife and three bodyguards were killed by a huge explosion that ripped apart the highway leading from the airport at Punta Raisi to Palermo. Just two months later, on July 19th, Falcone's good friend and colleague Borsellino and five bodyguards were killed by a bomb as they arrived for a Sunday lunch at Borsellino's mother's house, in downtown Palermo.

All major crackdowns on the Mafia since the Second World War have come about as attempts to calm public outrage following assassinations. In 1963, seven police officers were blown up as they tried to defuse a Mafia bomb; in the months that followed, a corps of ten thousand police arrested twelve hundred mafiosi. Within a few years, however, the great majority of them had been freed. In 1982, after the assassination of General Dalla Chiesa, the anti-Mafia pool of Palermo—a team of prosecutors including Falcone and Borsellino—built important cases, which led to hundreds of arrests. But after 1988, the pool was disbanded. "Those were two moments when we could have defeated the Mafia and in both cases . . . weakness in the political system allowed these opportunities to slip away," says Luciano Violante, the head of the Italian parliament's anti-Mafia commission. Because the Mafia has always had a political dimension, the war against the Mafia has been political, too, its successes and failures linked to the resources and the energy applied to the problem.

In fact, all the elements that led to the capture of Totò Riina can be tied directly to specific political decisions that were made after the murders of Falcone and Borsellino, decisions that the two prosecutors themselves had been pushing for years. It was only three months ago that a special squad of police was assigned to work exclusively on the capture of Riina, even though the government has known for a dozen years that he was at the pinnacle of Cosa Nostra. Only last summer was a law finally passed to protect Mafia witnesses and their families—the most basic tool of organized-crime investigations. (That two hundred and ninety Mafia witnesses have come forward since, as opposed to about a dozen in the previous forty years, demonstrates the fundamental importance of that law.) Not until June were convicted Mafia bosses moved to "hard" prisons, far from their base of power in Sicily, where they had frequently enjoyed long stays in hotel-like prison infirmaries.

THE extent of Mafia control of daily life in Sicily is something that people who think in terms of or-

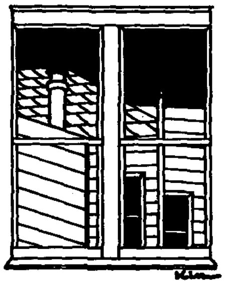
ST. PAUL
ST. EMILION
ST. BERNARD
ST. NICHOLAS
ST. SEBASTIAN

ganized crime in the United States cannot really fathom. The American Mafia is a parasitic phenomenon operating at the margins of society. The Mafia of southern Italy plays a central role in almost every phase of economic and political life. One former mayor of Palermo is in prison on a Mafia conviction, and two other ex-mayors with mob ties have been murdered in the last five years. Nearly a fifth of the Sicilian regional parliament is under criminal investigation, and the former deputy police chief of Palermo is in prison on charges of Mafia collusion. In October, Palermo police seized almost four hundred million dollars' worth of property believed to belong to the crime family of Francesco Madonia. This booty—including sixty-two legitimate businesses, a hundred and sixty apartments, six boats, two hundred and two automobiles, and forty-three tracts of land—represents only the local assets of one of some twenty-five Mafia families operating in the city of Palermo. A few years ago, police found account books belonging to that family which listed eighty-five businesses in their neighborhood that paid protection money each month, from a few hundred dollars to a few thousand, depending on the size of the business. Thus, even a Mafia family with four hundred million dollars and a role in the international drug trade continued collecting small change from local merchants to maintain what investigators call "domination of the territory." (Of the eighty-five businesses listed, only two acknowledged making the payments. Another who refused to pay was murdered.)

There are still many places in Sicily where people are forced to buy their water from private wells owned by the Mafia—an almost feudal situation. A friend with a country house an hour outside Palermo describes visiting the local boss to buy water: "He was extremely courteous and sold me the water at a fair price, the same price you would pay for public water in Palermo. The point was not to make money but to demonstrate his power." Even in places where public water is available, there is rarely enough. Water often runs only on alternate days or at certain times of day, and it is generally not drinkable. This is true even in Palermo: people or businesses that want water pressure every day may have to buy extra water from private wells belonging to Mafia interests. "We presented a law to buy up all the private wells, but it has remained blocked," says Emilio Arcuri, a member of the city council for a new reform party, called La Rete (The Network). In many areas, the Mafia has prevented the building of new dams or aqueducts, in order to keep its stranglehold on the island's most basic resource. In Totò Riina's native Corleone, for example, plans to build a dam have been stalled since the Second World War.

For many years, most Italians underestimated the power of the Mafia, considering it a primitive, archaic organization that would gradually disappear as Italy modernized and the economic level of Sicily approached that of the rest of Italy. Instead, the Mafia has proved an extremely vigorous virus, able to adapt itself perfectly to the modern Italian welfare state. Political parties in Italy control almost every aspect of economic life, running the vast industries and handing out hundreds of thousands of jobs—to everyone from the mightiest bank president to the lowliest streetsweeper. Government spending accounts for fifty-two per cent of the gross national product, and in southern Italy, which has almost no private industry, the figure is seventy per cent. To create electoral consensus, the government funded pharaonic and often useless building projects—superhighways leading nowhere, dams without water, seaports without ships, factories that never opened. These projects created jobs, enriched a series of unscrupulous entrepreneurs, and provided a perfect vehicle for Mafia infiltration. By corruption and physical intimidation, Mafia-controlled firms took their share of public contracts, either directly or through subcontracts and dummy companies.

This proved such a "winning" model that it spread throughout southern Italy, to towns and provinces that had once been free of organized crime. In many areas, democracy as we know it ceased to exist. In the last two years, the Italian Ministry of the Interior has dissolved the elected governments of forty-five towns in the south, because their city councils were found to have been polluted by the Mafia. For several years, the town of Platì, in Calabria, had no city council, because people were too afraid to run for office or to vote. And corruption was not limited to small towns. Last summer virtually the entire city council of Reggio Calabria was indicted. Things reached their lowest possible point when four of the city's most important politicians, including two former members of parliament, were indicted for ordering the Mafia killing of another politician. According to the indictment, the man was killed not because he opposed the corrupt ways of his colleagues but because he wanted a cut of the bribes being pocketed on lucrative public contracts.



In most of these southern Italian cities, Mafia corruption has a precise physiognomy: cheap concrete-box buildings, many only half finished, that clutter the skyline; helter-skelter development; filth in the streets; and a lack of basic services. Parts of downtown Palermo look as if they had just been bombed—and, in fact, many of the buildings destroyed during the fighting of the Second World War remain in ruins, untouched since 1943. The splendors of Palermo—its Arab mosques become Christian churches, its Norman palaces, its magnificent baroque façades—stand next to piles of rubble and abandoned buildings. Yet this neglect seems almost a blessing when one looks at the parts of the city which have received government attention. During the nineteen-sixties, a period that has come to be known as "the sack of Palermo," real-estate speculators and construction companies, many of them Mafia-owned, ran wild. By means of hastily granted zoning variances or in direct violation of the law, builders tore down countless Art Deco palaces and asphalted many of the city's finest parks, transforming one of the most beautiful cities in Europe into a thick, unsightly forest of concrete condominiums. In the period from 1959 to 1964, when Salvatore Lima (murdered last year) and Vito Ciancimino (now in prison) were, respectively, the mayor and the commissioner of public works, twenty-five hundred building licenses were issued to three individuals, whom the anti-Mafia commission has described as "retired persons, of modest means, none with any experience in the building trade, and who, evidently, simply lent their names to the real builders."

For many years, Palermo had a justice system to match the rest of the city administration: crimes committed in broad daylight often had no witnesses; investigations dragged on inconclusively for years; seemingly airtight convictions were overturned mysteriously on appeal; and when convictions were obtained many criminals, like Riina, managed to live for decades as fugitives from justice—sometimes in their own homes. Some judges actually questioned the existence of the Mafia, and others came right out and defended it, as a respectable part of the social order. In 1955, one of Italy's most distinguished jurists wrote, "People say the Mafia does not respect the police and the judiciary: it's untrue. The Mafia has always respected Justice, has bowed before its sentences and has not interfered with the judge's work."

Then, beginning in the late seventies, a new generation of magistrates began to challenge the laissez-faire habits of the Palermo Palace of Justice. As they did so, the Mafia, instead of "bowing" to their sentences, began to kill those responsible for them. In 1979, Judge Cesare Terranova and Police Inspector Boris Giuliano were murdered. Giuliano had begun to investigate growing evidence of heroin trafficking between the powerful Inzerillo clan of Palermo and the Gambino crime family of New York. On August 4, 1980, all the judges in the office of the Procura della Repubblica refused to endorse fifty-five arrest warrants based on Giuliano's evidence, so the head of the office, Gaetano Costa, was forced to sign them alone. Two days later, Costa was murdered. This became Giovanni Falcone's first important Mafia case in Palermo. The initial evidence was rather skeletal, but, applying modern investigative techniques, he sifted through thousands of bank records to discover the economic underpinnings of the drug trade. "He'll drown himself in paper," many of his colleagues remarked sarcastically at the time. However, Falcone succeeded in reconstructing a dense web of interconnections involving more than a hundred defendants from four different Mafia families on both sides of the Atlantic and won a stunning series of convictions. The case not only provided the first unequivocal proof that Sicily had become one of the great gateways for the entry of heroin into the United States but also shattered the prevailing myth that it was useless to prosecute the Mafia, because you could never make the evidence stick.

Instead of receiving praise for his work, Falcone became a frequent object of attack. In 1982, the chief judge of the Palermo Court of Appeals complained that Falcone's investigations were "ruining the Sicilian economy," and told Falcone's supervisor, Rocco Chinnici, "to bury Falcone with simple cases so that he doesn't discover anything." Chinnici ignored these pressures but duly noted the incident in his diary, which was published after Chinnici was himself assassinated by the Mafia, in 1983. (Because the judge accused of pressuring Chinnici had died—of natural causes—he was never investigated.)

"WHEN I arrived in Palermo, in the early nineteen-eighties, the Palace of Justice was already divided into friends and enemies of Falcone, and the friends were a decided minority," says Ignazio De Francisci, a Palermo magistrate who worked closely with Falcone. "I would say one-third was for him, one-third against, and one-third indifferent."

After Chinnici was murdered, his place was filled by Antonino Caponetto, an older magistrate, and though his experience in Mafia investigations was limited, he gave Falcone the support he needed. It was Caponetto's idea to create the anti-Mafia pool, a group of judges dedicated exclusively to Mafia cases who would share information and cases freely so that no single magistrate would stand out as a target for assassination. At Falcone's suggestion, Caponetto brought in Paolo Borsellino, a boyhood friend and law-school companion of Falcone's, as a member of the pool. Although it had just four members, this tiny pool transformed Mafia prosecutions in Italy and around the world. Falcone and his three colleagues became the architects of what may be the greatest Mafia trial in history—the so-called maxi-trial of Palermo, a case involving four hundred and sixty-four defendants that took three years to prepare and nearly two years to try in court. (Under the system used in Italy during the nineteen-eighties, one set of judges—in this instance, the anti-Mafia pool—worked exclusively on investigations, while another set brought cases to trial.) Working without computers, Falcone and Borsellino set about creating a map of the Sicilian underworld, using little more than their own prodigious memories and an enormous notebook. When other prosecutors encountered a name they couldn't place, they would call Falcone, and he would rattle off the mafioso's entire criminal history, and that of his ancestors, relatives, and closest associates. Borsellino had similar powers of recall, and not infrequently the two friends would spar loudly during the daily meetings of the pool over which family a particular suspect belonged to.

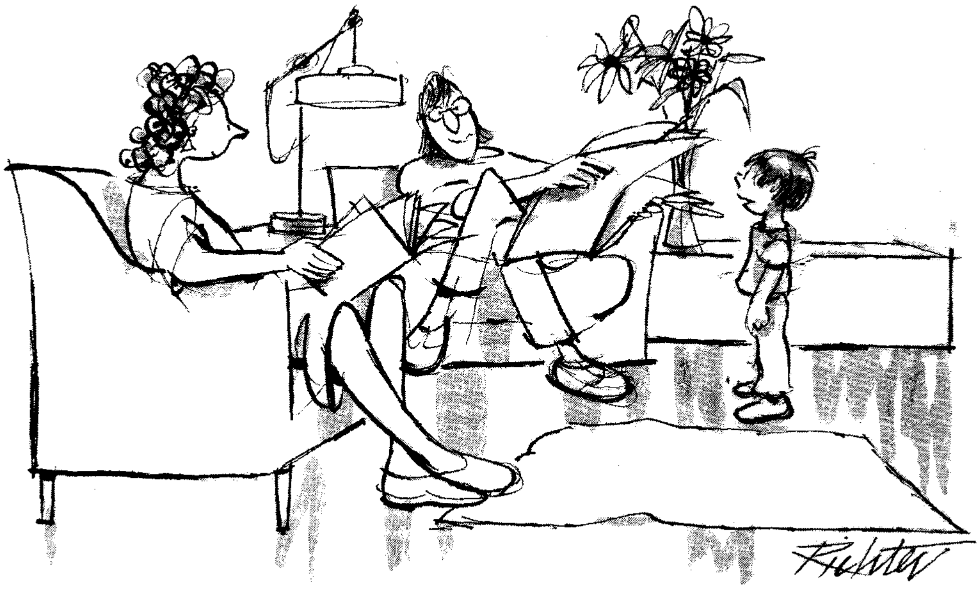
The two prosecutors' almost pathological appetite for work shook up the sleepy world of the Palermo Palace of Justice. "Giovanni was on a level above everyone else," Domenico Signorino, one of two judges who argued the prosecution's case in the maxi-trial, said. "He could work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, month after month. His capacity for work was almost frightening. Those of us who worked with him would take turns, because we couldn't maintain that rhythm for long. The only one who could keep up with him was Paolo Borsellino."

Falcone and Borsellino's success and their reputation for total incorruptibility were critical in persuading numerous mafiosi to break the wall of *omertà* (silence)—an almost unprecedented event in Italian history. Some of these witnesses—prominent among them Tommaso Buscetta, Salvatore Contorno, and Francesco Marino Mannoia—provided key testimony that was later used in American trials, such as the "Pizza Connection" case and the current prosecution of the Gambino family in New York. That Falcone and Borsellino had grown up together in a part of Palermo with a heavy Mafia presence helped them establish a rapport with the mafiosi, who, used to living in a world where silence is golden, would often communicate as much by gestures, looks, and body language as by words. Buscetta has said that Falcone could immediately tell from an all but imperceptible movement or glance whether to push a particular line of questioning, to back off, or to try another approach. And when a mafioso did speak, it was often necessary for the listener to be Sicilian to understand him; Salvatore Contorno, for example, spoke only straight Sicilian dialect. At the maxi-trial, his testimony had to be translated into standard Italian for the lawyers from northern Italy. Even Caponetto, who is Sicilian but from another part of the island, had some trouble following Contorno's heavy Palermo inflection.

The powerful presence of these magistrates from Palermo had the additional effect of helping to change the attitude in Sicily toward both the Mafia and the Italian state. With a twenty-five-hundred-year history of foreign invasions and absentee governments, Sicilians have traditionally regarded "the state" as something alien and hostile—an attitude that made it easier to identify with local bandits than with men in uniform. (Past crusaders against the Mafia, from Mussolini's Iron Prefect, Cesare Mori, to General Dalla Chiesa, were, like Garibaldi's conquering troops, northern Italians on a mission to civilize the island and link it to the rest of Italy.) Falcone and Borsellino offered a new image of the state, as serious, uncompromisingly honest, and profoundly Sicilian. At the time of the maxi-trial, Borsellino sensed a shift in attitude. "People are rooting for us," he said. Falcone, imbued with a deep Sicilian pessimism, was not so sure, and replied, "This city is standing at the window, waiting to see who wins the bullfight."

On December 16, 1987, the maxi-trial ended in triumph. Not only did the government win three hundred and fifty convictions, it also proved for the first time that Cosa Nostra was a hierarchical organization, governed by a "commission," in which different families frequently acted in concert. This meant that, along with convicting countless Mafia "soldiers," the court was able to hand down life sentences for nineteen of the most powerful Mafia bosses in Sicily. Among them was Totò Riina, tried in absentia.

The court also managed—contrary to the predictions of civil libertarians—to discriminate carefully among the defendants: a hundred and fourteen defendants were let off for insufficient evidence. The Mafia, however, was not so lenient: one of those acquitted was murdered within an hour of being released, and capital punishment, Mafia style, has



"When I grow up, I want to be a Presidential impersonator on 'Saturday Night Live.' "

subsequently been carried out against at least seventeen others.

Almost immediately after the conclusion of the maxi-trial, the anti-Mafia pool of Palermo was systematically dismantled, despite its spectacular results. As the case was winding down, Antonino Caponetto, the avuncular head of the office, decided to retire and rejoin his family, in Florence, after five years of living alone as a virtual prisoner in an armed barracks in Palermo. He did so, however, only after receiving precise assurances that Falcone would take his place. Instead, however, an elderly magistrate with a radically different approach was chosen by a judicial council made up of judges and political appointees. "Giovanni Falcone began to die on that day in January, 1988," Caponetto said in a recent interview. The new head of the Palermo investigative office did not believe in having a special organized-crime unit or in prosecuting the Mafia in large conspiracy cases. Many of the bigger Mafia cases were splintered into small cases, and those were spread throughout the Palermo office and frequently farmed out to other offices. The flow of Mafia collaborators dried up, and important Mafia investigations could not continue.

When Borsellino publicly expressed alarm at the sorry condition of the Palermo office in 1988, he was nearly brought up on charges. At the same time, Falcone became the object of a defamatory campaign of anonymous letters, which turned out to have been written by another Palermo magistrate. And when Falcone narrowly escaped an assassination attempt in 1989—police discovered a stash of dynamite that had been planted outside his summer home—many insinuated that he had arranged the whole thing as a publicity stunt. Angry and humiliated, Falcone asked to be transferred from Palermo.

In 1991, he moved to Rome to become director of "penal affairs" in the Ministry of Justice, a seemingly innocuous desk job, with no direct prosecutorial authority. But Falcone managed to turn his retreat from Palermo into a deft flanking maneuver. He gained the ear of Claudio Martelli, the Minister of Justice at the time, and began lobbying effectively for the legislative instruments he felt were needed to combat the Mafia effectively: a witness-protection program that would guarantee the safety of Mafia informers and their families; the creation of a national police force specially trained to fight organized crime, a kind of "Italian F.B.I."; and a central prosecutor's office to coördinate Mafia investigations, which was called the *super-procuratore*, or "super-prosecutor." At the time of his death, Falcone was preparing to return to the front line, not as merely the head of a small, understaffed local anti-Mafia unit but as the chief of a much more powerful organization. He was considered the top candidate to become *super-procuratore*, but the nomination dragged on for nearly a year and was still pending when he was killed. With Falcone's death, Borsellino became the leading candidate, but then he, in turn, was killed. Once again, the disunity of the Italian state played into the hands of the Mafia: as candidates for *super-procuratore* Falcone and Borsellino became prominent targets, and did not possess the necessary power to take the offensive. "One dies generally because one is alone or because one has entered too big a game," Falcone wrote in an autobiographical book he published in 1991. "One dies, often, because one does not have the necessary alliances, because one is without support. In Sicily, the Mafia strikes at servants of the state whom the state is not able to protect."

The back-to-back assassinations of Falcone and Borsellino were perhaps the most stunning political crimes in Italy since the kidnapping and execution of former Prime Minister Aldo Moro by the Red Brigades in 1978, and they generated similar feelings of shock, impotence, despair, and rage. "It's over, it's all over," Antonino Caponetto said after viewing the shattered remains of Paolo Borsellino and his bodyguards in Via D'Amelio, in Palermo. Borsellino's widow—like Moro's—refused to let the government give her husband a state funeral, and representatives of the state were set upon by an angry crowd in the Palermo Cathedral at the service for Borsellino's five bodyguards. A week later, a Mafia witness that Borsellino had developed, a seventeen-year-old girl named Rita Atria, jumped from a window to her death; she left a note that said, "There is no one left to protect me."

The war against the Mafia appeared to have hit one of its lowest points ever. The rich patrimony of the anti-Mafia pool seemed to have been wasted. But as the initial shock wore off, people began to probe the meaning and the timing of the killings. To the outside world, the elimination of Falcone and Borsellino seemed to demonstrate the Mafia's total invincibility; those familiar with the inner workings of Cosa Nostra saw something different. "The Mafia is on its last legs," Tommaso Buscetta said last July, from his hideaway in the United States, where he is in the witness-protection program. "The Mafia is not used to these kind of large-scale public killings. It is used to silence. I think it is fighting for its survival." At the time, Buscetta's statement seemed wildly improbable, but once again he has proved a subtle interpreter of the world of Cosa Nostra.

THE Minister of Justice, Claudio Martelli, vowed that the murder of Falcone would "prove the Mafia's worst mistake." And the Italian parliament not only quickly passed many of the tough anti-Mafia measures that Falcone and Borsellino had been pushing but also made the extraordinary decision to send seven thousand Army troops to Sicily to set up roadblocks, guard judges and politicians, and free up the police to concentrate on investigative work.

Besides stimulating new legislation, the Falcone-Borsellino killings set off a kind of moral revolt in Palermo. A city that had been criticized in the past for its cautious silences and passive complicity erupted in a series of protests that did not, as in the past, peter out almost as soon as the dead were buried. Since last spring, the city has been in a nearly constant state of ferment. Between the nineteenth and the twenty-third of every month—the dates of the two assassinations—people across the city hang sheets from their windows bearing messages that commemorate the victims or denounce the Mafia, while a group of women in Piazza Castelnuovo, one of the city's main squares, maintain a public fast. The demonstrators say they will continue their protests until all those who ordered and carried out the assassinations of Falcone and Borsellino are brought to justice.

In a scene reminiscent of the early Christian martyr cults, the tree that grows on the sidewalk outside Falcone's Palermo apartment has become a kind of public shrine, at whose foot people continue to lay flowers and written messages. "Falcone lives!" "Better one day as Borsellino than a hundred as a mafioso." "They closed your eyes, but you opened ours." Across Palermo, one photograph appears everywhere: it shows the two Sicilian magistrates talking together and laughing, enjoying a strange and happy form of immortality.

"It's gorgeous and it's defiant."

The strong Army presence in the city has helped the Palermo police reduce most street crimes by about half, according to Matteo Cinque, who became police chief in the furor over Borsellino's murder last July. Only a few years ago, pickpocketing in Palermo had reached such epidemic proportions that many Palermo housewives walked warily through the streets with specially designed purses strapped around their waists. Today, with a soldier at almost every corner, people seem more at ease: they go walking for pleasure, and not solely out of necessity.

"There has been a change of attitude," says Marta Cimino, who helped organize the Committee of Sheets, one of the civic groups that sprouted up after the assassinations. Along with promoting public protests, the group tries to inform ordinary citizens about ways of combatting the Mafia in their daily lives, like not buying contraband cigarettes, asking shopkeepers for receipts, so they can't cheat on their taxes, and reporting not only crimes but delays and irregularities in public administration. Palermo has always had its share of political activists, but the recent demonstrations have been much broader-based, as housewives, office clerks, and shopkeepers have joined forces with students and religious groups. "I think that after the assassinations there was a sense of guilt for the lack of past reactions," Cimino says. "In 1982, after the death of General Dalla Chiesa, someone carried a sign that said 'Here dies the hope of every honest citizen.' After the death of Falcone, a demonstrator carried a sign that said 'Today rises a sun that will never set.' The two signs are fairly indicative of the change in the last ten years."

While these rhetorical and symbolic gestures may seem superficial, most Sicilians consider them important, not because they can defeat the Mafia but because they have begun to erode the Mafia culture out of which Cosa Nostra grows. The ranks of Cosa Nostra are made up of anywhere from five thousand to seven thousand "made" members, but for each such "man of honor" there are dozens of people who move in his orbit: friends, relatives, neighbors, common criminals, employees, and people whose businesses depend on the enormous illegal economy. Officially, the income levels of southern cities like Palermo rank among the lowest in Italy, yet those cities' consumption levels rank among the highest—a measure of the vast illegal economy. The Mafia depends on a certain public acquiescence—on a silent majority that pays protection money and witnesses crimes or notices suspicious activity without alerting the police, even anonymously. While the local grip of the Mafia is still strong, it is now based more on terror than on approbation. "The Mafia is not disappearing, but the people who used

IT'S MORE THAN A MIKE!
GET OUT OF MY ROOM
THE PLAYCO VOICE TRANSMUTER
FOUR SETTINGS TO CHOOSE FROM:
1) MICHAEL JACKSON'S VOICE
2) MICHAEL BOLTON'S VOICE
3) MICHAEL MILKEN'S VOICE
4) YOUR OWN VOICE — LOUDER THAN YOU WOULD THINK POSSIBLE
CRAWFORD

to revere us, and used to identify with the Mafia, now tolerate us because they are afraid," one Mafia witness recently testified.

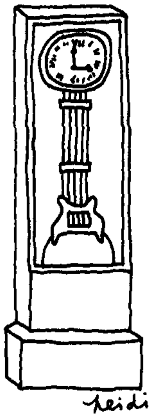
In some cases, the revolt has taken the form of concrete action. The citizens of Partinico, a small town near Palermo, banded together last summer and shut down a local distillery that was polluting the area—despite the business's known ties to the Mafia. Several years earlier, that distillery had defeated a similar effort with a menacing show of force: its trucks had blocked all the roads in the area, and company workers had occupied and sacked the town hall. This time, magistrates from Palermo opened an investigation of the distillery, and local citizens spoke up when they noticed that the factory was violating court orders. "In Sicily . . . people are beginning to believe in the state, because now even the son of a street-sweeper or a shoemaker can go to university, and no longer wants to be subject to the Mafia," the same Mafia witness explained.

Not only is the Mafia losing its consensus in the wider society; it is also in the midst of a deep internal crisis, brought about by Totò Riina's long despotic reign. Traditionally, Cosa Nostra was a "democratic" institution: the members of each of some hundred and forty Sicilian families elected its capo; and the families had representatives on a local "provincial committee" and on the Commission, which governed Cosa Nostra. The Mafia maintained a strong culture of internal solidarity by respecting a few simple rules. For example, mafiosi were strictly required to tell the truth to their fellows about Mafia business. This rule was imposed not out of a spirit of fair play but because truth-telling was a practical necessity: it kept people from stepping on each other's toes—which in Cosa Nostra can be fatal. (In order to be opaque to the outside world, Cosa Nostra needed to remain internally transparent.) Unlike the other families, however, the Corleonesi did not reveal the names of their members. And during the nineteen-seventies, they changed many other rules of the game. Totò Riina cleverly used the fabulous new wealth of the drug trade to undermine his main rivals. Because members of different families were free to do drug deals together, Riina cultivated rising members of each family and pitted them against their bosses. By 1981, he had planted his own men in all the most important families, and then, with stunning rapidity, he had several of Sicily's most powerful bosses murdered, often by their own soldiers. Murder and internal warfare were hardly new to Cosa Nostra, but this was no conventional Mafia war; it was a genuine extermination campaign, for not only the old bosses but virtually everyone connected with them—hundreds of friends and relatives, women and children—was hunted down and murdered. And, once the war was won, Riina had many of his chosen assassins eliminated because they had become too powerful. All told, nearly a thousand people were killed.

Although the great Mafia war ended with the total victory of Totò Riina and the Corleonesi, it had helped shatter the code of silence on which Cosa Nostra's power had long relied. The survivors of the losing clans lived like cornered animals, watching helplessly as friends and relatives were murdered and waiting for their own assassination. Cosa Nostra killed more than a dozen relatives of Tommaso Buscetta, including two of his sons, even though Buscetta, who was living in Brazil, represented little threat to the Corleonesi. For these men, almost the only hope of survival and revenge lay in coöperation with the police.

The rise of the Corleonesi also altered the balance of power between Cosa Nostra and the political world. In the past, the Mafia had accepted occasional jail terms as an occupational hazard, necessary to allow the government to save face with the public. And, in compensation, judges rarely sent Mafia members to jail for more than a few years. "The old relationship between Mafia and politics was one of negotiation and mediation," Violante, of the anti-Mafia commission, explains. "The Corleonesi are an extremely military-minded group. They reject mediation and want to dictate terms, even when they are dealing with politicians." Between 1945 and 1978, Cosa Nostra had killed one prosecutor. Since 1978, it has assassinated more than twenty-five public servants involved in the fight against the Mafia. Those killings and the escalation of the drug trade in Italy made it more and more difficult for Sicilian politicians to justify maintaining friendly ties with men of honor. Besides, many of the "moderate" Mafia bosses who were killed off by Riina in the nineteen-eighties were among those who had had the closest ties to the political world.

THAT relations between the Mafia and its allies in the Italian political class had broken down became apparent last March 12th, when Salvatore Lima, the former mayor and one of Sicily's most powerful politicians, was shot and killed, outside his villa in Mondello, near Palermo. At the time, the killing baffled investigators. Lima was hardly an anti-Mafia crusader. He had been mayor during the sack of Palermo, and, as a member of parliament and a close friend of Prime Minister Andreotti, he had long been suspected of being the Mafia's chief "ambassador" in Rome. In 1987, Antonino Calderone testified that Lima had once helped arrange the transfer of a zealous policeman who was bothering the Catania Mafia, but other collaborators, when the subject of the Mafia and politics came up, turned suddenly mute. "I have told you repeatedly that I would not discuss this until and if the time is ripe," Buscetta told Falcone in 1988. "It would be extremely foolish to discuss this subject—which is the crucial knot of the Mafia problem—while the very people whom we would be discussing remain fully active on the political scene."



By killing Lima in the middle of a national election campaign, while Andreotti was still the head of the government, the Mafia seemed to be metaphorically laying a corpse on the Prime Minister's doorstep. Given the high-level figures involved, the murder promised to remain one of the thicker mysteries among Palermo's many unsolved crimes. Instead, in October, to general public amazement, prosecutors in Palermo indicted twenty-four people for the murder of Salvatore Lima. At the top of the list was Totò Riina. The government had succeeded in developing several additional major Mafia collaborators, ending a long drought of new information from inside Cosa Nostra. And these witnesses (and some old collaborators) had agreed to confront directly the "crucial knot" of complicity between Mafia and politics.

SIGNIFICANTLY, Buscetta was among those who broke their silence about politics, convinced that the Italian state had finally "got serious in the war against the Mafia." Buscetta recounted twenty years of personal contacts with Lima, and informed the prosecutors that Lima was the son of a man of honor in what had been one of the most powerful Mafia clans in Palermo during the fifties and sixties.

Eight Mafia witnesses confirmed that Lima had been the man the Mafia turned to most often when it needed help in Rome. "It was totally understood within Cosa Nostra that we should give our electoral support to the D.C., which was considered the party that could best protect the organization's interests," Gaspare Mutolo, one of the new witnesses, testified.

While all the previous Mafia witnesses had been members of the "losing" clans in the great Mafia war of the eighties, several of the new collaborators were from the ranks of the Corleonesi—a sign of deep internal division. Some were people extremely close to Zu Totò (Uncle Totò, in Sicilian dialect), as Riina was known within the family. Mutolo, who was convicted in the maxi-trial, had been Riina's cellmate in the nineteen-sixties; another witness, Giuseppe Marchese, was a relative by marriage and a favorite protégé, who had acted as Riina's personal driver and chosen assassin.

The witnesses revealed that the Mafia offensive in the spring and summer of last year was triggered by an event whose importance had not been fully appreciated outside Cosa Nostra: the confirmation, on January 30, 1992, by Italy's highest court of appeals, the Corte di Cassazione, of the convictions that had come out of the maxi-trial in Palermo. According to the indictment, Lima was murdered because he had promised, and failed, to fix the maxi-trial: "Mutolo explained that . . . Lima was killed because he was the greatest symbol of that part of the political world, which, after having adopted a policy of peaceful coexistence

READ YOUR FATE

A world's disappearing.
Little street,
You were too narrow,
Too much in the shade already.

You had only one dog,
One lone child.
You hid your biggest mirror,
Your undressed lovers.

Someone carted them off
In an open truck.
They were still naked, travelling
On their sofa

Over a darkening plain,
Some unknown Kansas or Nebraska
With a storm brewing.
The woman opening a red umbrella

In the truck. The boy
And the dog running after them,
As if after a rooster
With its head chopped off.

—Charles Simic

with the Mafia and doing favors for Cosa Nostra in exchange for its votes, was no longer able to protect the interests of the organization at the time of its most important trial, and, in fact, had tried to change direction." The decision of the Corte di Cassazione was far-reaching: it sealed the fate of some three hundred and sixty mafiosi, and meant that a number of Sicily's most powerful bosses may never see the outside of a prison again. Moreover, it validated the whole legal approach of Giovanni Falcone and the anti-Mafia pool of Palermo—which used testimony of former members to prosecute Cosa Nostra as a large, unitary organization.

The mafiosi were fully prepared to wait several years in prison but not forever. "When the trial began, it was obvious to all men of honor that it was a political trial, whose outcome would be decided by the government in Rome," Mutolo explained. "We unanimously believed that the trial would inevitably end in convictions, because the government had to demonstrate to public opinion, within Italy and abroad . . . that it could strike a hard blow against Cosa Nostra." But after the 1987 trial concluded the organization assured its men that, with the help of its political friends, the sentence would be quietly modified on appeal, when public attention was focussed elsewhere.

In 1990, the first appeals court had chipped away significantly at the legal basis of the maxi-trial. In addition to overturning many individual convictions, the court rejected the so-called Buscetta theory, according to which the entire Commission could be held legally responsible for major assassinations on the basis of testimony that the top bosses invariably signed off on the most important decisions.

The stage appeared to be set for the case to be overturned by the Corte di Cassazione, for it was scheduled to reach the desk of a judge known in all of Italy as "*l'ammazza-sentenze*," "the sentence killer." Until recently, all organized-crime cases on appeal were the exclusive province of one section of the court, whose presiding judge, Corrado Carnevale, was considered by some a fifth column of the Mafia and by others a judicial purist. The only thing certain about Carnevale is that, in case after case, he set free convicted mafiosi, frequently on the slenderest of technicalities. That this did not happen with the maxi-trial was the result of a political decision made in Rome: as the case approached its final appeal, pressure was brought to bear on the judiciary to end Carnevale's monopoly on organized-crime cases. The assignment system was changed, and the case went to another group of judges, who upheld not only the original convictions but also the Buscetta theory. Thus not only were various Mafia bosses to remain in prison but prosecutors were empowered to go after the rest of the organization, using the same tools. The members of the Commission saw the hand of Falcone behind the final outcome. Giacomo Gambino, a member of the Commission who is currently in prison, told Gaspare Mutolo that "Carnevale, who constituted the 'greatest guarantee' for Cosa Nostra, was transferred . . . above all because of the pressure by Dr. Falcone, who, with the support of Minister Martelli, wanted to save his case."

The outcome of the appeal on the maxi-trial was as much a disaster for the leaders outside prison as for the bosses inside. An uneasy peace had reigned in Cosa Nostra pending the outcome, but now that all hope was lost many mafiosi were sure to blame the Corleonesi for their ruin. In order for Riina to show those in prison that he was prepared to take risks on their behalf, he had to make a show of force by punishing those most responsible for the original convictions: Lima, Falcone, and Borsellino. On hearing of Lima's murder, Salvatore Montalto, a member of the Commission, turned to his prisonmate Gaspare Mutolo and said, in Sicilian dialect, "*Accuminciaru finalmente!*"—"They've finally started!"

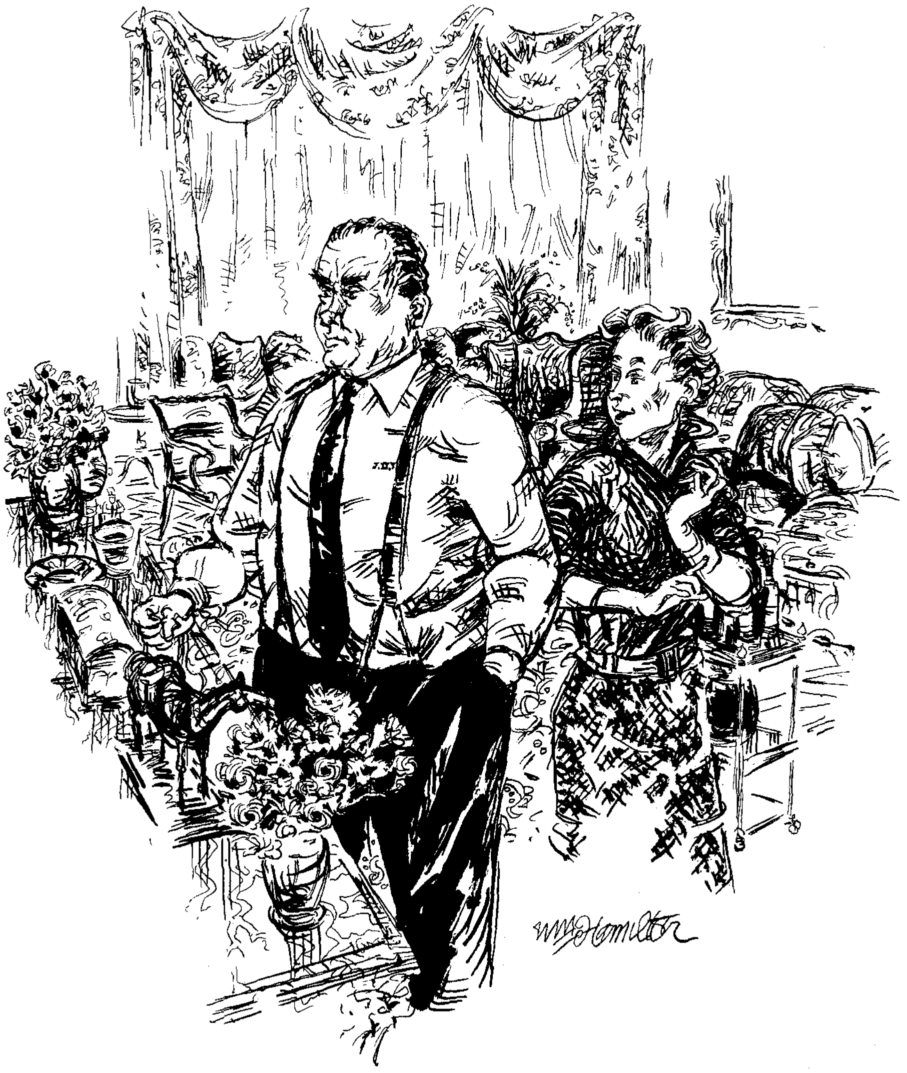
"After the sentence, we felt lost," Mutolo recently told the anti-Mafia commission. "The mafioso is not used to losing the final appeal. That sentence was poison to the mafiosi, and they became like wounded beasts. That's why they went ahead with the killings."

But the murders of Lima, Falcone, and Borsellino last summer were not enough to mend internal divisions;

in fact, the defections from Cosa Nostra have since become a genuine exodus, which, in turn, has led to further arrests. Throughout the fall, Mafia bands were unmasked and arrested not only in Sicily but in Tuscany, Lombardy, and Piedmont, and even in Germany. In September, Giuseppe Madonia, the man said to be the second most powerful figure on the Commission, after Riina, was captured near Venice. In November, with the coöperation of Leonardo Messina, a local boss from a town near Caltanissetta, in central Sicily, police rounded up some two hundred people in a part of Sicily that had remained nearly impenetrable. In addition to fingering dozens of mafiosi, Messina has implicated numerous leading citizens of the area—lawyers, businessmen, and even three members of parliament, one of whom is a former judge and Under-Secretary of Justice. On Christmas Eve, prosecutors ordered the arrest of Bruno Contrada, a former deputy police chief of Palermo, who had become a high-level member of the Italian secret service. He now stands accused of being in the pocket of Cosa Nostra and of tipping the Mafia off to major police actions. One such incident being investigated is a failed police raid that might have led to the capture of Totò Riina several years ago: hundreds of Palermo police had surrounded a hotel where a huge Mafia wedding party was under way that Riina was thought to have been attending; but at the last minute the operation was mysteriously called off.

The new witnesses have also painted a chilling portrait of life within Cosa Nostra during the last days of Totò Riina's reign. The Corleonesi "created tragedy in all the families," Leonardo Messina says. "They took power by slowly, slowly killing everyone . . . often using us to do the job. . . . We were kind of infatuated with them, because we thought that by getting rid of the old bosses we would become the new bosses. . . . One person would kill his brother, another his cousin, and so on, because each thought he would take the dead man's place. Instead, slowly, [the Corleonesi] gained control of the whole system."

Particularly grisly is the tale of Giuseppe Marchese, Riina's protégé. In 1989, when Marchese was in prison, he received an order to kill his cellmate, Vincenzo Puccio. (The Mafia avoids killing in prisons, because the assassins are too easily identified, but this time the order came directly from Totò Riina.) Marchese was told to say that he had acted in self-defense during a scuffle, and he dutifully bashed out Puccio's brains with a steak grill. But that same day Riina's killers murdered Puccio's brother, making a mockery of Marchese's alibi: the killing of two Puccio brothers in one day made it obvious that the killings were part of a premeditated strategy, and cost Marchese a life sentence for murder. Marchese decided to become a collaborator because he realized that Riina had simply used him and thrown him away. "To Riina we are just dead meat," he said.



"Cheer up, Jimbo—it's only a matter of time before one of those big executive searches going on out there stumbles across you."

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By the end of December, more than two hundred former mafiosi were coöperating with the police, and as the police began to take advantage of the flood of new information and new resources the scene was finally set for the capture of Riina. The last piece fell into place when carabinieri in the northern region of Piedmont arrested a young mafioso named Baldassarre Di Maggio sometime in January. Di Maggio had served as Riina's personal driver until about a year ago, when he had a falling out with the organization. Having committed and witnessed numerous murders while he was in Riina's inner circle, Di Maggio was convinced that it was only a matter of time before he, too, would be killed, and he therefore helped the carabinieri track Riina to his hiding place. In addition to a two-story villa, complete with swimming pool, in Palermo, Riina appears to have had the run of a fifty-acre farm, also within the city limits, that was owned by the regional government of Sicily. (For the past twenty-eight years, the property had been rented to a family of farmers for about three hundred dollars a year. The land was supposed to have been repossessed by the government more than ten years ago, but the process, for some reason, had bogged down.) Once Riina had been stripped of protection both outside and inside the Mafia, his arrest was a straightforward police operation.

WITH its capo in jail and an ongoing avalanche of defections, the Sicilian Mafia's future is open to question. For the moment, anyway, it is far from dead. In fact, Totò Riina may not have lost his power. It is seen as highly significant that, although he claims to know nothing about Cosa Nostra, he has been pressing prosecutors to let him leave Rome and return to Palermo, so that he can stand trial alongside other important bosses. Riina may be eager to take his place publicly alongside the other jailed leaders and try to reopen communication with his organization. Some predict that, with Riina out of the way, the rest of Cosa Nostra will rebel against the Corleonesi, and the result will be a bloodbath. Others believe that the Mafia will lie low and reorganize. It has plenty of wealth to fall back on—more than it knows what to do with. (To disbelieving prosecutors Leonardo Messina recently described something he called "the house of money," an entire apartment filled from floor to ceiling with cash waiting to be recycled.) As things have got tougher in Italy, Mafia families have greatly expanded activities in Europe—in France, Germany, and the countries of the former Warsaw Pact—and they will probably continue to expand. "They are not planning on invading Eastern Europe," Giusto Sciacchitano, a Palermo prosecutor, says. "They are already there."

Ultimately, however, the question of Cosa Nostra's future is political. "I think the collusion between the Mafia and politics—at least on a national level—is finished," Francesco Renda, a professor emeritus of history at the University of Palermo, says. "If you can break that bond and isolate the Mafia, you have solved half the problem."

Having lost its traditional protection, the Mafia has been desperately searching for a new political strategy, and the terrorist offensive of last spring was part of it. "Cosa Nostra is getting rid of its old alliances and changing its skin," Leonardo Messina said in testimony to the anti-Mafia commission. Messina maintains that many top bosses have become members of a secret branch of the Freemasons and are reviving the old idea of Sicilian separatism: "Up to now, they have controlled the state, and now they want to become the state."

The idea is not quite as farfetched as it may at first seem. At the end of the Second World War, there was quite a strong separatist movement in Sicily, and the Mafia endorsed it enthusiastically until 1947, when it shifted its allegiance to the Christian Democrats and other traditional parties. Throughout Italy, regional tensions are growing. Wealthy northern Italy no longer wants to pay for the welfare state in the south: the Lombard League, a party that has enjoyed astonishing success in the last few years, would like to transform the nation into a loose federation of three separate republics. As disgust with corruption and the Mafia has grown, the League has become the largest political force in much of northern Italy, and if the Italian state cannot reform itself the League may triumph.

The Mafia is trying to increase tensions by continuing the strategy it initiated last year with the assassinations of Lima, Falcone, and Borsellino. Last fall, Mafia investigators discovered an enormous cache of arms in a trailer park in Milan and they believe that it was assembled for a planned assassination of Antonio Di Pietro, the prosecutor who has been leading the Milan bribery investigation. By killing Di Pietro, the Mafia hoped to halt the process of gradual reform, and either restore the old system or accelerate Italy's disintegration into separate states.

Cosa Nostra seems to understand all too well that the dramatic progress against the Mafia in Sicily has moved in synchrony with the large-scale investigation into political corruption. The final verdict in the maxi-trial came in January. The first arrests in the bribery case occurred in February and the murder of Salvatore Lima in March. In April, the twin scandals of corruption and Mafia collusion derailed the careers of the two most powerful men in Italy: the Christian Democrat mandarin Giulio Andreotti and the Socialist strongman Bettino Craxi. Before the parliamentary elections that month, Craxi planned to succeed Andreotti as Prime Minister, and Andreotti hoped to crown his long and illustrious career with a seven-year term as President of the Republic. But Italian voters gave the government a cold shower in the parliamentary elections, making it clear that they wanted to end the hated system of party domination known as *partitocrazia*, or "partyocracy." It was inconceivable at that point that two living symbols of the old system should be rewarded with yet more power. Craxi was forced to step aside as a candidate for Prime Minister, and Andreotti, who had been at the center of public life since 1946, accepted a kind of semi-retirement as "senator for life."

"For more than forty years there has been an unwritten law in Italy that corrupt politicians didn't go to jail, mafiosi didn't talk, and you couldn't have a government without Giulio Andreotti," says Vittorio Foa, who was a member of Italy's first postwar parliament and retired from the senate last year, at the age of eighty-one. "Now we have a government without Andreotti, corrupt politicians are going to jail, and mafiosi are talking."

While no public evidence has surfaced that directly ties Andreotti to the Mafia, his long, close association with Salvatore Lima and many other suspect figures has made him the symbol of a governing class that has turned a blind eye to the corruption and complicity around it.

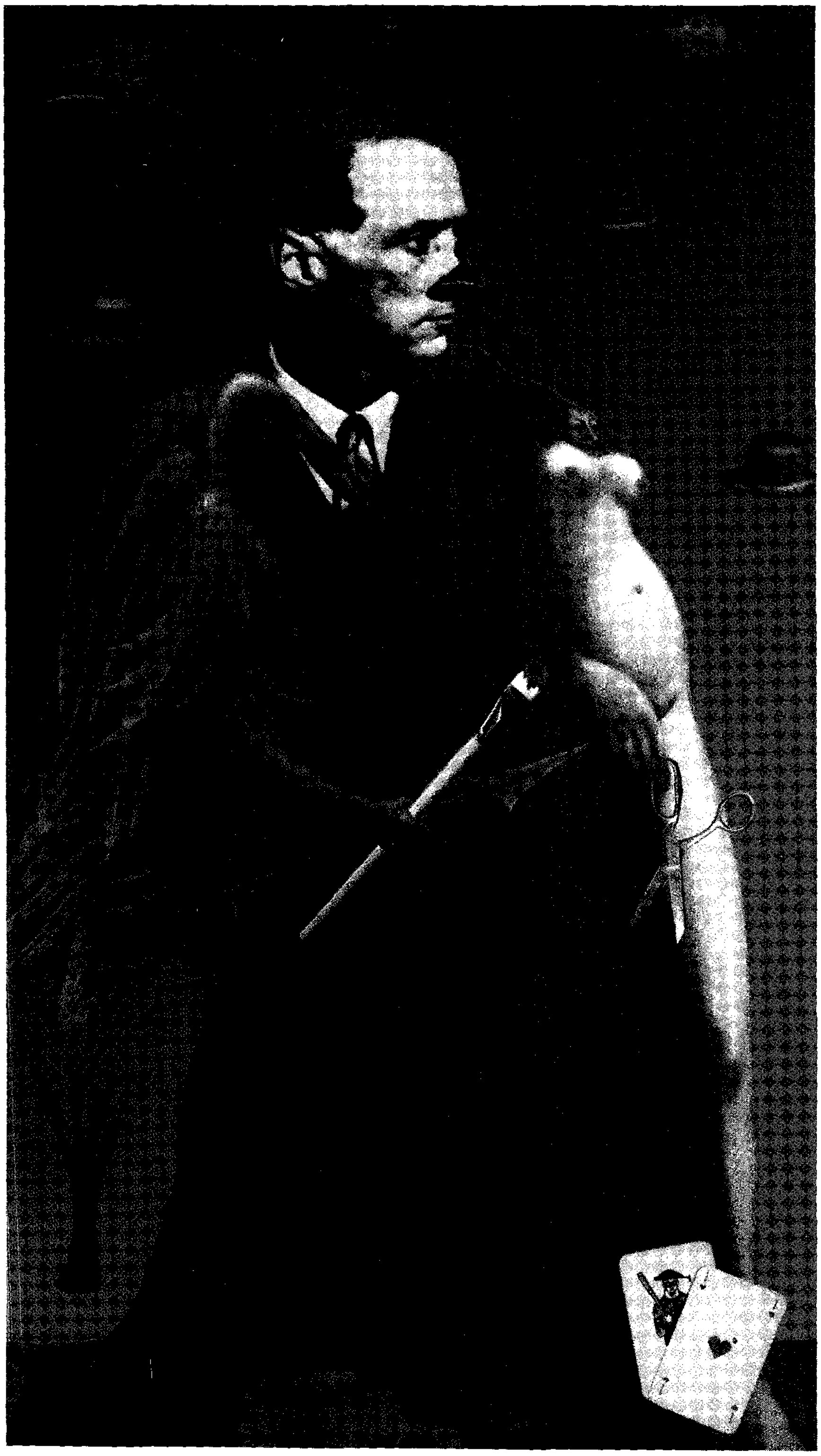
“If we maintain the patronage state in Italy the Mafia will inevitably grow up again,” says Vito Riggio, a Christian Democratic member of the parliamentary anti-Mafia commission. “We have to break this mechanism for creating consensus and break it whatever it costs. A system based on patronage cannot fight the Mafia.”

But as Italy tries to dismantle the patronage state southern Italy finds itself in a predicament not unlike that of the Eastern European countries undoing their state-owned economies. “Sicily does not have a market economy,” says Salvatore Butera, the head of the research department of the Bank of Sicily, in Palermo. “In a normal market economy, supply and demand meet one another at the moment of exchange; here everyone knows everyone else and everyone knows whom he can sell to and whom he can't.” In the whole of Sicily, which has a population of five million, there are only a hundred and ten thousand jobs in industry, and a good number of those are in state-owned industries that are kept running for political reasons. Italy is supposed to sell off many of its state industries, and if that happens Sicily stands to lose tens of thousands more jobs. Like Bulgaria or Czechoslovakia, Sicily has lived for forty-five years under a corrupt and inefficient system and will very suddenly have to learn to survive the rigors of the marketplace. Already, the numerous criminal investigations have brought public works nearly to a dead halt, because politicians are so terrified of going to jail that they refuse to sign any more contracts. The Italian state has begun putting people in prison, but has yet to offer a plan to transform the region's “Bulgarian” economy into something better. Without one, people may come to associate the war on the Mafia with poverty. At the time of the maxi-trial, unemployed workers marched through Palermo shouting “Long live the Mafia!” to protest the arrest of Vito Ciancimino, who was the commissioner of public works during the sack of Palermo. If the Italian government sends nothing but the Army to Sicily, some people will begin to miss the days of Totò Riina. ♦

AT THE GALLERIES

MAX ERNST BY LOU BEACH

AN ARTIST OF THE FLOATING WORLD



“Max Ernst: Dada and the Dawn of Surrealism,” an exhibition housed at the Museum of Modern Art from March 14th until May 2nd, includes some two hundred and thirty paintings, relief sculptures, collages, drawings, and prints. Among the surprises in this comprehensive stylistic survey is the 1920 work “The Hat Makes the Man,” in which the German artist (1891-1976) set bowlers aloft years before a certain Belgian. ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

SEX, LIES, AND THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND PAGES

The latest published sections of Anaïs Nin's diary describe the most forbidden of acts. Critics have debated the merits of the longest-running confessional in history, but the diary's real secret was that it got its author everything she wanted.

BY CLAUDIA ROTH PIERPONT

"HAVE I been less brutal, less passionate than you expected? Did my writing perhaps lead you to expect more?" The lover intimidated and somewhat abashed by the potency of his own writing was the forty-year-old Henry Miller, penniless and unpublished and bumming around Paris, and the work in question was his explosive new novel—"the Paris book," as he'd planned it, "first person, uncensored, formless—fuck everything!"—which he would title "Tropic of Cancer." In the late fall of 1931, dreading a rainy and rheumatic winter and with no roof over his head, Miller had sent pages of his unfinished manuscript to the wife of a well-to-do American banker, a woman known for her literary aspirations, in the hope of a few golden eggs. The following March, he found himself laying the goose.

Anaïs Nin Guiler bore no resemblance to the conventional image of a banker's wife. Indeed, she cultivated a highly successful disguise for this embarrassingly bourgeois condition, draping herself in gilt shawls and flowing capes and the exotic ornaments that her husband's profession afforded her. Nin's celebrated "Diary," eventually published in seven volumes drastically edited and expurgated by the author herself—six between 1966 and her death, in 1977, and the seventh in 1980—offered a widely appealing portrait of an independent woman in an artistic milieu. Few readers of this extensive life can have suspected that it was largely out of her clothing and travel allowances that Nin was able to rent and furnish one of the best-known corners of nineteen-thirties bohemia, the small apartment in Clichy where Henry Miller lived the quiet days that allowed him to finish his book.

Before the "Diary" made its public appearance, Nin was known, if known at all, as the author of strenuously avant-garde novels and stories of female sensibility. Works like "Under a Glass Bell" and "Children of the Albatross" were either printed on her own press, in New York, in the forties, or were commercially published and subsequently bought up by the author in dispiriting quantities at Womrath's for forty-nine cents a copy. But the publication of the "Diary" reversed Nin's literary fortunes and brought her international renown—she won France's Prix Sévigné for autobiography in 1971—and, in the United States, a position that might be characterized as the fore of the rear of the women's movement. The discreet glamour offered in these volumes—a suburban Paris house decorated à la Scheherazade, a shifting cast of uncertainly affiliated men—gave way in the late nineteen-seventies to the franker allure of Nin's newly published "erotica," two volumes of stories from the forties that had been written for a private client and glimpsed before only in the "Diary." These collections, approved by Nin but published after her death, became best-sellers and the cornerstone of a new genre of frankly titillating fiction (or "the new sensual writing") by and for women.

Anaïs Nin, photographed by Carl Van Vechten in New York City in 1934.

The astounding commercial success of all these works has led to the publication, currently under way, of a second series of volumes, consisting of the sections expurgated from the first published version of the diary, with a few passages reprinted to provide a narrative thread. These have been called, for purposes of distinction, "A Journal of Love." The first two volumes of the new series—"Henry & June," which quickly became the basis for the 1990 movie that earned the first NC-17 rating (the big-studio alternative to X), and "Incest"—have now appeared. Decade by decade, Nin—or her reputation—has been reinvented. The arc of her career is traced with a tabloid grandeur in the title of a 1977 article about her in a Japanese magazine: "The Incredible Contents of Anaïs Nin's Pornography: Queen of American Avant-Garde Literature from Nouveau Roman to Jazz: Sex Hunter Who Taught Henry Miller How to Love."

In 1931, Nin was twenty-eight. She had been preparing for Miller's arrival for a long while—if not quite from the moment in adolescence when she envisioned her life bound to "a great writer and I would help him a tiny little bit in the fantastic, poetic, imaginary chapters" (a fantasy immediately checked by the pragmatic "Perhaps I would do better to write the book myself, and he could correct it"), then surely from the crushing sexual and intellectual disappointment that followed her marriage, at twenty, to a worshipful young man, Hugh Guiler, who offered everything but the "support and leadership" she craved. "Where shall this lead us?" she begged of her diary in 1923, as a bride of little more than a month. "I, who believed myself made to cling, thrown upon my own strength." She had hoped, she added with some poignancy, that the fulfillment of love would end the compulsion of the diary—already nearly a decade old—altogether. But the diary is, of course, where she confided the dashing of this hope, and the pages went on accumulating, and the same stories kept appearing: Anaïs is beautiful, she is admired, she experiences many passionate but inconclusive flirtations, she can't sleep and she cries when alone and she feels "an almost physical pain in my body, an ache, a hunger, an emptiness and burning which nothing soothes," as she wrote in 1928. "Music, men's admiring eyes keep me stirred like the earth in the fields." By the time Henry Miller arrived at her door, she was up to volume thirty-one.

To judge by their own accounts, the woman who would be acclaimed as the Eternal Feminine descended on the man who staked out the Irremediable Masculine like—to borrow a phrase from Nin's friend Rebecca West—a fold on a wolf. Daunted by Nin's position, by her house and her clothes, even by her sweetly accented English—she was born in Paris, and grew up in France and Spain and, for many years, Queens, New York—Miller felt obliged to keep a respectful distance until the day when she sat beside him in the café Chez les Vikings, on the Rue Vavin, and, eyes demurely lowered to the page, read to him from her journal about the effects his writing had upon her. What appeared to be an impulsive revelation of a young woman's bursting heart was actually a rather well-practiced strategy. Nin's "Early Diary"—four volumes brought out after her death, which take us from 1914 to the point in 1931 at which she had opened the published story herself—were never cut or emended by her, and offer several demonstrations of the efficacy of selective journal recital on a fair range of male targets prior to Miller. For Nin, this had become a prime method of getting around the limits imposed by her china-doll looks: "Curse my eyes which are sad, and deep," she lamented, in a passage that she did process for publication, "and my hands which are delicate, and my walk which is a glide, my voice which is a whisper, all that can be used for a poem, and too fragile to be raped, violated, used." The famous diary—famous in her circle even in the nineteen-thirties—could be as much a tool of seduction as a record of it, employed to spur the appropriate aggression while betraying none in the recording angel herself.

But Miller's nervous question remains: Was he brutal enough, passionate enough? Was he a match for her literary expectations? Was anyone? In the diary, Nin liked to compare herself with Madame Bovary, although she insisted on an important distinction: "Unlike Madame Bovary I'm not going to take poison." But by the winter she met Miller, a newer and more glorious model of literary adultery had come before her. Nin had begun reading D. H. Lawrence in 1929, and her first slim book, published by an English firm in Paris in 1932, was an "appreciation" of his work. Nin's self-appointed task was to defend Lawrence's ideas about women from the charge of being "antediluvian": she argued that he dealt not with outdated notions but with timeless "quintessences," such as the fact that (in her words) "the core of the woman is her relation to man." She declared the banned and infamous "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to be "his best novel" and, moreover, "our only complete modern love story." Against the gentle and ingenuously American warning that Hugh Guiler offered when his wife intimated her hunger for "experience" (they were free, he told her, without religion or convention to bind them, and yet "you have seen in literature and in France what your ideas, carried to extreme, lead to: mediocre unfaithfulness"), Lawrence's ideal of sex as transcendent rite offered a defense and a high justification.

To compound matters, about a year after her discovery of Lawrence she began to read Freud, and became convinced that she suffered the nervous symptoms of hysteria, and that the cause, as Freud proposed, was in sexual repression. For Nin, Freud gave the imprimatur of science to the same quest for physical fulfillment that Lawrence cast in terms of religion. Imagine Emma Bovary reading Lawrence and Freud: How was a woman—or such a woman—to think that she wanted anything else?

"But Lawrence men are so rare, so rare," Nin's cousin Eduardo sighed along with her, in 1930. "Have you really met one?" To which Nin sadly replied, "Pieces of Lawrence, just pieces." She was quick to recognize the whole man, or as near to it as the world could offer, in Henry Miller. "I began by adoring Lawrence, and I end by worshiping a man so much like Lawrence, like Mellors," she wrote, equating the writer with his sexual hero—the Heathcliff of the circa-1930 liberated woman. But Nin had good reason to confound Henry Miller the writer with the hyperbolically exuberant stud who narrates his own audacious novel "Tropic of Cancer" ("After me you can take on stallions, bulls, rams, drakes, St. Bernards"), since that narrator is also named Henry Miller, and the author himself couldn't much tell them apart.

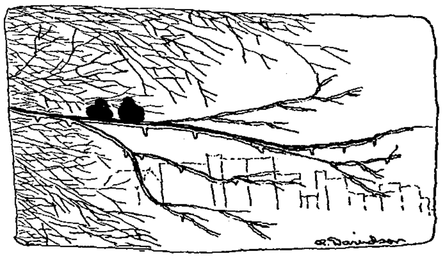
Nin's earliest full report on her research into life with the Lawrentian male (published in "Henry & June") followed a visit to Miller's shabby hotel room in March, 1932, and was, in fact, everything that Papa Freud could have wished. "I cannot conceal it. I am a woman. A man has made me submit," Nin enthused. "Oh, the joy when a woman finds a man she can submit to, the joy of her femaleness expanding in strong arms." Miller, in his letters, seems a good deal less certain, at the start, of who had submitted to whom, but his tone changes rapidly to the more deliberately winning likes of "And Tuesday prepare to be raped" (a promise accompanied by a characteristic plea for funds: "There isn't a bit of food left"). But just eight months after the first momentous submission, Nin was railing bitterly against "the weak man whose weakness kills me," a torment inflicted upon her now in the person of Henry Miller: "I did everything to find a leader! And again I am cheated." Although she believed that he had been sexually mistaught by an overaggressive wife, the infamously flagrant June Mansfield (from whom Nin was even then in the process of detaching him), she had yet "counted on Henry becoming a man when confronted with a real woman—a really *passive* female. And he is baffled—baffled by my submission."

Miller, with just a bit of diary prompting, quickly made up for his lapses, and reappears a page later quite satisfactorily unbuttoning her dress; but this—or he—was not enough. Nin's vision of Miller's genius, and her financial support, were constant through the mid-thirties: she paid the rent, provided food and nattier clothes than any he'd worn before, and sent him money for a whore as a token of her love and her bohemian open-mindedness. Most important, she backed the printing of his book. But by the time "Tropic of Cancer" was going to press, in 1934, it was another lover—the psychiatrist Otto Rank—who put up the five thousand francs that the publisher required.

Otto Rank was not the first lover that Nin took after the plunge into her affair with Miller; he was not even the first of her psychiatrists that she took. "Incest," the second volume of the unexpurgated edition of the diary, reveals that she was having affairs with, basically, all the men who had been deemed worthy of mention back in the expurgated volumes, excepting Antonin Artaud, whose impotence proved something of a relief, given the laudanum stains around his mouth. And, as the title suggests, the list of lovers included her father. In fact, the only non-candidate in her search for a Lawrentian hero during the thirties appears to have been her hard-pressed husband, who was then undergoing analysis for the cure of such ills as, in his wife's words, "his over-devotion to the bank," "his feminine fear of bullies," and "his unresponsiveness to my work." It is something of a triumph over biology that Nin's incestuous relationship with her father, a Spanish musician and dandy who had disappeared from her childhood decades before, is far less disturbing to contemplate than her affair with the psychiatrist (Rank's predecessor, Dr. René Allendy) who was administering to her husband's psyche. Not even Charles Bovary underwent such an indignity.

Still, Dr. Allendy did work at "curing" Hugh Guiler—that is, at making him "less dependent" on his wife, since she had declared that only then would she feel free to leave Guiler for Allendy. (Rank doubtless agreed to finance Miller's book for the same sort of reason. Nin stuck by her methods.) We are brought close to farce—if only there were some wit involved—in a scene where Nin's husband, psychoanalytically inspired, manages at last to ravish his wife (*"And I had always wanted my dress torn!"*), who, barely out of his arms, plans a consolatory visit to the psychiatrist to whom her husband will soon be crowing about his triumphant virility. But Hugh Guiler's triumph came too late, and Allendy eventually lost out altogether, passing in Nin's account from a "giant" with "idealistic fingertips" to a man of "pulpous flesh" and, almost as a matter of course, "sexual timidity." Her search went on.

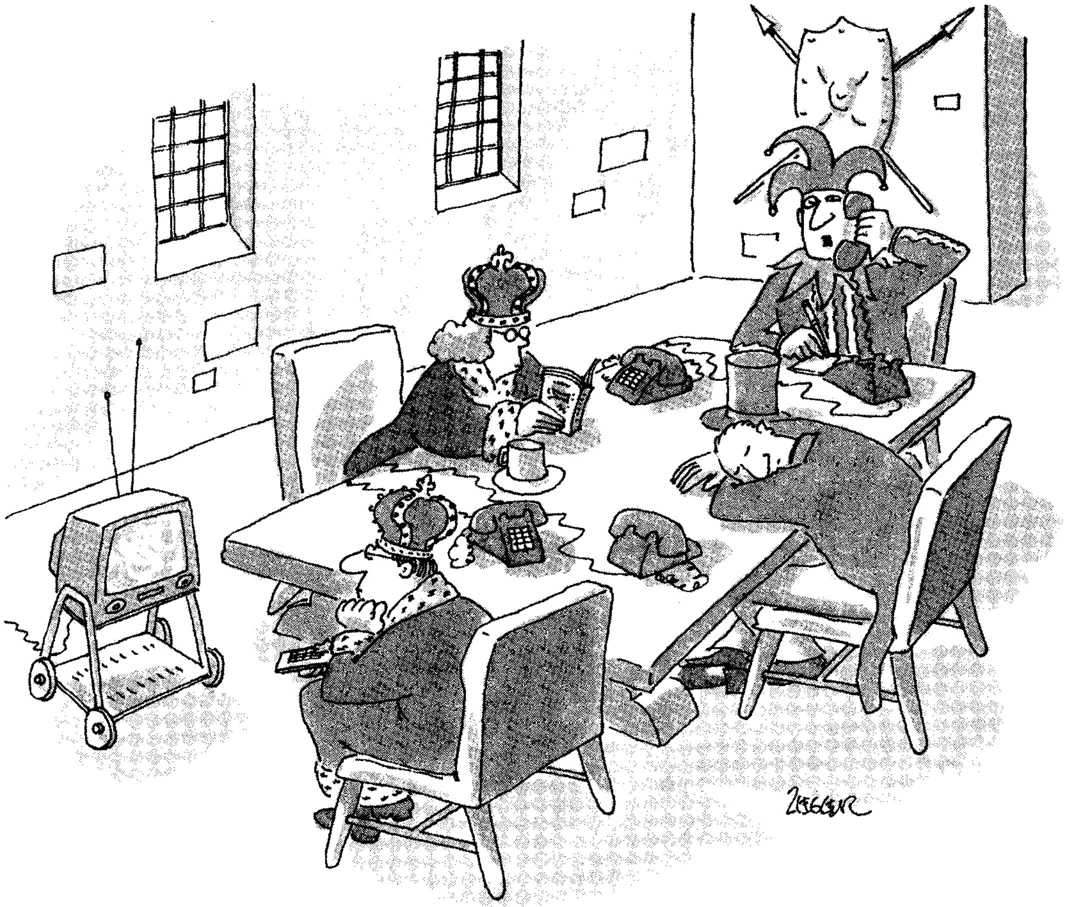
THE real and bottomless subject of Nin's diary is not sex, or the flowering of womanhood, but deceit. And the lies to the men in her life are only the beginning. These are the deceptions of which she was proudly conscious, the crafted duplicities and quadruplicities in which she snared her sense of "livingness," and which on her better days she laughed over, like the clever demimondaine she often seems to be, and on her sorrier days she rationalized: "I only lie as doctors do," she told Allendy, "for the good of their patients." Was there a deeper morality to consider? "I bring home to Hugo"—as she called her husband—"a whole woman, freed of all 'possessed' fevers, cured of the poison of restlessness and curiosity which used to threaten our marriage," she wrote in March, 1932. "Amorality, or a more complicated morality, aims at the ultimate loyalty and overlooks the immediate and literal one."



Nin's volumes are rife with lies large and small, from passages of actressy virtue, which can have been intended only for her husband to read—these are in the "Early Diary," which she didn't edit—to the omission of her means of material support from the volumes that she did edit, to the saintly gloss on her own character ("I palliate the suffering of others"), and to such niggling details as whether or not she'd met André Gide. (She reported in Volume One that she had, but she hadn't, thus taking in her readers as she had once happily taken in her friends. "I don't believe she ever met Gide" was June Mansfield's rather astute exit line from the hopelessly literary triangle that her marriage had become.) Such lies had the clear purposes of protecting Nin's private advantages, and of helping to set an image for the public gaze that she always anticipated. Countless other falsehoods seem to have been useless, told simply "to make life more interesting. To imitate literature." And then there is the biggest lie of all, the one she used to deceive herself and to excuse herself: that she was an artist, and so a being of a separate order.

The only thing worse than having an artistic temperament, Henry Miller once groused, was thinking that you had one. Nin recalled herself as a girl of eleven, in 1914, arriving in New York with her mother and her brothers on a ship from Barcelona and descending the gangplank with her brother's violin case in her arms. She couldn't play the violin, but she wanted her assembled relatives to know that an artist had arrived. On board ship she had begun a diary, as an album of the trip, with drawings and with pasted-in postcards, and she continued it in her new home, as a retreat for her thoughts and for extensive considerations of her appearance and character. (At fourteen, she listed "lies" and "vanity" on her debit side, "sacrifice" and "charity" to her credit.)

The diary was also a demonstration of her artistic nature, and the notebooks were dutifully bound in leather by her



"Hello. You have reached the Palace. If you wish to speak to the King, press '1' now. If you wish to speak to the Queen, press '2' now. If you wish to speak to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, press '3' now. And if you wish to speak to the Minister of Culture—well, hi!"

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mother, perhaps in deference to the numerous letters to "Cher Papa" that they contained. It had taken the girl about a year to realize that her father, whom she had not seen for some time even before leaving Europe, was kept from rejoining his family not by the temporary disruptions of war but by the more significant phenomenon, as it affected her, of a change of heart. Nin later explained her enormous twin appetites for artistic acclaim and male admiration as results of her father's desertion, much the standard and reasonable psychological assumption. (The explanation originated in analysis, as did a number of her compensating affairs.) But even as an undeserted child of seven she signed her stories "Anaïs Nin, Member of the French Academy," and seemed well on the path to her teen-age goal of being "Loved and Published."

At twenty, she was trying her hand at novels and plays, and writing in her diary of her friends' reactions. "Make your people walk in a real world," these first critics begged her. "Give us more concrete, pictorial writing." Since she had already recognized that those abilities were beyond her, she redirected her energy toward "outer forms," like sewing and the decoration of her house. But when the National City Bank transferred her husband to its Paris office, in 1925, Nin discovered Surrealism; and in magazines like Eugene Jolas's *transition* she found models she could imitate and standards she could meet—or, at least, standards that few could say for sure she wasn't meeting. ("We are not troubled by manuscripts we do not understand," Jolas wrote, and his intrepid magazine, begun in 1927 and specializing in "the modern spirit," went on to gain distinction with eighteen segments of "Finnegans Wake" and with works by Samuel Beckett, Gertrude Stein, William Carlos Williams, and André Gide.) And so Nin followed a novel, which she'd called "Aline's Choice," with a pair of "prose poems" called "Winter of Artifice" and "House of Incest," composed in a new voice, which she referred to as her "Sibylline tongue." (Sample sentence: "I carry white sponges of knowledge on strings of nerves.")

The "modern spirit" became an excuse for unintelligible writing, as her father's desertion was the excuse for her games of betrayal. In the summer of 1932, Miller, handed a thirty-page sheaf of new pages, confessed himself mystified. He told her, in exasperation, that the story would have to be read a hundred times to be understood. Nin was discouraged for a moment. "But then I thought of 'Ulysses' and the studies which accompany it." Pressing further the following year, Miller wrote her several letters about her writing, and about "what I can do to save you," which make even his wonderfully sexy, hungry letters about her body ("I love your loins, the golden pallor, the slope of your buttocks, the warmth inside you, the juices of you") seem routine expressions of devotion.

Miller had come a long way from his early novels, written in a forced attempt at realist conventions; both "Moloch" and "Crazy Cock" (published for the first time only in the nineteen-nineties) show the distance that he vaulted into the open air with "Tropic of Cancer." And he saw no reason yet why Nin, too, could not learn to conquer what seemed her limits. Of her new novel, "Alraune," he wrote her in the spring of 1933, "When you come again, and every time you come, until you get blue in the face, I'm going to trot it out and we're going to work over it slowly, patiently, lovingly, scathingly. . . . It must not die, in the way things do, through oversight, laziness, neglect." Her chosen style—she now had in mind Rimbaud, Laforgue—

was exceptionally difficult. “It is either flawless, or else it is gibberish,” he wrote. “I mean there are no intermediate degrees. A rocket, a shooting star—or else cinders.” She had the genius for it, he assured her. “But you have no language in which to express it. And that can be tragic, if it is not overcome.” He made a number of specific suggestions—toward concreteness, toward reality—and he rewrote, and encouraged, and finally he begged her to give up the diary. “It is good only if you recognize it for what it’s worth—otherwise it is dangerous, poisonous, inclined to make one lazy, facile, self-contented. . . . I’m going to help you. Jesus, believe me. Ask me, make me!”

In response, Nin passed from initial acceptance and a resolve to work harder—“I am saved,” she teased, that April—to a fury of rejection a few months later, brought on by the further insult of a literary agent having rejected both a section of her diary, which she had hoped to publish, and her new novel, which he dismissed as “overdrawn, overwritten, overintense,” and containing pages suitable to 1840. This was too much; the diary, her pride, appeared to have indeed been a waste of time—or, worse, a kind of disease, sapping her strength for the real tasks of her life. Not that there was much strength left, even now, for those Miller tried to impose. It was already “getting more and more difficult to make four men happy,” she wrote, and that summer she added her father to the list. (“Let your father devour you,” Miller advised, although apparently unaware of the extent of the relationship; “it will give him dyspepsia. He has no idea what he’s trying to bite off.”)

She had imagined that this unnatural affair might mean the death of the diary, as she had once thought that her marriage would—this time, through the ultimate redress of its oldest, motivating hurt. Instead, as had happened after her marriage, she seemed to require its comforts all the more. If Nin often saw herself as a saint—“If all of us acted in unison as I act individually,” she wrote, “there would be no wars and no poverty”—the diary was her attribute, a martyrdom she carried with her everywhere.

NURSING THE HAMSTER

And it was true.
A death so slight they could hold it in their palms
opened up rooms inside them
according to their need,
his like a closet.
He’d kick the doors out daily.
Hers was a wilderness
through which she’d wander calling his name.
After that, believe me,
nothing went right for them.
Say what you like.
Say even grief seeks some proportion.
For death to count at all,
that which goes in the earth beneath the yew must weigh
the sum of its displacement.
Or say the animal was mostly metaphor,
an aberration born in a cage
to live three years, far from its kind.
And was it ever, anyway, entirely itself, even to the boy?
“It’s like a cat,” he’d say,
or, “Like a tiny puppy . . .
It’s like a bird that cannot fly away.”
Still, they had fed it the medicine through an eyedropper,
its silly wheel gone silent.
And the boy lay down and put it on his chest.
He let it sleep there through the evenings.
So they had hope
the night before it died,
the way suddenly it nested, its pouches packed
so full, the thing was laughable,
barely maneuvering the bright plastic maze,
stopping here and there to rest, panting, plowing on.
Who can say which sadness when takes over,
becomes rudder?
Who can name for another what moors, what charts the drift?
Yes, they had laughed and laughed,
the way laughter
buoys faith, bullies the truth back into hiding.
And the animal, without analogy,
the animal in some last instinct which merely parallels desire,
wanted it all, wanted more, which is to be alive.

—Deborah Digges

She was, in fact, holding the latest volume in her arms—one can’t help recalling the child with the violin case—when she went to see Otto Rank, in the fall of 1933. As a young man in Vienna, Rank had been part of Freud’s inner circle, very nearly his adopted son, but he had broken with the Master over central tenets, from the Oedipus complex to the advisable length of analysis, and he was famous now as an apostate—Miller admired him as an “outlaw”—and as a specialist in the psychology of the artist. Rank, too, wanted to break her diary habit, to stop her from “nurturing the neurotic plant,” as she put it. His first request was that she leave with him the volume she carried. She was appalled: it contained all the lies she’d planned to “interest him” with, worked up while she was waiting for her appointment. And yet, feeling mastered she was also thrilled.

As the invincible diary itself reveals

their affair began the next spring—she chose the day the way she chose her hyacinth-blue dress for the occasion—when she was three months pregnant with Henry Miller's child. She disposed of that problem in August, 1934, in a gruelling abortion, revealed only last year, with the publication of "Incest." She was entertaining the idea of becoming an analyst ("I might as well make a profession of a hobby") and studied briefly with Rank that summer before the classes began to bore her. She followed him to New York when he decided that his profession required a greater supply of neurosis than could be located among the French, whose acceptance of "the separation between love and passion," as he told her, gave them access to both, without need of professional intervention.

In Manhattan, Rank's fortunes picked up considerably. Nin, arriving in late 1934, appears to have worked as his general assistant, smoothing translations of scholarly papers and even seeing patients on her own. Almost immediately, she sent a generous sum of money to Miller, who had just discovered that she was not travelling on bank business with her husband. "What the hell *are* you doing?" he fired back. "In four days one can't really earn all that dough! Unless you're getting the rates of an analyst."

In a panic of jealousy, Miller sailed to New York (using her money—or Rank's—for the ticket), and, while keeping generally out of Rank's way, he actually conducted sessions with several patients himself. Years later, he revealed his method: "All you have to do is listen and speak only when necessary and then in a soothing voice.") But by spring both Nin and Miller were eager to get back to Paris. She'd found she could not earn a living as an analyst without Rank's backing, and both the man and the work had grown too demanding. ("I knew the time had come to leave New York or I would be consumed in service and healing.")

The publication of "Tropic of Cancer," in Paris, in September, 1934, had made Miller an established writer; and in Europe, at least, he was now approaching a kind of celebrity. A second edition of the book appeared in 1935, bearing endorsements from the most elevated of English literary voices: Ezra Pound, Aldous Huxley, and even T. S. Eliot, who called it "a rather magnificent piece of work." (Eliot, who had denounced Lawrence as a heretic only a year before, must have seen in Miller the bleak confirmation of his view of the horror of sex in an age devoid of grace. These two American refugees, drawn to the antipodes of London and Paris, divide the divided modern man neatly between them.) "Tropic of Cancer" was, of course, unpublishable in the United States, and in England, but its reputation was felt, like an underground explosion, even where the book could not be seen. During the war, it became an overseas G.I. classic, and for the nearly three decades before the novel could be legally imported into the United States literary Americans in Paris considered themselves nearly duty bound to smuggle a copy home. It was in this way that a large number of readers first heard of Anaïs Nin, for the preface that she and Miller had worked on together appeared in her name.

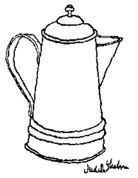
In fact, Nin was becoming estranged from Miller. His new writing seemed to her too crude, while her own was everywhere still rejected; and, in any case, she had found another man and another scenario to play. Her new lover was South American—an "untamed Inca from Peru, too tall, too wild," or, simply, "Heathcliff"—and Nin's diary now has her removing her nail polish and stashing her jewelry away in order to attend meetings about Republican Spain. (One is given no idea of where she has stashed her husband.) She addresses envelopes for the cause and looks down on the rich

"Oh, by the way, as you were on your way down here your lottery ticket won seventeen million dollars."

in Maxim’s, and also on Miller’s determined political indifference. (Miller, who espoused the pacifism of Taoist philosophy, did give his corduroy jacket to George Orwell when the English *anti-fascista* passed through Paris on his way to Spain; but, as a friend of Miller’s pointed out, he would have done that even if Orwell had been off to fight for the other side.)

There was no replacement for Nin in Miller’s life. He was intent on retaining his claim to her, however inexclusive, and however inexplicably compounded of greed, lust, gratitude, resentment, and love. He couldn’t save her as a writer—that ambition had proved a disaster—but, what might please her more, he could try to sell her. He had given up on her fiction, but, in his Surrealist-tinged enthusiasm for nonclassical forms, for the work of the amateur or the child (or even, to press a point, of the mad), he found a way to champion the diary. His campaign began with a fittingly Surrealist notice in a Paris golf-club magazine, run by Americans, called *The Booster*, in 1937, announcing “the publication in January 1938 of the first volume of Anaïs Nin’s great diary,” a “faithful reproduction, in a child’s French,” to be issued in a limited edition of two hundred and fifty signed copies, by subscription only, with checks to be sent to Henry Miller. “In the event of a world war or a universal collapse of world currencies all monies received will be refunded at par.”

It was *The Booster* that suffered a collapse, however, and there were no sales. But Miller had also taken it upon himself to write a critical study of the diary, and that appeared, albeit without a subscription form, in the more stable context of T. S. Eliot’s magazine, *The Criterion*, in late 1937. Windy and wildly foolish and occasionally brilliant, Miller’s essay opens with the assertion that Nin’s “monumental confession” would one day take its place “beside the revelations of St. Augustine, Petronius, Abelard, Rousseau, Proust,” and more or less ascends from there. Nin thought the essay, called “Un Être Étoilique” (she’d invented the term *étoilique*, as a play on *lunatique*, to describe her star-touched self), merely a demonstration of Henry’s usual fantasy, having more to do with the workings of his mind than with her work. While there is obvious merit in this view—Miller’s flights of prose hardly require a subject to hold them up—there are also passages where he swoops suddenly into a tight and deadly accuracy:



> The illusion of submergence, of darkness and stagnation, is brought about by the ceaseless observation and analysis which goes on in the pages of the diary. The hatches are down, the sky shut out. Everything—nature, human beings, events, relationships—is brought below to be dissected and digested. It is a devouring process in which the ego becomes a stupendous red maw.

But the observation that was calculated to incite interest—and the one that has characterized assessments of Nin ever since—had to do with her sex. Of the later diary volumes Miller wrote, “It is the first female writing I have ever seen: it rearranges the world in terms of female honesty.” Bitter as that judgment is, given what Miller knew about Nin’s honesty, its implications were exciting, rather like Alfred Stieglitz’s legendary “At last, a woman on paper!” when he first saw the “private” sketches of Georgia O’Keeffe. Miller’s assessment was based on the diary’s frank descriptions of sexual experiences (often involving Miller himself), but it is difficult to make that out from the evasive terms of his discussion, which centers on style rather than on content. Nin’s “female writing,” by his account, consists of “larval thoughts not yet divorced from their dream content,” thoughts “never once arrested so as to be grasped by the mind.” The diary offers “the opium world of woman’s physiological being,” with “not an ounce of man-made culture in it; everything related to the head is cut off.” All that he had objected to before, all that he had tried to save her from—the secondhand surrealisms and the self-conscious “femininities”—are no longer presented as destructive intellectual flaws but as a biological absolute. The trick, then rather novel, lay in the elimination of the standard, its declared non-applicability. Nin wasn’t a failed writer, or a lazy writer: she was a woman writer.

MILLER’S essay was included in his first collection to be published in the United States, called “The Cosmological Eye.” This was also his first book to appear here legally—in 1939, the year that “Tropic of Capricorn” (subtitled “On the Ovarian Trolley”) joined “Tropic of Cancer” on the shelves, or, rather, behind the counters, of such rare bastions of literary freedom as New York’s Gotham Book Mart. The Gotham was Miller’s first stop on his return to America, in January, 1940. Nin and her husband had come back the year before and had taken an apartment in Greenwich Village. There she held on to a small reputation—an indistinct sense that she was or had been someone—while writing fiction that still had no apparent audience.

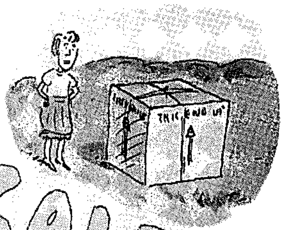
In her diary for these years Nin cries great poverty, and she took a job writing pornographic stories at a dollar a page, but this seems to have been little more than another round of the bohemian game. Her husband, who is dropped entirely from the published account at this point, had been made an assistant vice-president of the bank. She may have longed for the independence of means with which to leave him—“I am a prisoner of material necessity” was how she had put it back in the days with Rank—but she was going nowhere without it, and at a dollar a page it would take some time.

Through the early forties, Nin still occasionally sent money to Miller as he ran out of gas or food while travelling across America making notes for “The Air Conditioned Nightmare.” When she mentioned at one point that she was thinking of going out to look for a job—in the tone of someone going offstage to clean a gun—Miller replied, “I beg you not to. If anybody is to take a job it’s me, not you. . . . But you have a husband to look after you.” He had already begged her several times to “make a break,” to join him: “The only bugaboo I see is poverty and that is no longer a bugaboo to me. . . . You made me free, liberated—now free yourself. I have no attachments. And no concubines either. Please believe in yourself, in your own powers.” But she was furious with him for staying away so long, and by the time he got to California, where he found a home, the rift was emotional and philosophical, and irreparable. “Why you persist in thinking I am blind or indifferent to your suffering I don’t understand,” he wrote her in 1943, “nor am I going to argue with you about the relative merits of Stalin and Ramakrishna.” Back in New York, Hugh Guiler (“the Humorous Banker” or “the Little Magnate” in the earlier volumes of

LEAVE THE CAR IN THE GARAGE AND USE THE

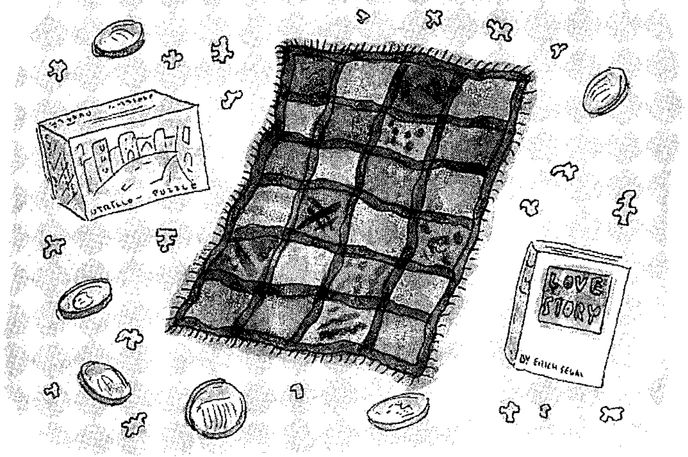
MAIL-ORDER YARD SALE

CATALOGUE



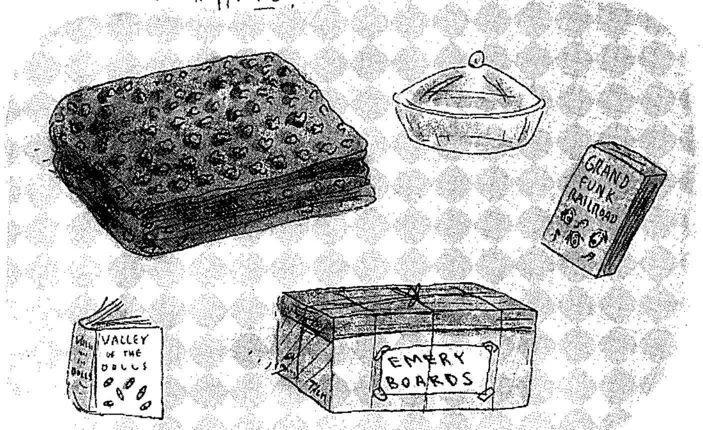
193 - AL'S ASSORTMENT

You'll ooh and ah over the six Niagara Falls coasters, the handmade afghan, the nearly complete five-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle of a Utrillo painting, and a copy of "Love Story." Yours for an unbelievable $ 7.25.


UTRILLO PUZZLE
LOVE STORY
BY ERICH SEGAL

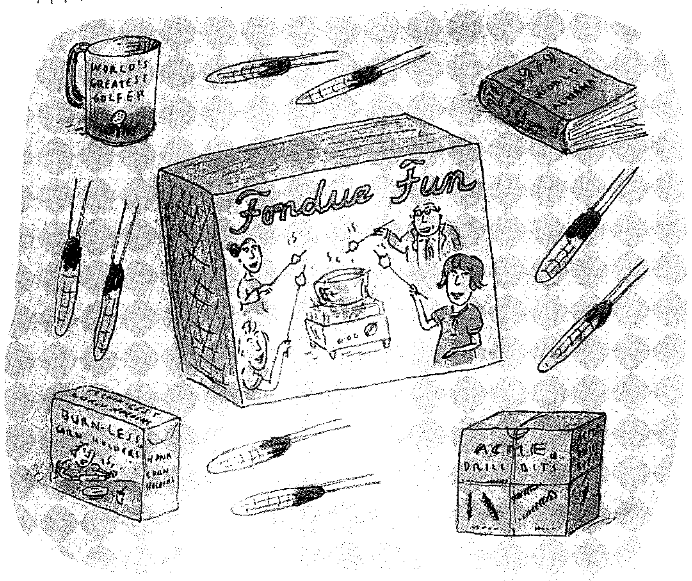
206 - CARLA'S CACHE

Wow! A Pyrex casserole dish, an avocado chenille bedspread, a shoebox of all-but-unused emery boards, an eight-track tape of Grand Funk Railroad, and a paperback of "Valley of the Dolls." True value at $ 11.75.


GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
VALLEY OF THE DOLLS
EMERY BOARDS

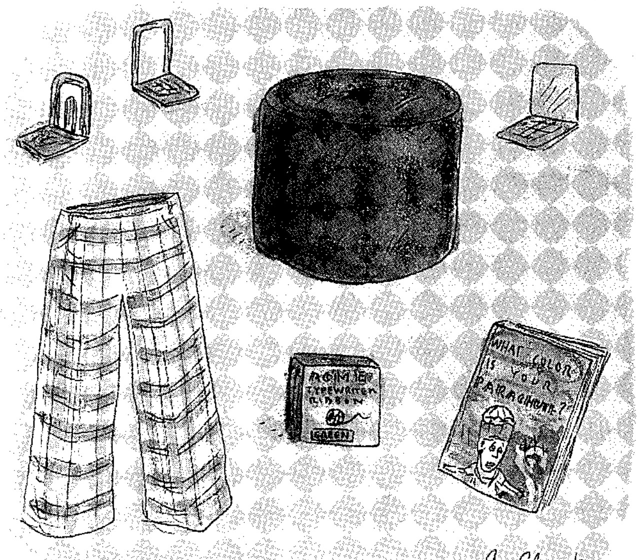
448 - HELENE'S HAUL

You can be the proud owner of a practically mint-condition fondue kit, a box of assorted drill bits, a "novelty" coffee mug, a set of corn holders made to look just like little ears of corn, and a genuine 1979 almanac, all for a mere $ 4.35.

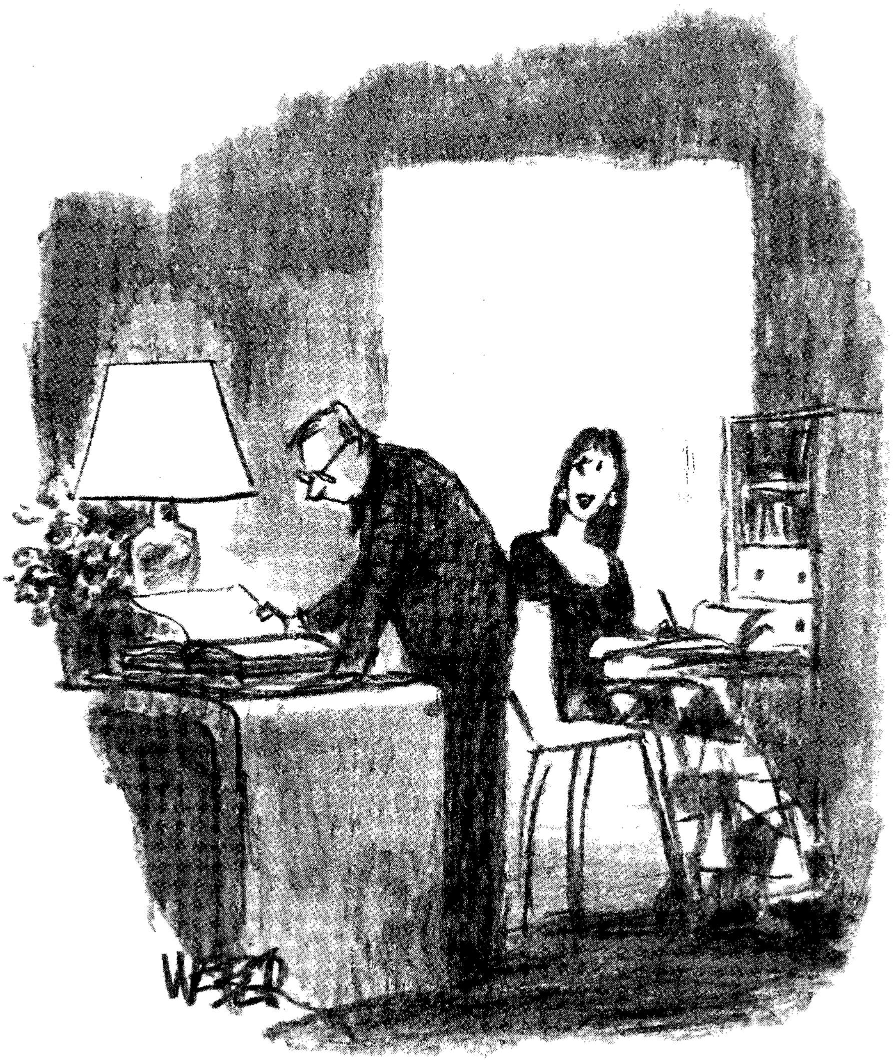

WORLD'S GREATEST GOLFER
Fondue Fun
BURN-LESS CORN HOLDERS
ACME DRILL BITS

725 - BUDDY'S BOUNTY

Don't miss the biggest bargain of your entire life. Three metal bookends, a vinyl hassock, a for-all-intents-and-purposes new typewriter ribbon, a pair of women's slacks, and a copy of "What Color Is Your Parachute?" A complete steal at $ 18.50.


ACME TYPEWRITER RIBBON
WHAT COLOR IS YOUR PARACHUTE?

R. Chast



"What would you say to doing our divorce at the St. Regis?"

• •

her diary) was spending his spare time learning to be an artist, making copper and wood engravings. These would serve as illustrations—he signed them "Ian Hugo," and the new name crops up now and then in the original published "Diary"—for his wife's writings, which she had begun to publish, since no one else would, on a hand-set press of her own.

The homemade books attracted little notice until a review of "Under a Glass Bell," a slim collection of Nin's stories, appeared in this magazine, in April, 1944, above the august name of Edmund Wilson. "The unpublished diary of Anaïs Nin has long been a legend of the literary world," Wilson began. While her published work had been "a little disappointing," he noted, and her current book suffered from "an hallucinatory vein of writing which the Surrealists have overdone," it did yet show her to be "a very good artist." Wilson singled out a few stories for praise—one, "Birth," was about a miscarriage—and described the whole collection as taking place in "a special world, a world of feminine perception and fancy." He concluded with the information that the book was available at the Gotham Book Mart, and listed the address: "It is well worth the trouble of sending for."

Wilson later told Nin that he had noticed her years before at, in fact, the Gotham Book Mart, and had thought her, she records, "the most exquisite woman I had ever seen." When he and Mary McCarthy quarrelled, McCarthy had accused him of ("among many other things," Wilson said) being in love with Nin. In 1944, separated from McCarthy, Wilson began a kind of courtship by review, and he was far more successful in selling Nin's books than Miller had been. (Miller, stung again to jealousy, wrote from California, "So that did the trick! It's all so bloody spurious, what makes success here." In high Miller form, he reminded her of his contribution to her glory: "Rereading my own words about you I was so stirred that I was beside myself.")

Wilson and Nin began to see each other often, and her portrayal of this supremely lucid intelligence torn by loneliness and buffaloed by desire is genuinely touching, presented as it is without any sentimentality, or even any sympathy for Wilson, since Nin disliked him and thought his appreciation merely her due. In Nin's diary, he pursues her while crying out, "Don't desert me. Don't leave me alone," and she is forever fleeing, although not too far. She knows what he has done and can still do, "either by a destructive review or by indifference." He tells her that "I would love to be married to you, and I would teach you to *write*"—a dreadful insult, made worse by its heartfelt sincerity. And, in a gesture of exquisite futility, he sends her a set of Jane Austen, accompanied by flowers and a note. "He was hoping I would learn how to write a novel from reading her!" Nin's calm retort: "But I am not an imitator of past styles."

She must have been—does not every reader mouth the words at this point in the "Diary"?—simply astonishing in bed. To what else can reason appeal? It may take a few more of the unexpurgated volumes to get to a full disclosure of her methods at the time, but it is clear even from the old, certainly expurgated Volume Four—in which she never relents to the ardent Wilson—that there had been a change: the ideal of the overmastering older man had given way, as she reached forty, to the ideal of a worshipful younger one. "The sons, the boys, the young artists are beautiful, delicate, subtle, tender, imaginative," she tells the diary, and she lived now surrounded by a host of them, serving them breakfast and being more understanding than their mothers, and being interrupted only occasionally by a detective employed by frantic parents whose son had left home or school—these really were boys, some under eighteen—to learn wisdom at her hem. (In the fiction she was writing in the forties, all of it reworkings of her diary, a detective breaks in with the line "Having breakfast, eh!?" After he de-parts, the scene, in "Children of the Albatross," continues: "Where sadness had carved rich caverns he sank his youthful thrusts grasping endless sources of warmth.") Nin especially resented Wilson's disparagement of her pleasure in these boys' company, "as if they were not the proper companions for a mature woman."

Wilson continued to cover Nin's work in *The New Yorker* for two years—until 1946—in reviews that are studies in constrained ambivalence. A book called "This Hunger" has "not much craftsmanship" and displays a "solemn, hieratic tone" that the author seems to have caught from Lawrence, but is nevertheless important "because it explores a new realm of material": that is, "the feminine point of view." Femininity appears once again as a virtue of last resort, a point of praise where there is nothing to praise and yet something must be found. Wilson closed by suggesting that a commercial publisher should bring Nin's work to "a general public."

Nin got her publisher, and a lot of critical attention besides. For a while, it appeared that parts of the diary might actually make it into commercial print, thanks to a smitten young editor at Dutton named Gore Vidal. She had some success speaking on college campuses, and a handful of reviewers—mostly male—fell in with the notion of her representational femininity. Several reviewers singled out the "Birth" story as a particular example of her gifts or an exception to her faults. But the larger response to this first real scrutiny by impersonal arbiters was scathing. Nin copied out in her diary "the ugliest, most prejudiced" review, by Elizabeth Hardwick, which began with the observation that "no writer I can think of has more passionately embraced thin air" and concluded with the terms "vague, dreamy, mercilessly pretentious," and "a great bore."

Nin soon lost her commercial publisher, and the number of reviews of new works dwindled. The late forties and the fifties were for her a time of corroding anger and frustration, of constant but profitless attempts "to keep my work from being buried alive." She lists eleven publishers who turned down her novel "A Spy in the House of Love"; Putnam's called it "almost pornographic," and Macmillan, she adds, "said it was *esoteric*." After she gave a public reading of her work, W. H. Auden was heard to ask, "What's with Anaïs Nin?," to which a friend of hers replied, "She is a poet." Nin writes, "Auden should have known this."

The Diary entries of the fifties are comparatively sparse, filled out with travel, with sunsets in Acapulco or California. The reason for the lack of published detail can be found in letters Nin wrote in 1950 to Kathryn Winslow, who ran a Chicago bookshop and gallery devoted entirely to the work—books and watercolors—of Henry Miller. Nin, as Winslow tells us in "Full of Life," her memoir of Miller, was trying to sell her own manuscripts ("As you will see, 'Winter of Artifice' was edited by Henry Miller") for fifty dollars apiece, or five hundred dollars for the lot. She claimed an urgent need of funds. Winslow obligingly mounted an exhibition, and Nin, whose husband had now taken up filmmaking (the films were short, and abstract, and "in the mood of my work," Nin assured Winslow), offered to come to Chicago for a reading and a film showing to help the sale. But she was travelling so much that she had to cancel, and finally wrote, "The truth is, dear Kathryn, I am caught in a dual life and my 'duties' at each of my two lives two loves are so tremendous that I can barely finish what I must do here for Hugo before I must rush back to take care of my life in California." A few weeks later she added, "As you know one half of my life is always the one I have to support, and only the half here with Hugo is the one I do not have to work for—so I'll be glad of the five hundred." After almost twenty years, nothing in the way she managed her affairs had changed.

ONLY the country was changing. In 1959, Grove Press announced the publication of the thirty-one-year-old "Lady Chatterley's Lover," still barred from United States mails. It was a national invitation to a trial for obscenity and to a redefinition of the term. The young owner of Grove, Barney Rosset, had written a college paper at Swarthmore called "Henry Miller Versus 'Our Way of Life,' " and since 1958 he had been trying to persuade Miller to let him publish "Tropic of Cancer." But Miller, whose income derived almost entirely from sales of his books abroad, thought his own country not yet ready: "One has to die first, if you notice, before the ball gets rolling." He was living a quiet, isolated life on the Northern California coast: failing again in marriage but de-

"Gee, I haven't seen you since that McGovern rally in '72. You were wearing a cartridge belt."

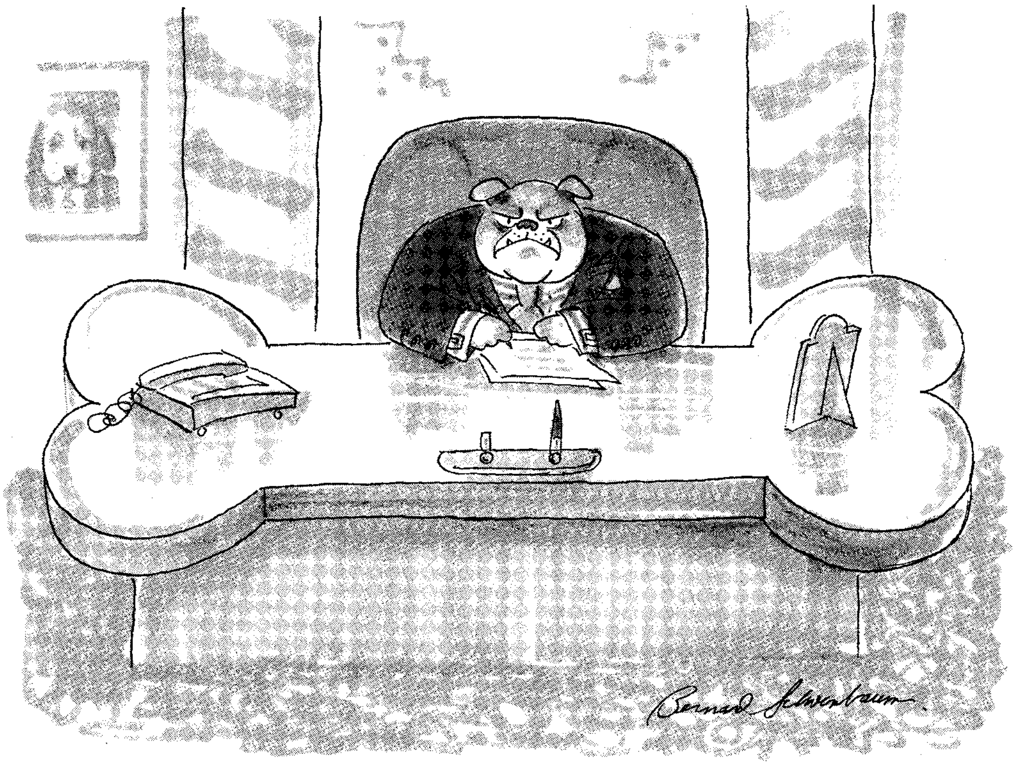
voted to his children, steeped in Eastern mysticism, accustomed to his marginal status. He was no longer a man spoiling for a fight. And so, more than ten years after the first "Kinsey Report" shook America by putting into print what people had always been doing, American critics took the stand to defend D. H. Lawrence as an artist and as a man of religious vision whose book was a celebration of marriage. The judges were persuaded, and, cleared of her bad name, "Lady Chatterley" sold more than six million copies by 1960, mostly to people who hoped the judges had been wrong.

The next year, Miller decided to accept Rosset's offer. The story of the trial that ensued—or, rather, the trials, for there were at one point more than sixty cases pending throughout the United States—has been well told by E. R. Hutchison in "Tropic of Cancer on Trial," put out by the victorious Grove Press in the late sixties. Where the Lawrence trial proved that "Lady Chatterley" was not obscene, the Miller trials proved, to all serious intents and purposes, that nothing was. Neither "degraded" subject matter nor offensive language could bar a work of art from First Amendment protection; Charles Rembar, the lawyer who masterminded both the "Lady Chatterley" and the "Tropic of Cancer" defenses, called his book on the subject "The End of Obscenity." Although many stores and big chains, including Doubleday, Brentano's, and Scribner's, refused to carry "Tropic of Cancer," it was a best-seller in 1961—No. 6 for the year, right behind "The Carpetbaggers"—and it was joined before long by "Tropic of Capricorn."

For almost two decades, admirers of the freedoms in Miller's books and in his way of living had made the pilgrimage to his cabin at Big Sur: from Frieda Lawrence in the forties—a period when *Harper's Bazaar* trumpeted "The New Cult of Sex and Anarchy" in describing his refuge there—to the Beats in the fifties (Kerouac got drunk on the way and never arrived) to students and tourists in the early sixties, when the place became so overrun that he moved out and with his big new money bought a big new house in Pacific Palisades. A cycle had been completed. The sexual liberty, the dabblings in Eastern religion, the nonconformism and anti-materialism that Miller had quietly unpacked from his battered thirties baggage along with his astrology charts and his "I Ching" were now the property of a whole segment of the population. Miller became the hero of a culture that he had in some measure created (and didn't entirely approve of), and he became, rather suddenly, one of the best-known writers in America. In the summer of 1962, Anaïs Nin arrived at his new front door, after fifteen years, with a friendly proposal to make.

The landmark 1961 edition of "Tropic of Cancer" had included Nin's preface and, in a new introduction, by Karl Shapiro, a reference to "the journal of Anaïs Nin which has never been published," but which Miller "and other writers" swore to be "one of the masterpieces of the twentieth century." Miller was nothing if not loyal to his friends. In the uproar over his book these words had again aroused curiosity, but publication was still some distance away, and Nin now proposed to pave it with a selection of the letters he had sent her years before. Miller conceded all rights to her, and in 1965, the year that the two "Tropic"s and the trio he called "The Rosy Crucifixion"—"Sexus," "Plexus," and "Nexus"—held five spots on *Publisher's Weekly's* list of best-sellers, Putnam's brought out "Henry Miller Letters to Anaïs Nin," which, as she records, "caused a stir and brought reviews and letters." (This magazine was stirred to pronounce it "one of the silliest books of the year." *Time* wasn't stirred to anything at all, although not necessarily because of its "practice to assassinate Henry and to ignore me.") Finally, in the spring of 1966, the Swallow Press and Harcourt, Brace & World jointly published Volume One of "The Diary of Anaïs Nin," beginning with the Annus Milleris 1931 and representing, according to the introduction, about half of the material of her manuscript volumes thirty through forty, out of a total of a hundred and fifty volumes, or fifteen thousand pages of typewritten transcript—or, as would be specified later, in terms commingling Proustian largesse and Mozartian perfection, "thirty-five thousand hand-written pages with no erasures and almost no corrections."

She was sixty-three years old and "like a new woman, born with the publication of the diary." The old "neurotic plant," nipped and arranged just so was looking like a flower garden. She was vindicated, she was famous, and her days—there was a little less time for



SEPARATED AS CHILDREN, THE WILSON TWINS ARE UNEXPECTEDLY REUNITED AT A MIDTOWN RESTAURANT.
LEON! IS IT REALLY YOU? AND, INCIDENTALLY, WHAT'S GOOD TONIGHT?

recording them now—were filled with fan mail and television appearances and lectures. While a share of notices did make mention of "unadulterated narcissism" or "monumental gush," the book was, in large part, taken for what it presented itself to be: "a modern woman's journey of self-discovery." Its author was acclaimed in precisely the "feminine" terms she had set. Miller himself obligingly re-stated in print his original notion that "no woman has ever written in like manner" (although what readers of Nin's purified and self-sacrificing account made of his further comment "If she has no moral scruples, it is because she has arrived at a state of grace" remains a mystery).

In any case, with the publication of Volume Two, in 1967, Nin was able to boast that people were no longer seeing her as a mere extension of Miller but were interested in her for herself. By the time Volume Four appeared, she had become one of the most popular speakers on American campuses—in 1971, Nin gave commencement addresses at Reed and Bennington—and, in a turn of cultural events nearly as spectacular as the publication of "Tropic of Cancer" ten years before, she found herself called upon quite often by the devoted young women who made up her audience to denounce and repudiate the most vehemently reviled of oppressive male authors of the day: Henry Miller.

"WOMEN have not liked my books as you thought they would," Henry Miller said to Anaïs Nin back in 1936. "You were wrong in that." She wrote his words down, of course, along with her own comments: "It is true. Women do not like to be de-poeticized, naturalized, treated unromantically, as purely sexual objects. I thought they would, that they were tired of idealization. I thought I was." Her new lover had shown her otherwise. A year later, reading pages of what was to be "Tropic of Capricorn," she wrote Miller angrily, "Instead of investing each woman with a different face, you take pleasure in reducing all women to an aperture, to a biological sameness. That is not very interesting, I say, nor very much of an addition. It's a disease." Nin's letter to Miller was published in 1987, in a collection of their correspondence entitled "A Literate Passion"; but the protest had already been publicly mounted, to great effect, in Kate Millett's 1970 bombshell "Sexual Politics."

Among the writers whose work Millett analyzed for its misogyny, Miller took pride of place. Lawrence and Norman Mailer might be the grandfather and the son, but Miller was the reigning patriarch. The opening exhibit of "Sexual Politics" is a quotation from "Sexus," written in the early forties, in which the narrator pulls the imperious Ida Verlaine, in her silk robe and stockings, down into the bathtub with him, where she behaves "just like a bitch in heat, biting me all over, panting, gasping, wriggling like a worm on the hook," etc. Millett condemned the scene in terms of its "underlying issue of power," an issue which became more evident when she passed on to another episode, from "Black Spring," in which the same Ida Verlaine is beaten with a razor strop by her long-cuckolded husband; although the scene is anomalous in Miller's work, to Millett it seemed representative. In a chapter devoted to Miller's work, Millett concluded that, although he was "surely one of the major figures of American literature living today," Miller was guilty of "virulent sexism," and represented not sexual freedom but the puritanical guilt and disgust—with sex, and therefore with women—of his American origins. Miller's ideal woman was a whore, and the only biographical exception to his rule that "women are things," Millett wrote, was his respect for the work of Anaïs Nin.

It is true that women in Miller's novels are often ridiculous, as lost and gone in their sexual feelings, their endless trills of orgasm, as men are more conventionally shown to be. If anything, they have too good a time, and they have it too easily: our tireless hero need do little more than show up and unbutton. ("I was always a bad suitor. . . . I wanted *her* to make the advances. No danger of her becoming too bold!") Miller's women are big pink cartoons in a cartoon world. (Except when they are sublime and frightening and the doors to creation: when "cunt" becomes "womb." See Norman Mailer for the relationship between male awe and hostility.) They are as shameless in demanding their pleasures as his men, and they are not made to suffer for it—although the case of Ida Verlaine does form a peculiar, ugly exception. But then Ida is punished not for sex but for sexual treachery. And she is, moreover, a clear portrait of the woman who, for Miller, exemplified the crime: none other than Anaïs Nin.

Even the name is perfect, and Ida Verlaine was, Miller writes, "just exactly the way her name sounded—pretty, vain, theatrical, faithless, spoiled, pampered, petted. Beautiful as a Dresden doll, only she had raven tresses and a Javanese slant to her soul. If she had a soul at all! Lived entirely in the body, in her senses, her desires—and she directed the show, the body show, with her tyrannical little will which poor Woodruff [read "Hugh Guiler"] translated as some monumental force of character." Miller's sense of guilt over Hugh Guiler, and his anger at what Nin recorded as "the amorality of women, of all women, of women like myself" didn't prevent him from sleeping in Guiler's bed, or from taking his money. His moral qualms merely gave him dreams of "H. giving A. a harmless little crack"—which he "rather enjoyed"—and led to the more elaborate fantasy of Nin's comeuppance in "Black Spring," the only book he dedicated to her.

But in his work Miller *was* a moralist, even if by negation rather than by example—deliberately raw and indignant, in the tradition of Swift or of his own hero, Luis Buñuel. Millett wasn't wrong in seeing him as a disgruntled puritan; the grounds of her attack are not far different from the grounds of Norman Mailer's defense of Miller in "A Prisoner of Sex" and "Genius and Lust." Miller's two most recent biographers also agree, and have gone even further in repairing his image. Mary V. Dearborn's "The Happiest Man Alive" and Robert Ferguson's "Henry Miller: A Life," both intelligent and highly individual books, have been used as sources for some of the incidents described herein. While the authors differ widely in emphasis and detail, they arrive at a nearly identical conclusion: that Henry Miller was, under it all, "a true romantic," in Dearborn's words, and possessed of (is it only twenty-three years since Millett?) "a chivalric nature."

REALITY DEMANDS

Reality demands
that we also mention this:
Life goes on.
It continues at Cannae and Borodino,
at Kosovo Polje and Guernica.

There's a gas station
on a little square in Jericho,
and wet paint
on park benches in Bílá Hora.
Letters fly back and forth
between Pearl Harbor and Hastings,
a moving van passes
beneath the eye of the lion at Chaeronea,
and the blooming orchards near Verdun
cannot escape
the approaching atmospheric front.

There is so much Everything
that Nothing is hidden quite nicely.
Music pours
from the yachts moored at Actium,
and couples dance on their sunlit decks.

So much is always going on
that it must be going on all over.
Where not a stone still stands,
you see the Good Humor man
besieged by kids.
Where Hiroshima was,
Hiroshima is again,
producing many products
for everyday use.

IN her appearances on the college circuit—she gave fifty-six lectures between September, 1972, and May, 1973—Nin tried not to speak directly about Miller, and deflected questions with the general statement that she didn't believe in "waging war on men." Women should concentrate instead on their own achievements, she counselled, and on learning "to seduce, to attract their men into working for their liberation." Standing at the lectern in a flowing dress, her face a powdered mask, her voice a whisper, Nin embodied the notion, either archaic or revolutionary, depending on how old you were and where you'd been living, that femininity was not a matter of disposable social conditioning but—as she'd written in support of Lawrence forty years before—a valuable and unchangeable essence. And it was an essence clearly compatible, as she presented it, with a free and adventurous life, made up of famous friends and beautiful clothes and love affairs, and of the uncompromising work of an artist. Volume One of the "Diary" records that the ravishing but loveless Countess Lucie, "who appears all the time in the pages of *Vogue*," had sought out our heroine to ask the secret by which "you have conquered life." Nin's reply was the same one she gave to her audience: "I live out my dreams."

Any woman who thought and wrote as Nin did could not be without detractors, even within a generation befogged by incense and marijuana and Kahlil Gibran. One of the chief joys of the Nin era was the parodies she inspired, like the Columbia Forum's 1974 "Diary of Bananas Ninny," by Susan Previant Lee and Leonard Ross, which opens in 47 B.C. ("My togas are known throughout the Empire") and moves with due speed to Paris, 1793 ("The blade mirrors my constant restlessness. . . . Equality bores me, as do fraternity, monarchy anarchy"), and onward. In 1970, Gore Vidal, whose infatuation with Nin was

This terrifying world is not devoid of charms,
of the mornings
that make waking up worthwhile.
The grass is green
on Maciejowice's fields,
and studded with dew,
as is usually the case with grass.

Perhaps all fields are battlefields,
all grounds are battlegrounds,
those we remember
and those that are forgotten:
the birch, cedar, and fir forests, the white snows,
the yellow sands, gray gravel, the iridescent swamps,
the canyons of black defeat,
where, in times of crisis,
you can cower under a bush.

What moral flows from this? Probably none.
Only the blood flows, drying quickly,
and, as always, a few rivers, a few clouds.

On tragic mountain passes
the wind rips hats from unwitting heads,
and we can't help
laughing at that.

—WISLAWA SZYMBORSKA

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Stanislaw Baranczak and Clare Cavanagh.*)

short-lived, wrote a novel, called "Two Sisters," that features the breast-flashing Marietta Donegal, a writer "unique in all but talent" who favors the adjective "ensorcelled" and who is engaged on a century-spanning autobiography; Marietta's primary characteristic is "a hair-raising desire to be noticed at any cost."

Nin never forgave Vidal—St. Teresa would have found it hard to forgive Vidal—and her last published volume contains a copy of a letter to him in hich she demands to know, "for recording in the Diary," why he had spattered her "with his venom." ("For recording in the Diary" became a phrase of vast new power for her in her later years, estoring the diary to the effective status of the long-ago seductions.) She also had her differences with those who took her message seriously enough to call it harmful—women she called "revolutionries, the kind which guillotined anyone with clean nails"—and was sufficiently strong in her position to give notice to such a "radical" contingent in another letter, also published in her final volume: "I will no longer accept criticism. And I feel it is not clever of the political women to alienate me . . . because I have a great influence on women who do not respond to *them.*"

All that she left out of her image was the prop that supported the whole façade: her husband and his income, which had bought the house and the clothes and a number of the men, and had made it possible for her to live the life of the independent *artiste.* Of all this she said nothing. In fact, for a woman famous for retailing her life in the world's most extensive diary, remarkably little was known about her. Vidal, reviewing her Volume Four, in which he makes his own handsome appearance, seems to have believed that back in the forties, when he'd known her well, she was already living with a second rich husband. (This was, in fact, Hugh Guiler. Vidal relates his shock at having been told by Nin one day that he should allow her husband to pay for dinner, "because he was not a poor artist, as they had pretended, but a banker.") Kathryn Winslow, in her Miller book, writes that by the early nineteen-sixties Nin had divorced Guiler and was living in California with a new husband, Rupert Pole—a young man she'd fallen in love with years before. Nin was indeed living in California with Pole, and he eventually became the executor of her estate, but she was married to Hugh Guiler all along.

In 1977, the year that Anaïs Nin died, of uterine cancer, at the age of seventy-three, Hugh Guiler (as Ian Hugo) made a nine-minute film called "Luminescence," which his program notes describe as the story of "a fragmented woman" who "returns to the waters of her birth." Two years afterward, he completed another film, which featured a Balinese dancer, laser photography, and images of Anaïs Nin; he called it "Reborn."

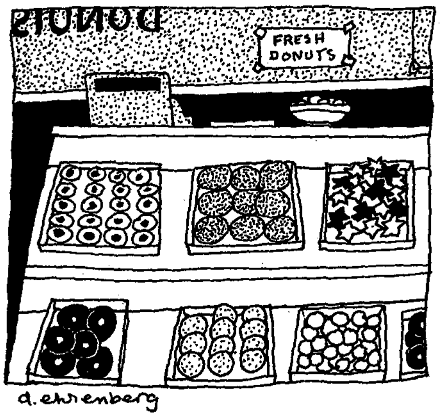
NIN did not live to see the publication of her first best-seller. She saw the galleys, though, and approved the dust jacket, on which a twenties photograph of a woman toying with her garter was printed on brown paper, to evoke the heady days of sex books smuggled in from Paris. "Delta of Venus" was made up of fifteen of the stories that she had written for a dollar a page, for an anonymous client, back in the forties; "Little Birds," published two years later, in 1979, added thirteen more. Nin wrote in a preface to the earlier collection that she had been reluctant at first to have this material made public, out of concern that she had derived her style from male pornography—the only model generally available—and had therefore "compromised my feminine self." But on rereading the stories she recognized her intuitive use of "a woman's language" and "a woman's point of view," and changed her mind. These books made Nin famous all over again, and established her reputation as the fairy godmother of the new literary domain of women's erotica—the Frida Kahlo of sex.

One wonders whether Nin's publisher recognized the irony of affixing the standard disclaimer "This book is a work of fiction," with no "resemblance to actual events," to two volumes that so clearly repeat and rework the contents of the diary. Here are the "violently sensual" Elena, with a "face from another world," reading "Lady Chatterley's Lover" on the train and learning that "this was the nature of her hunger"; and Rango, "an American writer, whose work was so violent and sensual that it attracted women to him immediately." In the writing itself there are in fact improvements. The client's instructions to "leave out the poetry" may have been the best editing advice Nin ever got: there is a minimum of the "Chance is the fool's name for fate" dialogue that marks the novels and the diary. (True, someone does tell Elena, "You draw me into the marvelous. Your smile keeps a mesmeric flow.") But what one notices, reading these stories from beginning to end, is that far from manifesting a new female freedom, or a "joyous display of the erotic imagination," as a cover quote promises, they are, in disconcerting proportion, tales of harrowing female frustration.

That Nin's notion of pornography should be school-of-Lawrence is hardly surprising—"she kneeled and prayed to this strange phallus which demanded only admiration," etc.—but there is nothing Lawrentian about the way the men in these stories, frequently "passive" or "wilted" or "frightened," or offended by a woman's forwardness, leave the women "unsatisfied," with "desire unanswered," or even choosing "the course of pretense." All the last-minute happily-ever-after "submissions" are no match for the pages of sexual suffering and humiliation these women undergo. Is the distinguishing characteristic of the "feminine" point of view a sense of sexual deprivation? In the part of the diary published as "Henry & June" Nin reports that Miller startled her, early in their relationship, by telling her, "Your sensuality doesn't convince me." Dr. Allendy at one point accuses her of being frigid, prompting admissions about failures with Henry and about only "occasionally" having an orgasm with Hugo; from Henry himself she conceals "the fact that I rarely get ultimate sexual satisfaction" despite her pleasures with him, and she writes in "Incest" that after "lovemaking" with her father "I did look transfigured, although I had felt nothing." Perhaps she worked it all out, and, in any case, one doesn't wish to pry—one didn't wish ever to know *any* of this—but, like the invisibility of the financial support, it does tend to call elements of the myth into question. In a story in "Little Birds" called "Mandra," a woman in analysis discovers "that she has never known a real orgasm, at thirty-four, after a sexual life that only an expert accountant could keep track of." As a solution, she tries "to awaken by falling into bed with anyone who invites her." Nin's comment, as narrator: "She deceives everybody, including herself."

In 1973, Nin blushingly reported that on a visit to her publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, the salesmen applauded when she entered the room. Small wonder. Today, what with the original "Diary," the "Early Diary," the erotica, and the new, unexpurgated volumes—the "Journal of Love" is being drawn from material made available after Hugh Guiler's death, in 1985—Niniana has become a veritable industry. In an age in which women have so little time to record their own daily lives, Nin's publisher provides a steady supply of what Oscar Wilde's Gwendolen—who, like Nin, never travelled without her diary—called "something sensational to read in the train."

Having passed through barrier after barrier, Anaïs Nin has finally, with the publication of "Incest," passed beyond even parody, although the reader cannot entirely reject the suspicion that this is Gore Vidal's latest and funniest *coup de plume*. The new volume includes twelve "ensorcelled"s or "ensorcellment"s—after three appear in the first pages, one can't help keeping track—and, more broadly, a multitude of passages such as the following, in which Nin seems to be contemplating a globe: "When the earth turns, my legs open to the lava outpouring and my brain freezes in the arctic—or vice versa—but I must turn, and my legs will always open, even in the region of the midnight sun, for I do not wait for the night—I cannot wait for the night—I do not want to miss a single rhythm of its course, a single beat of its rhythm." Here and there, passages like this are marked by a note: "I place this immediately in my book."



It does not seem possible that the people who have ushered these free-floating nebulae into print have read the result. One may accept the writing at this point as a given, differing from Nin's other work in concentration rather than in type, and concede that it is not a matter of great importance whether she swallowed semen for the first time in 1932, as she mentions in "Henry & June," or in 1934, as she says here. But it certainly does matter to Otto Rank's reputation—if to nothing else—that the preface, by Rupert Pole, of the Anaïs Nin Trust (and the publisher's publicity announcements derived therefrom), claims that it was under Rank's professional guidance that Nin set out to seduce her father, when by her own account, printed between the same covers, she began the incestuous affair in June, 1933, and saw Rank for the first time the following November with the stated plan of receiving "absolution for my passion for my Father."

Incest and abortion, the big revelations of the new volume, have been a matter of supposition for a long time. Mary V. Dearborn, listing men who *might* have been suspected of fathering Nin's stillborn child—Guiler, Miller, Rank, her cousin Eduardo Sánchez—includes "even, it was rumored, her own father," and adds that Nin herself encouraged the rumor. Robert Ferguson suggests that Nin took "steps to ensure that the child was born dead." Althoug Nin, who never had children, referred to her "stillbirth" as late as 1971 in responding to questions about motherhood, in 1972 she was one of fifty-three "respected women residents in the United States" to start off a *Ms.* petition demanding national abortion reform which was printed under the genera heading "We Have Had Abortions."

Still, this abortion is shocking to read about. The story that Nin made of it, the celebrated "Birth," begins with the line "'The child,' said the doctor, 'is dead,'" and goes on for its five brief pages to describe the agony of a woman stretched on a table, six months pregnant, too weak to push the child from her body, and too tender of spirit to be fully willing to push it out, "even though it had died in me" and "even though it threatened my life." In the end, she insists on seeing the baby—it is a girl, and the nurses want to hide it from her—and finds it, in her concluding line, "perfectly made, and all glistening with the waters of the womb."

The story was drawn from Nin's diary, and reappeared in elaborated but not substantially altered form as the climax of her Volume One, published in 1966, not long after Sylvia Plath's "The Bell Jar" set a new precedent for excruciating birth scenes. Among the elaborations were a doctor's warning that Nin would require a cesarean, and brooding paragraphs on the order of "There are too many men without hope and faith in the world. Too much work to do, too many to serve and care for. Already I have more than I can bear." There is the same well-evoked pain as in the story, the same noble insistence on seeing the child, the same wistful admiration—'Regrets, long dreams of what this little girl might have been"—and then resignation to the fact that "Nature connived to keep me a man's woman, and not a mother; not a mother to children but to men." For a coda Nin offered a religious epiphany, in which, the next morning, 'God penetrated my whole body," giving her to know that "everything I had done was right." The entire "birth" episode gave a weight of seriousness to the first published volume of the "Diary," and was partly accountable for that volume's being read in terms of female courage, and in terms of Nin's own rhetoric of the artist giving birth to herself: "I was born. I was born woman. . . . This joy which I found in the love of man, in creation, was completed by communion with God."

There were many clues in this account to what really happened, but they were easily ignored in the light of Nin's insistent claim to truth (which only underscored the commonsense presumption that, as Henry Miller put it: "To lie in a diary is the height of absurdity. One would have to be really insane to do that"). In the last volume that Nin published she was still claiming, "I have not changed anything in the Diary, only omitted." "Incest," then, gives us what was omitted, beginning with the author's absolute clarity of purpose, from the moment of the discovery of her pregnancy, in May, 1934: "I know it is Henry's child, not Hugh's, and I must destroy it." Instead of a doctor there are treatments by the "sage-femme," or abortionist, but in early June she has "not yet ejected the unwanted child." The affair with Rank then takes over—"I feel that I am like a St. Theresa of love"—and the pregnancy is not mentioned again until mid-August, when she reports taking quinine "to rush the delivery of the Easter egg."

When this also fails to work, Nin finally sees a doctor, who finds the child "six months old, and alive and normal," and says that an operation will be necessary. The actual procedure is reported just as before, and culminates in the same brave outcry: "Show me the child!" But this new version includes more of what she sees: "It was like a doll, or an old miniature Indian. About one foot long. Skin on bones. No flesh. But completely formed," and yet also "almost nonhuman, not mental looking, a little bit monstrous." The convolution of lies and editing and reëditing is hard to sort out, and here, still, are the luxuriantly sentimental phrases—"regrets, long dreams of what this little girl might have been," and "the simple human flowering denied to me because of the dream, again, the sacrifice to other forms of creation." This abortion was a sacrifice made to art, and to insure "my destiny as the mistress, my life as a woman."

Sure enough, her bedside is soon thronged: with Hugh, Henry, Eduardo, and Rank, all of them "amazed by my appearance. The morning after the birth: pure complexion, luminous skin, shining eyes. Henry was overwhelmed. He was

McENROE
McDARBY
McTAVISH
McNULTY

"Have a nice Administration!"

• •

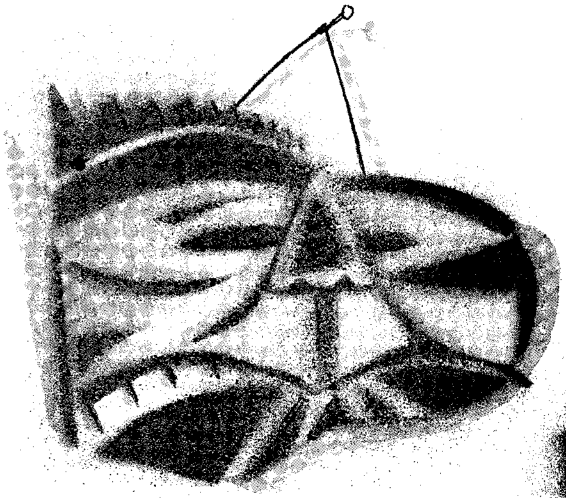
awed. . . . Eduardo brought me an orchid. The little nurse from the Midi left all her other patients waiting to comb my hair lovingly. All the nurses kissed and fondled me. I was bathing in love." Even God follows suit, in a demonstration worthy of that given, indeed, to St. Teresa, composed of light and ecstasy and penetration, and offering the joyous confirmation, here again, that "everything I had done was right."

This is a horrifying scene, if not in the way that Nin intended, and is perhaps, even now, a dangerous one. In a review of "Incest" published in the Sunday *Times* Katha Pollitt wrote that the problem with Nin's abortion story was that she had not disclosed the truth years ago, at the time of the diary's original publication, when "it would have done some good for a well-known older woman to have gone public about her abortion." Is it imaginable that so brutal and frivolously self-serving an account could have contributed to the argument for abortion rights? The "stillbirth" of Volume One appeared in 1966, a year before this country's first state legislatures voted to relax nineteenth-century restrictions on abortion. In this instance, rewriting her history was probably Nin's best deed for the feminist cause, and her most important lie. For, even in an age of hard-won and vulnerable freedoms, the truth we are offered now is recognizably obscene.

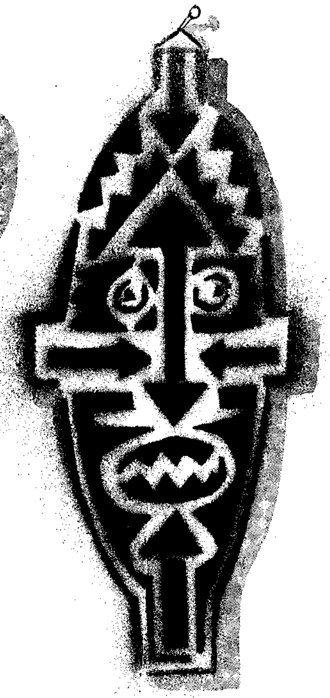
While the fully revealed dramaturgy of the event tells us nothing essentially new about Anaïs Nin, it does refocus a career of trivial wickedness and familiar vice into something larger. Of course, there is no moral overview. Nin had made herself into a character rather than an author; that is perhaps what is implied when she is so often described as "self-invented"—a Madame Bovary sitting down with a pen and the notion "Flaubert, *c'est moi.*" But this is the most powerful, the most resounding scene she ever wrote, precisely because of the limits of her vision, and the terrible palpability of a world where, as she put it in a moment of rare, grim honesty, "the only distinct personage is one's self." For the reader able to escape the solitary confinement of these endless pages through the mere act of closing a book—such a simple deliverance—relief is dulled only by a shuddering pity for the woman who lived all her days trapped inside. ♦

MASKS OF THE URBAN JUNGLE

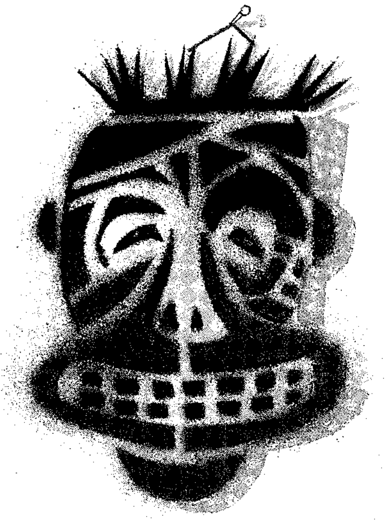
BY PETER KUPER



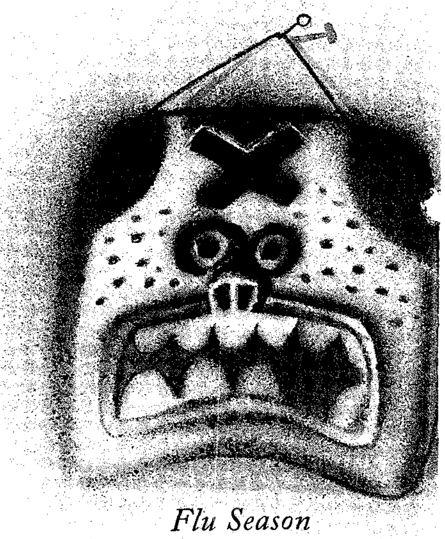
Bad Gyro Sandwich



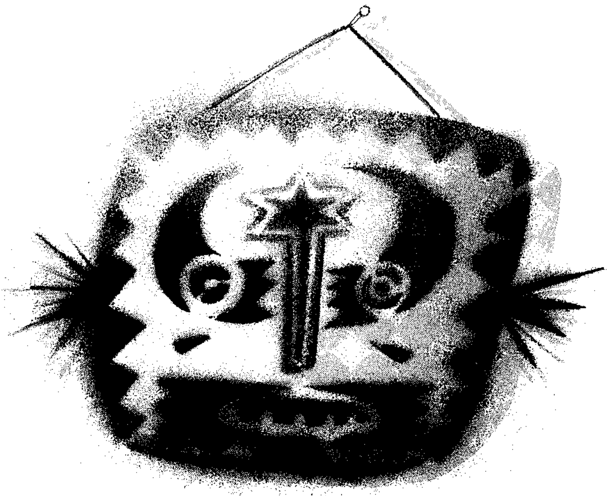
Parking-Space Hunt



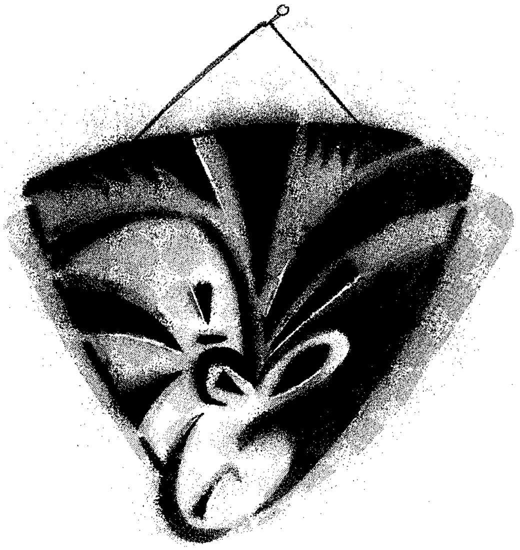
T.G.I.F.



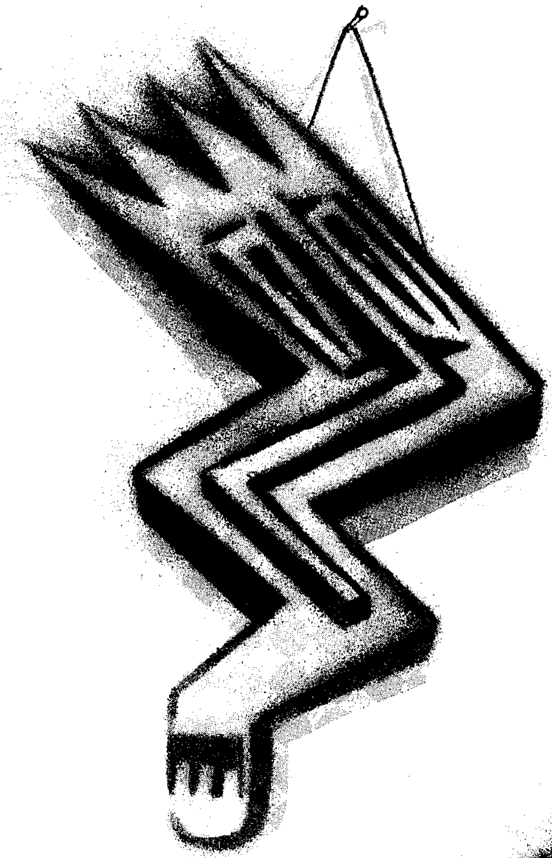
Flu Season



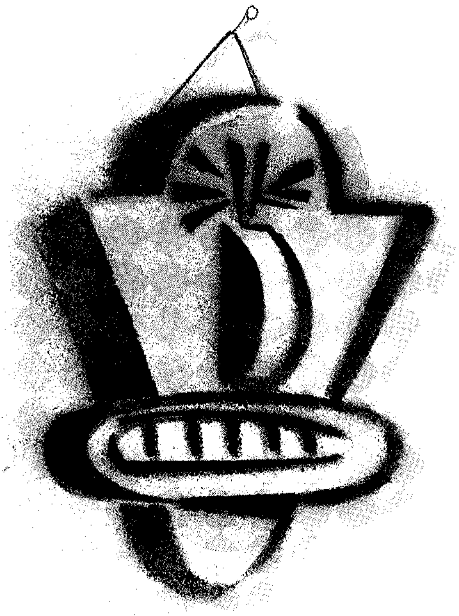
Incessant Car Alarm



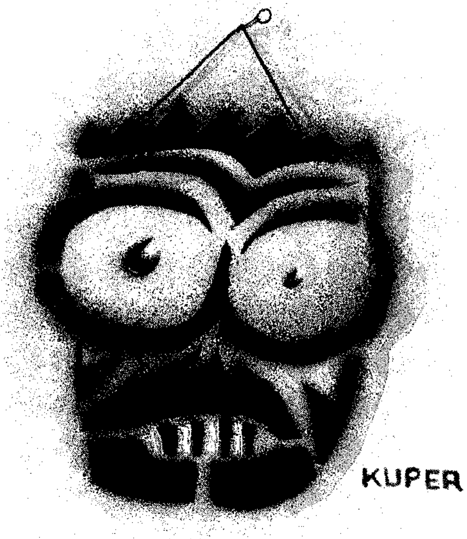
Unidentified Odor



Crazed Cab Ride



Lame Poetry Reading



Too Much Coffee

PERSONAL HISTORY

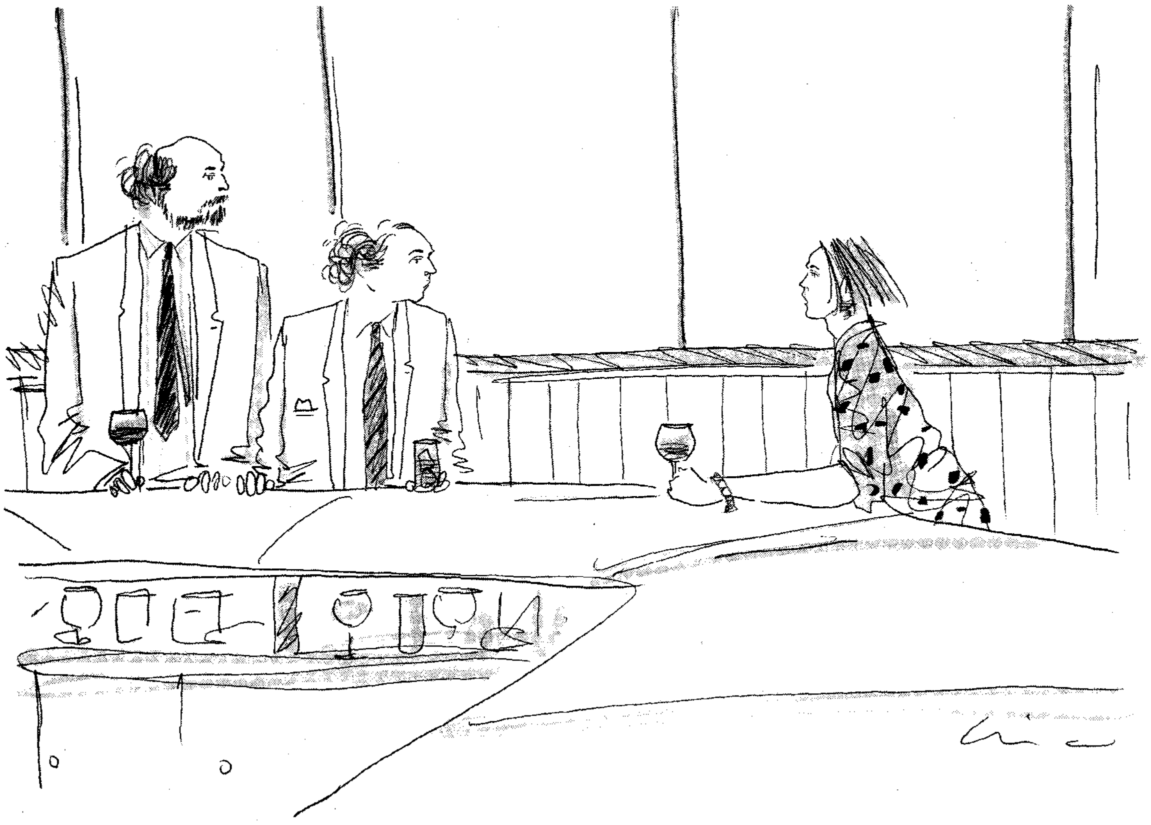
READING ALOUD

BY NICHOLSON BAKER

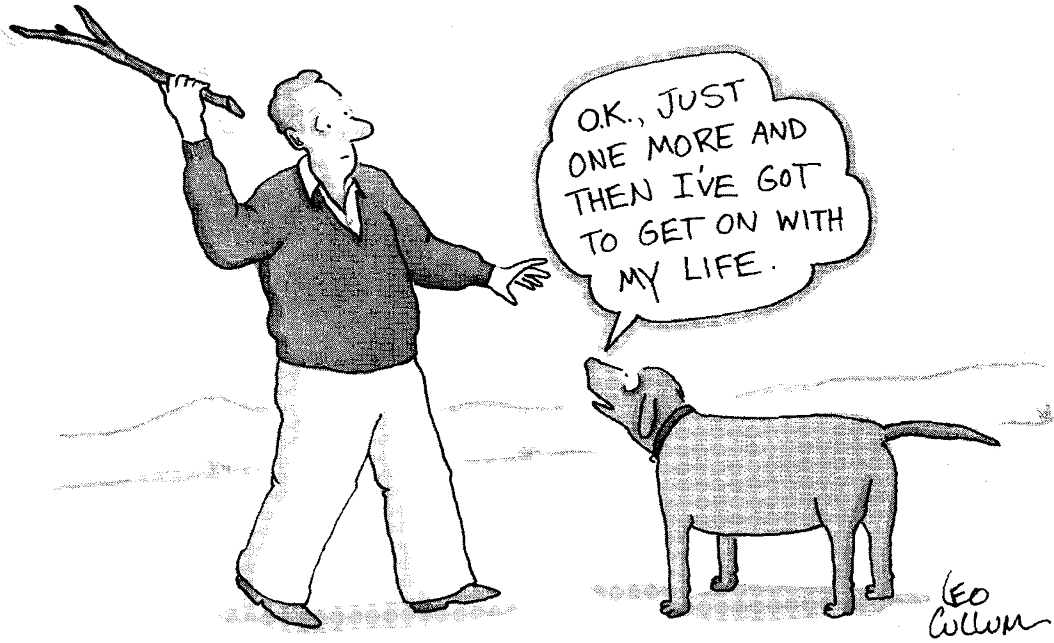
A FEW years ago I did my first reading. It was at the Edinburgh Festival in Scotland, under a tent. Several others read, too; we all sat on independent sections of a biomorphic orange modular couch, our heads bowed as we listened, or half-listened, to each other. Eventually my turn came, and the words that I had written in silence (an earplug-enhanced silence, in fact, that amplified the fleeting Chiclety contact of upper and lower incisors, and made audible the inner squirt of an eyeball when I rubbed it roughly, and called to my attention the muffled roar of eyelid muscles when my eyes were squeezed shut in an effort to see, using the infra-red of prose, whatever it was that I most wanted at that moment to describe), these formerly silent words unfolded themselves like lawn chairs in my mouth and emerged one by one wearing large Siberian hats of consonants and long erminous vowels and landed softly, without visible damage, here and there in the audience, and I thought, Gosh, I'm reading aloud, from Chapter Seven!

Things went pretty well until I got to a place near the middle of the last paragraph, where I began to feel that I was going to cry. I wouldn't have minded crying, or at least pausing to swallow down a discreet silent sob, if what I'd been reading had been in any obvious way sad. When people on TV documentaries tell their stories, and they come to the part where the tragedy happens and they have to say over again what, in silent form, they adjusted to years earlier, and they choke up, that's fine, they should choke up. And I've heard writers read autobiographical accounts of painful childhood events and quaver a little here and there—that's perfectly justifiable, even desirable. But the sentence that was giving *me* difficulty was a description of a woman enclosing a breakfast muffin in bakery tissue, placing it in a small bag, and sprinkling it with coffee stirrers and sugar packets and pre-portioned pats of butter. Where was the pathos? And yet by the time I delivered the words "plastic stirrers" to the audience, I was in serious trouble, and I noticed a listening head o two look up with sudden curiosity: Hah, this is interesting, this American is going to weep openly and copiously for us now.

Why that sentence, though? Why did that image of a succession of small white shapes, more stirrers and sugar packets and butter pats than I needed, and in that sense ceremonial and semi-decorative rather than functional, falling, falling over my terrestrial breakfast, grab at my grief-lapels? There were a number of reasons. In college I had once competed for a prize in what was called the "Articulation of the English Language," for which the contestants had to read aloud from set passages of Milton and Joyce and others. I got t the auditorium late, having bicycled there whil drinking proudly from shot bottle of Smirnof vodka that I'd bough on an airplane, and as planned, I read th Milton in a boomin fake English accent an read the Joyce excerpt—which was the last paragraph of "The Dead"—first in a broad ba Southern accent, then i a Puerto Rican accent and then in the Southern accent again, and my surprise I'd foun that the Joyce sudden seemed, in my amateu TV-actor drawl, extremely moving, so tha the last phrase, about th flakes "faintly falling.. upon all the living an the dead," were tragi enough to make it un



"Help! A bimbo is inhabiting my body!"


O.K., JUST ONE MORE AND THEN I'VE GOT TO GET ON WITH MY LIFE.

clear whether my rhetorical tremor was genuine or not—and my voice box may have remembered this boozy Joycean precipitation from college as I read aloud from my own sugar-packet snowfall.

Also, a version of the chapter I was reading in Edinburgh had appeared in this magazine, and I'd had a slight disagreement, a friendly disagreement, with a fact checker over the phrase "tissue-protected muffin." She'd held that the word "tissue" implied something like Kleenex, and that it should be a "paper-wrapped muffin," and I'd said I didn't think so. On the way home from work the next day I'd stopped in a bakery and spotted a blue box of the little squares in question and I'd seen the words "bakery tissue" in capital letters on the side; and, exulting, I'd called the manager of the store over, a Greek man who barely spoke English, and offered to buy the entire box, which he sold me for nine dollars, and I called my editor the next day and said, "It's tissue, it is tissue," and as a compromise it became in their version a "tissue-wrapped muffin"—but now, reading it aloud in Scotland, I could turn it into a "tissue-protected muffin" all over again; right or wrong, I was able in the end to shield the original wordless memory from alien breakfast guests with this fragile shroud of my own preferred words. It had turned out all right in the end. And that might have been enough to make me cry.

But it wasn't just that. It was also that this tiny piece of a paragraph had never been one that I'd thought of proudly when I thought over my book after it was published. I'd forgotten it, after writing it down, and now that my orating tongue forced me to pay attention to t I was amazed and moved that it had hung in there for all those months, in fact years, unrewarded but unimpaired, holding its small visual charge without any further encouragement from me, and, like the deaf and dumb kid in rags who, though reviled by the other children, ends up saving his village from some catastrophe, it had become the tearjerker moment that would force me, out of pity for its very unmemorableness, to dissolve in grief right in the midst of all my intended ironies. That was a big part of it.

Contrition, too. Contrition made its contribution to the brimming bowl—for these Edinburgh audience members didn't know how much pure mean-spirited contempt I had felt back in my rejection-letter days for writers who "gave readings," how self-congratulatorily neo-primitivist I'd thought it was to repudiate the divine economy of the published page and to require people to gather to hear a reticent man or woman reiterate what had long since been set in type. Ideally, I'd felt, the republic of letters was inhabited by solitary readers in bed with their Itty Bitty Book Lights glowing over their privately owned and operated pages, like the ornate personal lamps that covertly illuminate every music stand in opera pits while the crudest sort of public melodrama rages in heavy makeup overhead. There was something a bit too Pre-Raphaelite about the regression to an audience—I thought of those reaction shots in early Spielberg movies, of family members gazing with softly awestruck faces at the pale-green glow of the beneficent U.F.O. while John Williams flogged yet more Strauss from his string section. And there were the suspect intonation patterns, the I'm-reading-aloud patterns—especially at poetry readings, where talented and untalented alike, understandably wishing in the absence of rhyme to give an audible analogue for the ragged right and left margins in their typed or printed original, resorted to syllable-punching rhythms and studiously unresolved final cadences adapted from Dylan Thomas and Wallace Stevens, overlaid with Walter Cronkite and John Fitzgerald Kennedy. These handy tonal templates could make anything lyrical:

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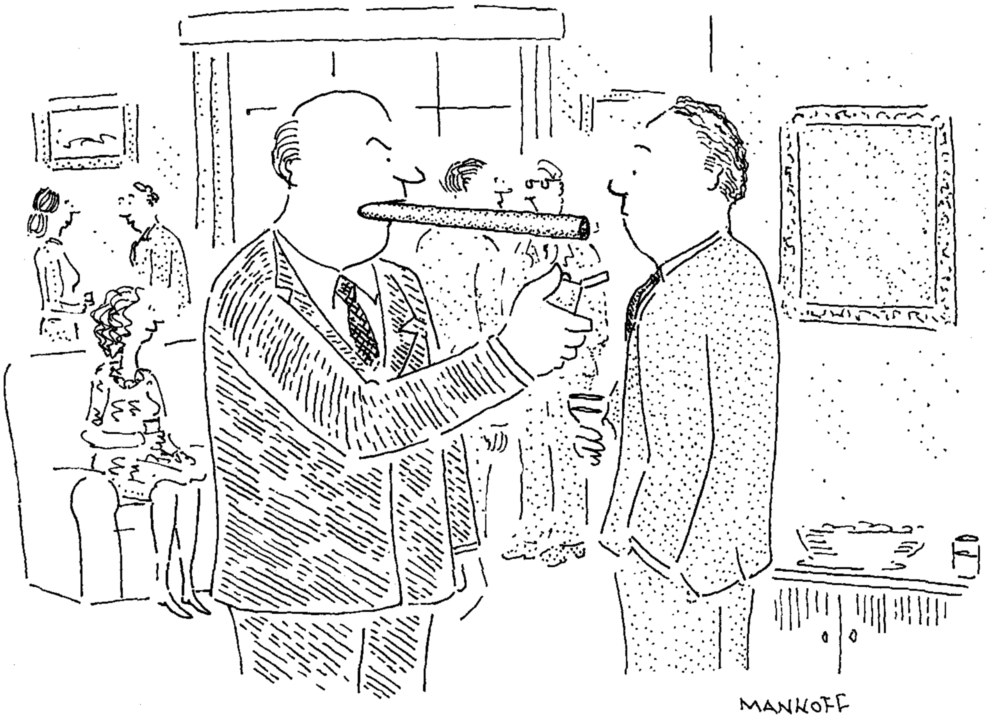
And yet, despite all this sort of easy, Glenn-Gouldy contempt in my background, there I was physically in Edinburgh, under that tent, among strangers, finishing up my own first reading, and, far from feeling dismissive and contemptuous before my turn came, I'd been simply and sincerely nervous, exceedingly nervous, and now I was almost finished, and I hadn't done anything too humiliating, and the audience had innocently listened, unaware of my prior disapproval, and they had even tolerantly laughed once or twice—and all this was too much: I was like a crippled unbeliever wheeled in and made



"Mind if I smoke?"

• •

whole with a sudden palm blow to the forehead by a preaching charlatan. I'm reading aloud! I'm reading aloud! I was saying, my face streaming with tears—I was cripple and charlatan simultaneously. Evidently I was going to cry, out of pure gratitude to myself for having gotten almost to the end without crying.

And then, as the unthinkable almost happened, and the narcissus bulb in the throat very nearly blossomed, I recognized that if I did break down now, the intensity of my feeling, in this supposedly comic context, would leave the charitable listeners puzzled about my over-all mental well-being. At the very least I would be thought of as someone "going through a stressful time," and it would be this diagnosis they would take home with them, rather than any particular fragment from what I'd read that they liked, and whenever I tried to write something light 'n' lively thereafter I would remember my moment of shame on the orange couch and to counteract it I'd have to invent something bleak and brooding and wholly out of character. I couldn't let it happen; I couldn't let reading aloud distort my future output. I started whispering urgent ringside counsel to myself: "Come on, you sack of shit. If you cry people will assume you're being moved to tears by your own eloquence, and how do you think that will go over?" That was frightening enough, finally, to stabilize the nutation in my Adam's apple, and I just barely got through to the last word.

Since that afternoon in 1989, I've read aloud from my writing a number of times, and each time I've been a little more in control, less of a walking cripple, more of a charlatan. I've reacquainted myself with my larynx. When I was fourteen I used to feel it each morning at the kitchen table, before I had any cereal. It was *large.* How could my throat have been retrofitted with this massive service elevator? And what was I going to say with it? What sort of payloads was it fated to carry? First thing in the morning I could sing, in a fairly convincing baritone, the alto-sax solo from "Pictures at an Exhibition"—and as I went for a low note there was a unique physical pleasure, not to be had later in the day, when the two thick slack vocal cords dropped and closed on a shovelful of sonic peat moss. Sometimes as I sang low, or swung low, it felt as if I were a character actor in a coffee commercial, carelessly scooping glossy beans from deep in a burlap bag and pouring them into a battered scale—the deeper the note I tried to scoop up, the bigger and glossier the beans, until finally I was way down in fava territory. I was Charles Kuralt, I was Tony the Tiger, I was Lloyd Bridges, I was James Earl Jones—I too had a larynx the size of a picnic basket, I felt, and when you heard my voice you wouldn't even know it was sound, it would be so vibrantly low: you'd think instead that your wheels had strayed over the wake-up rumble strips on the shoulder of a freeway. Just above the mobile prow of the Adam's apple, just above where there should properly be a hood ornament, was a softer place that became more noticeable to the finger the lower you spoke or sang, and it was directly into this vulnerable opening, this chink in the armor of one's virility, that I imagined d.j.s secretly injecting themselves with syringes full of male hormones and small-engine oil, so that they could say "traffic and weather together" with the proper sort of sawtooth bite.

And though my own voice has proved to be—despite my high secondary-sexual expections, and even though I was pretty tall and tall people often have voice boxes to match—not quite the pebbly, three-dimensional mood-machine I'd counted on, I do occasionally now like reading aloud what I've written. I get back a little of the adolescent early-morning feeling as I brachiate my way high into the upper canopy of a sentence, tightening the pitch muscles, climbing up, and then dropping on a single word, with that Doppler-effect plunge of sound, so the argument can live out its closing seconds at sea level. I feel all this going on, even if it isn't audible to anyone else. And sometimes I know that my voice, imperfect medium though it may be, is making what I've written seem for the moment better than it is, and I like playing with this dangerous intonational power and even letting listeners know that I'm playing with it. It's not called an Adam's apple for nothing: that relic of temptation, that articulated chunk of upward mobility, that ever-ready dial tone in the throat, whether or not it successfully leads others astray, ends by thoroughly seducing oneself. ♦

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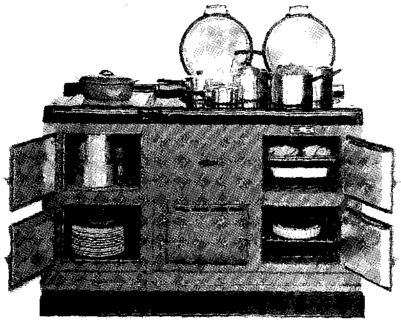

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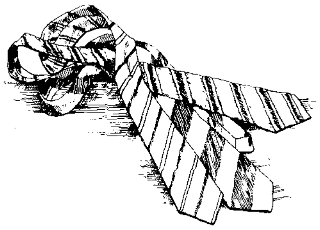

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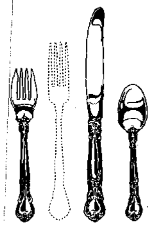

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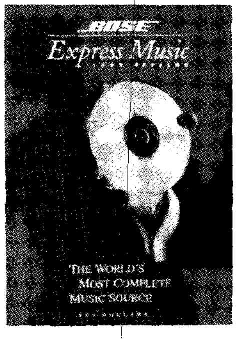

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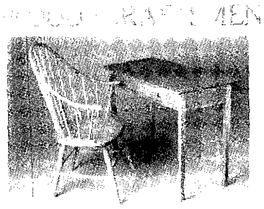

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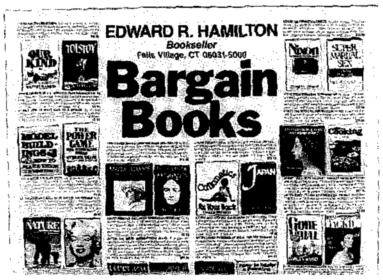

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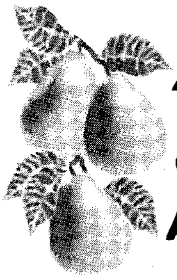

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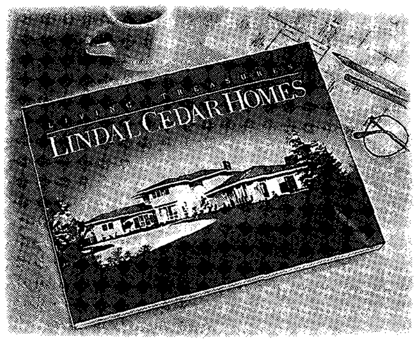

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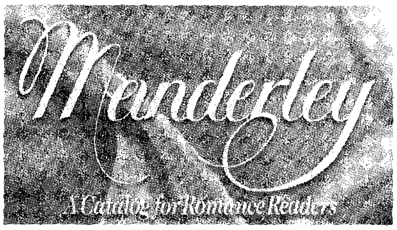
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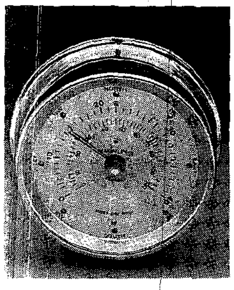

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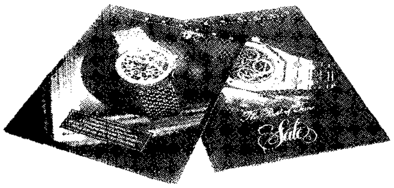

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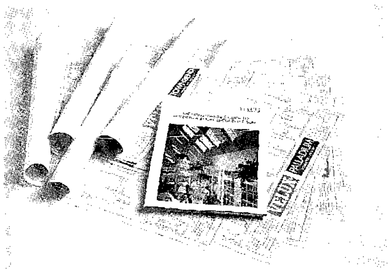

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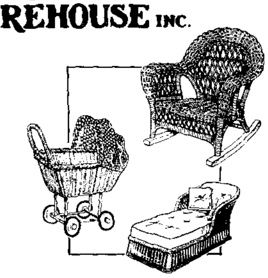

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THE CRITICS

MUSICAL EVENTS

THE SEARCH FOR THE NEW

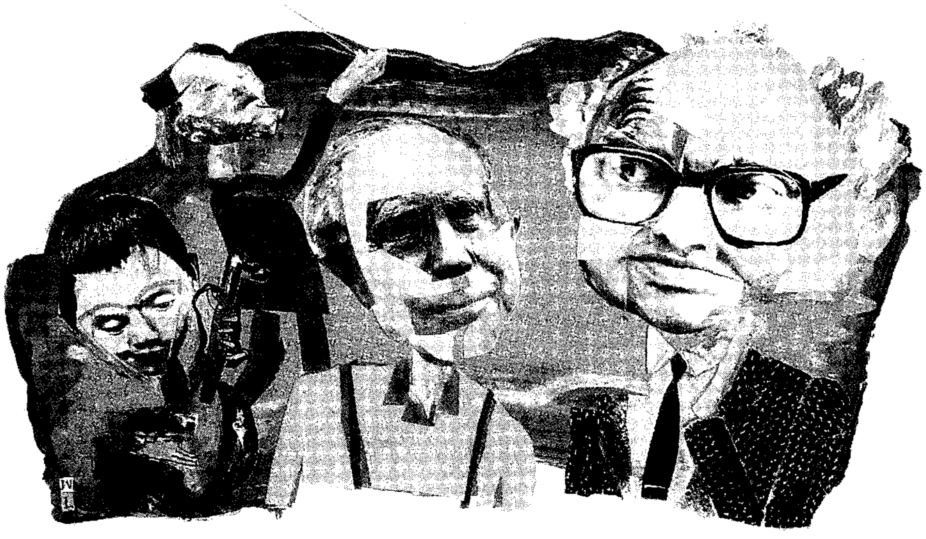
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

MILTON BABBITT, addressing the audience at a New Music Consort evening at the Maniattan School a month or so ago, spoke eelingly of our "parlous musical times," nd, indeed, these do seem difficult days, idged by the quantity and temperature f the new music going on in the city his season. But there are exceptions. hose of us listening to Mr. Babbitt's rords and sounds were simultaneously iissing one of six programs of recent Euopean music in this year's Focus! festival t the Juilliard. A couple of days before, ie Cleveland Quartet had introduced a ew piece by Libby Larsen—"Quartet: choenberg, Schenker and Schillinger," smart set of imaginary collaboraons with three of the century's most owerful musical ghosts. A few days ter, the Brooklyn hilharmonic gave Berio concert. nd, but for the ee-lance musians' strike, there ould have been, ithin the same ek, an Amerin Composers Oriestra afternoon cluding pieces Leon Kirchner id Ge Gan-Ru. If ily it were alays like this.

The New Mu- Consort's proam was a meetg of sages, with Mr. Babbitt joined on the platform by Elliott Carter and Ralph Shapey—or, rather, it was a gathering, since the "pre-concert panel" lacked someone to make the three gentlemen encounter each other or connect with two much younger composers also present, Mark Mantel and Tan Dun. So Mr. Babbitt found himself cast as talk-show host—a role he assumes with some skill but more embarrassment—while Mr. Carter amiably smiled and chuckled, and Mr. Shapey offered quite a decent performance as the crusty, cussed old-timer. He has reason to be crusty if his pieces have to linger eight years for a performance, as "Soli for Solo Percussion" did. The music's pretty crusty, too. Three percussion kits wait onstage. The player performs on one for several minutes, then moves to another while the tape of his performance is being wound back. Now he plays a duet with his former self, and after that I'll be darned if he doesn't play a trio on the third kit with his two former selves. A certain doggedness is necessary all around—in the composer, in the player, in the listener—to make this come off. William Trigg, the percussionist, did his part—or parts—enthusiastically enough.

Mr. Carter's piece was an old favorite, his Second Quartet, Mr. Babbitt's a new thing, "None but the Lonely Flute," which he promises has some relation to the Goethe poem signposted by his punningly Tchaikovskian title. What the title also tells, more literally, is that this is a flute solo. A substantial movement, it will have a sure place in the remarkable twentieth-century flute repertory, for, though other works may spend more time at the instrument's edges (Mr. Babbitt doesn't exceed the safety limit in the high register, excludes trills, and of special effects adds only a couple of discreet flutter-tonguings), this is a piece of pure fluting.

Both those words need emphasis. Mr. Babbitt's music is always deeply engaged with instrumental sound and practice, and "None but the Lonely" speaks of and to the flute in its generally calm pace, its grace of phrase (a matter of the right interval, usually a wide one, at the right moment), and its



Tan Dun, Ralph Shapey, Elliott Carter, and Milton Babbitt at the Manhattan School.

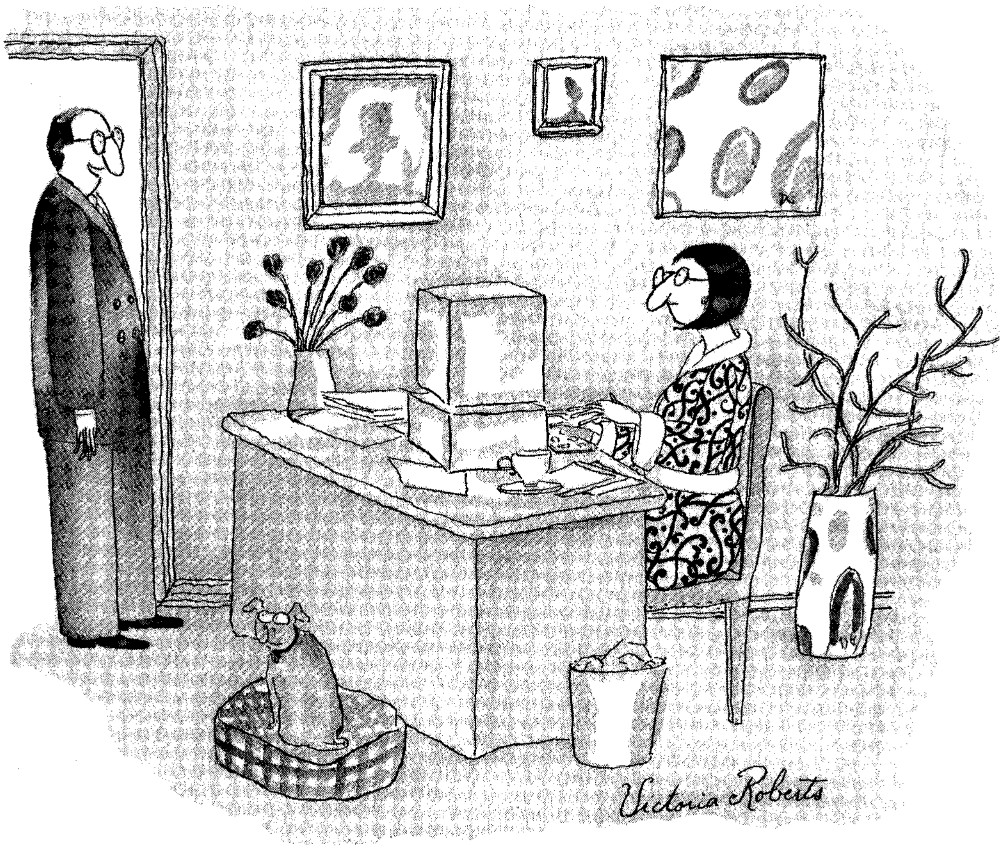
feel for weights throughout the instrument's three-octave range, a feel expressed particularly in the nimble spanning between top and bottom octaves. Typically Babbittian, too, is the sureness of form, the sense of that spanning as happening in ways deliberate and defined, however unpredictable, rather as the bending of a sapling in the wind is disciplined by unseen forces. Another Babbitt characteristic, complex polyphony, is hardly possible here, but the long line's course comes to loop in the mind against memories—without the brutal insistence of Mr. Shapey's piece. In order for the music's bothered but oddly natural movement to be achieved, the piece needs athletic agility and breath control. Judith Pearce gave it a fine showing.

Tan Dun's contribution to this program was "Circle with Four Trios, Conductor and Audience"—a cumbersome title but graphic, suggesting how the twelve instrumentalists are to be grouped around the auditorium, and hinting that the conductor and the audience are to have more than silent roles. It's the spacing that works best. As is his way, Mr. Tan conceives the performance as a ritual occasion, and the unusual placement of the players at least disturbs the normal formalities. It also accords with the spaced-out quality of the music: the silences, the tenuous textures, and the metaphorical breadth of sounds that take Western instruments toward the fragility and instability of Eastern musical ideals—the glissandos, the waverings, the grazings of sonority, the vocalizations that have become characteristic of this composer. But it's hard for a conductor, after just a few rehearsals, to become a shaman, uttering solemn-crazy riddles, and almost as hard for an audience to follow its cues to intervene with sighs and shouts. Listening—listening to sounds so beautifully inscribed on the air—is participation enough.

THE music of these four composers—Shapey, Babbitt, Carter, and Tan—is sufficiently available here in performance and on record for them to have established a dialogue with their audience. But what of music that comes to us from unknown voices? The Juilliard School's musical focus on Europe this side of the rust curtain was limited to composers under fifty, so most of the works were receiving their American premières and most of the composers were unfamiliar. Responses could therefore have become dulled and bemused, but the involvement of student musicians, most of them playing in just one piece, resulted in an extraordinarily high level of conviction, thought, and display in the performances, especially the solo performances.

Many of these were in effect joint creations of composer and instrumentalist. Claude Lenners's "Pan" and David de Puerto's "Verso I"—two flute solos unashamed of the trills, flutterings, and multiple tones avoided by Mr. Babbitt—flew from the lips of Susan Glaser and Immanuel Davis, respectively. Catherine Cho led a determined, shapely path through João Pedro Oliveira's "Integrais I," for violin. And there were three strongly projected cello solos: from Laura Koehl spraying effects like fine rain in Richard Barrett's "Ne Songe Plus à Fuir"; from Kristina Cooper in the meditation of John Tavener's "Threnos"; and from Brinton Smith in the eloquent, grave monologue o Balz Trümpy's "Emphatischer Gesang. (I'm grateful to the Juilliard School fo letting me hear tapes of performance that I couldn't attend.)

As all these soloists eloquentl proved, music belongs to othe hands and minds than those c the composer. A consciousnes of that is just about the onl defining feature of our musica times, which are at least a much confused as parlous, an no less so in Europe than here The relative decline of the com poser is to be seen also, for in stance, in the higher profile c performing groups, such as th Kronos Quartet (Cecilie Ore "Praesens Subitus" sounded as it had been written for th Kronos, even if it wasn't), in th appearance of compositions s rudimentary that they convey n trace of a creative mind (an there were examples in this c egory, too, among the Juilliar offerings), and in the great willingness of composers the days to work in coöperativ spheres: opera, dance, electron music. In other ways, too, con temporary composition is at o with contemporary aesthet theory in being troubled by th notion of sole authorship. The



"Just thought I'd let you know that the stars are in the exact same configuration as when Mary Shelley wrote 'Frankenstein.' "

seems to be an acceptance that pieces of music leave the composer's desk not as self-sufficient entities but, rather, as moments in continuing conversations—conversations in which other participants might include the composer's earlier works and also compositions in other repertories, past and present. The context is part of the piece.

It follows that festivals like this can tell only part of the story. One must be grateful to Joel Sachs for selecting the music for an exceptional week, and to the student performers who made the music live: there are few enough efforts to counter the musical isolationism that prevails in countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and it's heartening to know that tomorrow's virtuosos are learning that tomorrow's music can and must be part of what they have to offer. But a survey covering forty-four composers from twenty countries cannot hope to be more than a collection of lowers, separated from the plants and habitats that give them larger meanings. To take an example, Andrew Toovey's "The (Silvery yesclowns tumble! are made per!form"—title by (who else?) E. E. Cummings—seemed here a delicate essay in almost folk-song melody for viola with a high, dissonant, double-stopped upper line: this was another splendid solo performance, by Ralph Farris. But alongide Mr. Toovey's often more virulent other music—not least his recent "Ubu" opera—the piece's reticence suggests more: a moment of withdrawal, an await-ng, perhaps even an irony in the sweetness. And if one brings into consideration omposers with whom Mr. Toovey has een associated—Michael Finnissy, Morton Feldman—then the music takes n other shadows.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the nsemble pieces that made the strongest mpression were those furthest removed rom any context, the most deracinated, r those which, in strange and supple ays, carried their contexts within them. Hence, perhaps, the premium on an mmediately obvious originality that uch festivals encourage.) David Sawer's Food of Love" was a case apart, since its articularity is more theatrical than mu-cal. An actress portraying a girl living n the streets stumbles onto the concert latform, where a pianist is ready to lay, and the piece develops as a disourse of the deaf between words and

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music, between animal needs (food, love, sex) and an unanswering, uncomprehending sophistication of sound. Timm Jennifer and Benjamin Loeb were magnificent.

Of the more identifiably musical experiences, Hans Abrahamsen's Six Pieces for horn, violin, and piano shone out for their precision in treading tightropes that cause so many compositional accidents these days: tightropes pulled between present and past over the abysses of pastiche. Mr. Abrahamsen can place familiar chords in unfamiliar settings to the surprise and refreshment of both, and can refer to musical archetypes—song, moto perpetuo, funeral march—from a careful distance. The ending is acutely poignant, when a scherzo misterioso stops almost before it has begun, to leave the piano in what is little more than a stumbling, precarious five-finger exercise, under extended high violin harmonics. Mr. Sachs's program note was exactly right in suggesting the "sense that one is hearing memories (not re-creations) of older times."

If Mr. Abrahamsen provided the outstanding example of music with an internalized context (a context of mood, gesture, and instrumentation appealing to German Romanticism), Stefano Gervasoni got there by means of a highly refined weirdness. His piece, "Least Bee," set words by Emily Dickinson for soprano with the quintet of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," though with none of that work's tumbling instrumental business. Ideas here are whispered and spider-silk thin: a slowly oscillating major second goes on through much of the sixteen-minute piece, in an atmosphere strained and tentative, too blanched to seem obsessed. Always in touch with that interval, the vocal part takes the singer through zones of slide and other fastidious decoration, and through fearsome passages of high, detached, suspended notes: Nancy Allen Lundy was astonishing in her perfect poise and her quietly confident path.

The beast at the party was Jan Sandström's Trombone Concerto, a cartoon-music journey around the world, with stops in the Everglades for the alligators, in Provence for a motorcycle gang and a Catholic procession, and in Australia for aborigines and didjeridus. Defiantly grotesque, and beholden for its best ideas to Berio's "Sequenza V," it was nevertheless exuberantly seized and dispatched by the soloist, James Miller.

IT might be instructive, at least, to imagine a festival of music by American composers under fifty which could be taken to Europe, where at the moment the only familiar name is that of John Adams. He was in Europe recently to conduct the first performances of his Chamber Symphony, in which his characteristic smoothness and vim have to operate on clattery mechanisms of ostinatos piled up in elaborate syncopations. The finale, "Roadrunner," is particularly hectic and dangerous—music that seems designed as a stunt for a crack ensemble. (I heard the London performance, by the London Sinfonietta.) If there's decadence in that, so there is in the earlier movements: in the slow centerpiece, "Aria with Walking Bass," as lachrymose strings come in over the striding trombone, and in the opening "Mongrel Airs," which immediately recalls how all this was being done nearly eighty years ago by Stravinsky.

Also in Europe, just a couple of weeks after his benign appearance at the Manhattan School, was Elliott Carter, beginning a round of eighty-fifth-birthday celebrations which will take him through a year of genial presiding over performances. His first stop was London, for the Oboe Concerto and "Three Occasions," under Pierre Boulez. Laszlo Hadady was the oboe soloist, and usefully showed a different way with the piece from that of its dedicatee, Heinz Holliger: less intensely pressured, with a lengthier, more elegant shaping. Mr. Boulez also made a creative contribution to the festivities: his "Dérive 2" was written for Mr. Carter's eightieth birthday, but, characteristically, was only now receiving its first definitive performance. Like "Dérive 1," it's a seven-minute dive into the world of Mr. Boulez's biggest recent enterprise, "Répons": a combination of sketch and offshoot. Unlike "Dérive 1," it's fast. Eleven instruments—three reeds, horn, string trio, four tuned percussion—are cranked up in independent ostinatos, which grow more elaborate, and so come to create a continuous texture of flecked color. Then there's a coda, in Mr. Boulez's toccata style but unusually suggestive of Bartók in the way solid rhythmic patterns are hammered through an unyielding harmony. ♦

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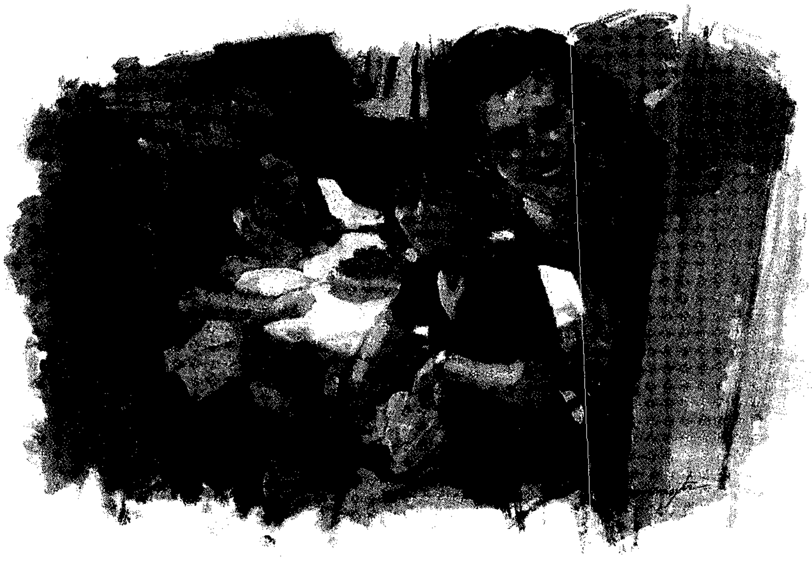
BY ANTHONY LANE



Bruno Ganz, Miranda Otto, Lisa Harrow, and Kerry Fox in "The Last Days of Chez Nous."

THERE was a time when Australian movies felt pleased with their own moodiness; Peter Weir's icnic at Hanging Rock" and "The ast Wave" were much praised for the ay they spooked us, tempted us to uess what on earth was going on. In trospect, not much was going on— othing to justify such wonder, at any te. I'd like to think that "The Last ays of Chez Nous," the latest film by illian Armstrong, will finally lay that nostliness to rest. Not that it's prosaic, scared to move you; it just prefers to nfront the strange and the prickly with clear head.

"The Last Days of Chez Nous" lives to the promise of its title. It's homey d settled but ready for change, full of oe feelings about to drop. The story es place in Sydney, sunk in the dog ys of summer—always a good time to ch at friends and gnaw at your own oblems. Set mainly in a small suburn house, it's a family drama, but only the sense that trying to keep a family gether is a drama in itself. The characs dance, dine, bicker, and sleep with ch other, and the movie is happy to low along. Armstrong is one of those mocratic directors who find room for ery species of emotion, from the momentous to the microscopic; she makes you look at them afresh, and wonder which is which. When a couple splits up, for example, it's a crying shame, but when someone snitches a slice of Brie it's a nightmare.

The movie begins with Vicki (Kerry Fox)—or, at least, with the clop of her heels and the noise of her suitcase being wheeled along. It's some time, indeed, before we see her face—the first of many cunning moves by which Armstrong squeezes her small domestic tale and pinches it into suspense. Queuing up to get our attention, the details tumble into place, whether it's the right place or not. We know very little about this woman, for instance, and nothing about this household, but who cares? We can amuse ourselves by staring at Vicki's rich red hair and wondering whether she washes it in claret; it looks great with her denim jacket anyway—a contrast that will glow throughout the film. Following the progress of a car, the camera will suddenly halt to take in a bright-orange wall with a blue door in one corner—a glaring abstract found in passing, not labored over. Even the desert joins in the color scheme—miles of nothing, deep-roasted until it looks like Mars.

Vicki is returning home, that much is

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clear. There's a cake on the table, vio
lently iced in mauve and green; it say
"Welcome Home," which is more thai
anyone else does. Eventually, howevei
everyone else arrives, and we can surve
the full lineup. Head of the family i
Beth (Lisa Harrow)—Vicki's elder sis
ter, wife of J.P. (Bruno Ganz), an
mother of Annie (Miranda Otto). Bet
is a writer and, by all accounts, a success
ful one. My heart sank when I hea
this. Would we have to watch her a
work? Armstrong has too much taste fc
that, thank God, although we do have
sit through a couple of creaky maxim
from the old truth-versus-fiction debat
"You don't write about reality," J.F
complains. "People are much blacke
than this."

The movie doesn't need to bludgeo
us; its own scrutiny of life is much to
agile and inquisitive. The central strai
of the plot—the dying marriage c
Beth and J.P.—could have been a stea
slide, but Armstrong doesn't believe i
well-timed, preset developments; sh
goes for the scruffy and the unreasor
able, characters who lie around an
come alive without warning. Beth an
J.P. walk through a railway underpa
poking fun at each other, but by th
time they get to the other side the fi
has peeled off to reveal pure rage,
thunderous as the train overhead. Lat
on, when Beth sees her chance for a jea
ous tantrum, she really goes for it ar
beats up her own bathroom. The wal
are scarlet, as if soaked in her fury, b
over all this we hear music—a baroq
good cheer that seems to egg her o
Beth may not know it yet, but she's ha
ing a hell of a time: the air is starting
clear. And when the storm is over, t
ward the end of the movie, the calm
so cool it's almost sexy; she and J.P.
down to the water's edge, chuck ston
and eye each other with renewed inte
est. Here, at the last gasp, they look li
teen-agers on a first date.

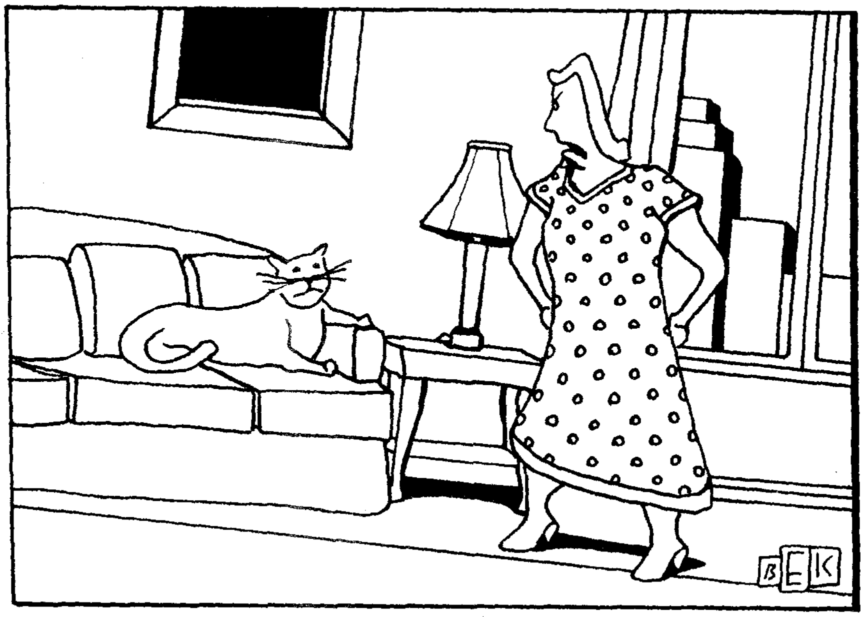
Beth will be fine, of course. Fro
early in the film, when she wakes
placid and freckled in the sun, Lisa Ha
row offers a touching portrait of a stay
This woman will be true to herself,
realize, and to anyone who needs h
Her moments of release, of crazine
and cracking, only confirm that streng
none of them are posed, and it's alway
pleasure to see where they lead. One
them takes her into the outback, or

drive through the sandy scrub with her elderly, grumbling father (Bill Hunter). It's a parody of a road movie, going almost nowhere; we wait for revelations, but humdrum happenings keep getting in the way. Her dad is the kind of man who stops at gas stations not to refuel but to compare prices.

He is out on the fringes of the film, but even from there he lightens it. In a rather clunking scene, we see three of the characters watching a childbirth on television: Beth in a motel room, ready to have a good weep; Vicki back home, having a really bad one; and finally Dad, switching over to cricket on the other channel. Armstrong isn't rebuking the women, who have good cause to be upset; she's simply telling us that some people's minds are elsewhere. "The Last Days of Chez Nous" is often a painful movie, but it refuses to bore us with its pains. If anything, it prefers to shrug them off—or, at least, delay them with the sheer force of fun. J.P. is the best at this—tossing a beret onto someone's head, covering his own with a colander, stopping on the way back from the swimming pool for an emergency boogie. It seems to fit some daft routine inside his brain.

I'm not sure what Bruno Ganz is doing in this film. For one thing, J.P. is supposed to be French, and you keep hearing Ganz's German accent guttering through. But it's good to have him on board, and, in a way, the uncertainty becomes him. Ganz is one of cinema's travelling players. Directors tend to pack him off to foreign locations—to Lisbon for "In the White City," to Beirut for "Circle of Deceit"—as if in search of a cure for his restlessness. In "Wings of Desire," he played an angel who longed to shed his wings; in "Nosferatu—The Vampire" he went one better and joined that deeply undecided club, the undead. With "The Last Days of Chez Nous," the mournful angel has found a nice place to land. The warmth of Australia gets to him, as it does to the whole movie: those gaunt, horsy features have grown plumper under the sun; he looks jaunty and full-blooded, and you'd never guess he was once drained dry by a vampire. He even looks good in Bermuda shorts. Yet he's never wholly at his ease. Wherever he comes from, and however kindly he's welcomed, J.P. does not belong here. He takes Australian citizenship, but that only increases the itch. It's a great country, but how can he be sure that his heart's in the right place?

One other thing: he's a man, and this is a woman's world. Women make the decisions and motor the plot along, although to call Armstrong a feminist filmmaker wouldn't get you very far. Her characters know the political rules but tend to forget them or nudge them out of sight. "You know the arguments for and against abortion?" Vicki asks her sister. "Well, could you just run through them one more time?" There's nothing



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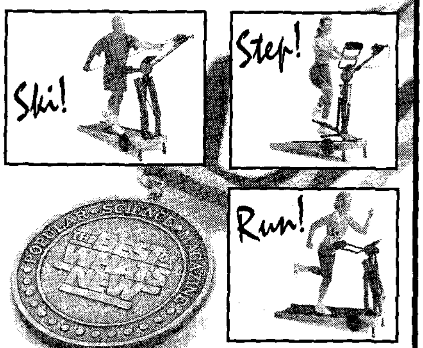

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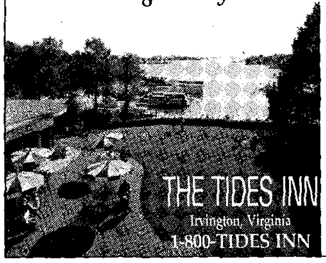

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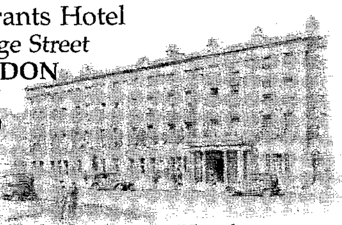

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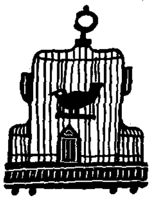
doctrinal about Armstrong's work, no plan of action or roster of priorities—simply an unending fascination with female conduct. It began with Judy Davis in "My Brilliant Career" (1980), torn but turned on by the variety of her own needs, and reached a peak with "High Tide" (1987), where three women strung along together in a trailer park. The new film returns to the theme of the trio—Beth, Vicki, Annie—but plays it with extra grace, a new kick in the rhythm. They are forever on the move: each sidles briefly into the spotlight to have her say, then retreats into the role of comic chorus. When J.P. suddenly kisses Vicki's hand, Annie looks on with a sneer: "Oh, *yuck!*" And she's right—there is something creepy and crawling about his stab at Old World courtesy. Yet it works: under the mock formality, love is beginning to stir.

But then "The Last Days of Chez Nous" has an odd way of going about its love story. You can see J.P. and Vicki coming together, and you wait for the crunch; but you can imagine a time, pretty soon, when they will fall apart. There's nothing fraught or doomy about this; we're not watching a Visconti movie. Armstrong works up her own distinct tone, one of snappy elegy—the brisk, knife-twisting knowledge that passion is more a high than a state of being. All the more reason to hit it while you can. Kerry Fox, best known for "An Angel at My Table," is a big help here; once you've seen her gazing into the mirror and shouting "This haircut is *over*," you can be sure that not much will get in her way. Actually, the hair is quite tame; you need to see her whole body to understand Vicki's louche wildness, the way she can stroll toward trouble and flop into love.



Armstrong films her full length as much as possible, hung with swaying clothes that make her look even taller. At one point, we see her wedged down in an open doorway, with her head lower than her feet; it's a picture of boredom, right down to the airy splay of her toes. The whole movie is poised on the cusp between order and laziness. Beth ties the house together, Vicki picks it apart, and Armstrong discovers a visual vocabulary to fit them both. It's as if she had spent a day looking at Bonnards before the shoot began. Within the borders of the screen, other frames make their controlling presence felt; people are glimpsed through doorways and open windows, hidden behind walls. When Vicki dances with J.P., they move into the next room, but the camera lingers politely, awaiting their return. There's nothing sinister about this, no sense of caging the human beasts. When a director like Fritz Lang uses composition to box his characters in, it feels like th pressure of fate. For Armstrong, it's comic—a way to cut her characters down to size. The look of the film encourages liberty but issues a mild warning about its possible consequences. The camera keeps giving us the pleasure of an option. We can watch J.P., say, as he scans a picture postcard and muses on the vacancy of his life: "This is a lost country. . . . What am I doing here?" Or else we can look behind him at a rowdy little freakout consisting of Annie, Vicki (made up like a psychedelic peacenik) and Tim.

Tim, played by Kiri Paramore, is a lodger in the house, and provides an easy way to gauge just how good this movie is. He wanders into the story, looking like at least half a jerk; his haircut, unlike Vicki's, will never be over. But you slowly warm to Tim as he grafts himsel casually onto the family and starts to pick at his mandolin. Only a really confident director knows how to treat a bi part—knows just what size th bit should be, and how it ca season the movie with unlikel details. Armstrong keeps tastin the drama as it goes along, no wanting to cram too much in the result is a summery, Mediterranean, what-the-hell feeling tha takes you by surprise.

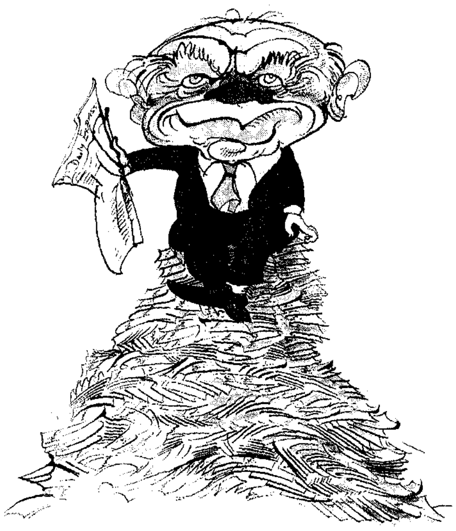
The movie closes with the sight of church spire—not far from Beth's house but hard to track down—which recall the stately, joyful climax of Jean Renoir "Boudu Saved from Drowning," whe Michel Simon cuts all family ties a slowly turns back into the tramp he onc was. Renoir ends with a whole procession of vagabonds and, behind them, th spire of a church. Like Boudu, they ar pilgrims, though uncertain of the pat they should follow, and that frail sens of freedom is handed down to Bet Gillian Armstrong takes up the Reno cause—a loose-limbed, liberal cinema—and reinvents it for Australia. ♦

BOOKS

PAPER TIGER

BY NAOMI BLIVEN

"LORD BEAVERBROOK: A LIFE," by Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie (Knopf; $30), is an astute, absorbing, and entertaining biography of William Maxwell Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook, who combined the talents of J. P. Morgan and William Randolph Hearst. He was a slight man with an impish face who seemed to come from nowhere (actually, he was born in Ontario in 1879) to dominate Canadian finance and English journalism. A nonpareil money-maker, he was a multimillionaire before he was thirty, and he remained a brilliantly successful trader all his life. He started his second career, as an English media mogul, at the age of thirty-seven and transformed the failing *Daily Express* into the newspaper with the largest circulation in Great Britain. Chisholm and Davie are as alert as their energetic subject, and keep the narrative moving while they explain just where we are as Beaverbrook bustles from the provinces to the metropolis. Beaverbrook did more than report the news; he helped shape it. He was elected to Parliament in 1910, and served in Lloyd George's and Winston Churchill's wartime Cabinets. He layed a part behind the scenes in several historic upheavals: the ouster of Asquith and his replacement by Lloyd George, in 1916; the breakup of the coalition beween the Conservatives and the Lloyd George Liberals, in 1922; and, in 1936, he abdication of Edward VIII. (The historian Martin Gilbert characterized he books that Beaverbrook wrote about hese events as "indispensable" but never quite right.") Until now, though, much of Beaverbrook's own history has remained gossip—about, for example, his sexual liaisons—that couldn't be printed until Beaverbrook, and other people, were dead.



Lord Beaverbrook built an empire publishing newspapers for people who weren't really interested in the news.

This isn't the first life of Beaverbrook, but it's the first real one. He commissioned several before his death, in 1964, and though A. J. P. Taylor's 1972 biography wasn't commissioned, it's a mere eulogy. Chisholm and Davie are neither beholden nor besotted but, rather, curious about Beaverbrook's flamboyant omnipresence. Davie had one encounter with Beaverbrook, back in 1956, when he was a reporter on the *Observer* and the old man wanted to look him over. (Davie turned down the job Beaverbrook offered.) Years later, researching this book, the authors realized that everything Davie had seen on his weekend at the Villa Capponcina in the South of France was basic Beaverbrook. As early as 1903, Beaverbrook ran his business by standing at a lectern dictating letters and memos, just as Davie observed him doing in 1956. Not that he disdained the telephone. He used it constantly to communicate, to show off, to harass: one editor remembered being awakened by Beaverbrook's shouted criticism and hearing his girl of the moment laughing in the background; a business manager was called out of a Sunday-morning golf game to hear Beaverbrook tell him, "This is just to remind you that you are working for me twenty-four hours a day." Davie had also noted Beaverbrook's restlessness, his fascination with scandal, and his unself-conscious assem-

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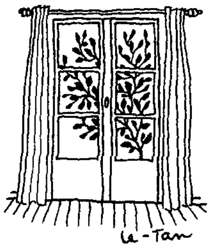
bling of mismatched people and possessions. (The guests that weekend, who included a current mistress, dined off china that bore the coat of arms of the in-laws of a previous mistress.) Both Chisholm and Davie have had considerable experience with eccentrics: Chisholm (who is Mrs. Davie) published a biography of the rebellious heiress Nancy Cunard, and Davie edited Evelyn Waugh's diaries. Nothing fazes them. Their judgments are poised, and their style is plain but not drab.

Beaverbrook entered English politics through his friendship with the Conservative M.P. Andrew Bonar Law. The men met in 1906, when Beaverbrook visited England to raise capital for his steel trust. They shared Canadian birth, Scots-Presbyterian ancestry (their fathers were ministers), and, most important, faith in Joseph Chamberlain's vision of tariff reform, or imperial preference—of the British Empire economically unified by free trade within and sturdy tariff walls without. In 1910, Law encouraged Beaverbrook to try for a marginal constituency, and Beaverbrook remained an M.P. until his peerage took him to the House of Lords, in 1916.

The authors seek to explain how "an outsider like Beaverbrook could penetrate with such speed and apparent ease the heart of British politics, journalism and social life"; the combination of Law's sponsorship and Beaverbrook's money supplies part of the answer. Beaverbrook turned up in England bearing gifts to the Conservatives when they were out of power: he first put money into the *Express* because tariff-reform Conservatives wanted a tariff-reform-Conservative paper to survive. His money was important in his early friendships: Law was enriched by his investment projects, and Rudyard Kipling relied on his financial advice. All his life, Beaverbrook gave or lent money to politicians; sometimes his generosity amounted to bribery. But Law and Churchill were the only Prime Ministers who liked or trusted Beaverbrook (Churchill never borrowed from or invested with him), and when Law, fatally ill, resigned as Prime Minister, in 1922, Beaverbrook's political career came to a standstill.



Beaverbrook remained a political outsider until May of 1940, when Churchill brought him into the government as Minister of Aircraft Production. Averell Harriman, who saw a lot of both men during the Second World War, found that Churchill naïvely admired Beaverbrook as a self-made man who could get things done. Mrs. Churchill, however, always disliked him. She thought he was a "bad influence," keeping her husband up late drinking and gambling; she was repelled by his flagrant adultery; and she thought he was indiscreet and disloyal. She and the King both warned Churchill against Beaverbrook, and they were shrewder than Winston. The authors have found evidence that in 1942 Beaverbrook considered attempting a replay of 1916—this time with himself as Lloyd George, and Churchill in the role of the ejected Asquith. But Beaverbrook, as the authors point out, and as he himself discovered, could never have formed a government, because nobody of any stature would have served under him. His back-room style in politics explains why many of his contemporaries thought him "sinister." Chisholm and Davie don't say—perhaps they don't think it worth mentioning—that Beaverbrook's model for governance was clearly turn-of-the-century finance: a few men met privately to cut a deal and then went out and sold securities to the public. Beaverbrook's indifference to the norms of parliamentary and party democracy wasn't anything as up-to-date as Fascism; it was traditional robber-baron procedure, applied to an arena where it didn't work.

Although in politics Beaverbrook clung to the methods of a pre-First World War plutocrat, in journalism he ranks among the grand modernizers. The authors tell us just how boring and doctrinaire British newspapers were before Beaverbrook got down to work on the *Express* in 1919. He began the job of remodelling the paper with the help of its editor, an American named Ralph Blumenfeld, who had been sent to London to report Victoria's Golden Jubilee and had stayed on. Mass journalism in the United States had about a generation's head start, and Blumenfeld introduced a dash of American pizzazz, but Beaverbrook soon outstripped him. When he exhausted Blumenfeld he hired another editor, but he really

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edited his papers himself. (He held himself down to the daily and Sunday *Express* papers and the somewhat higher-brow *Evening Standard;* he later added the *Scottish Daily Express* and bought into a Glasgow paper.) He started out by making the paper look livelier—spreading headlines across several columns, putting photographs on the front page. Some of his innovations were borrowings—the crossword puzzle from America, in 1924. He worked at journalism all the time, gathering tips and wooing big-name writers at parties. (He paid his editors and writers more than other publishers, but scrimped on office décor and upkeep.) He shopped for talent on the left; he didn't care what his writers thought, because he controlled what they printed. And he invented stars: he went over the copy of a titled ne'er-do-well, Valentine Castlerosse, line by line, week after week, until Castlerosse became his era's most popular gossip columnist.

Above all, Beaverbrook emphasized a writing style that the authors call "snappy," or "jazzy," and that Beaverbrook reduced to maxims like "Put the best strawberry on the top of the basket. Cut. Cut. Cut." Chisholm and Davie say that Beaverbrook "produced a newspaper that would interest him; and discovered that his interests were those of the masses." Beaverbrook's formidable mind concentrated totally when something or someone interested him, but very few things or people interested him for long, and if excitement didn't come ready-made he created it. His newspapers were designed to give readers a jolt; a rival editor compared the *Express* to "the first cigarette at breakfast," and the authors call it "a surprise every day." You could say that he published a newspaper for people who weren't really interested in the news.

Chisholm and Davie emphasize a couple of points. One is that Beaverbrook gained a mass readership—a million and a half in 1928, two and a third million in 1938, and more than four million in 1960—without any of the sexual exploitation that popular journals find necessary today. If journalism comes in shades of yellow, Beaverbrook's was a pale buttercup. The other point is that the *Express* papers seemed "classless," in contrast to the *Daily Mail,* England's oldest mass-circulation paper (founded by Lord Northcliffe in 1896),

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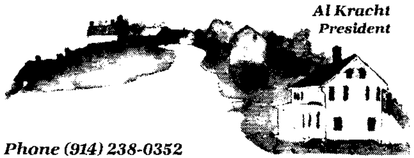

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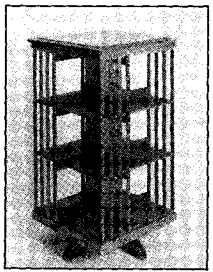

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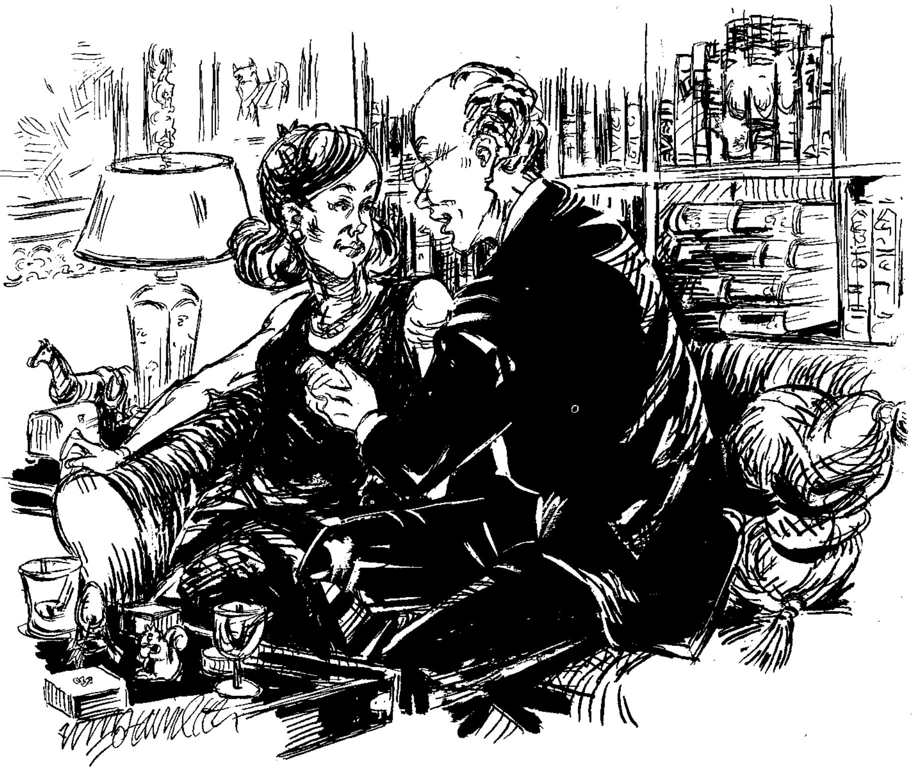
Nearly all of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.



"This could be the marriage all our other marriages were for!"

• •

which retained a lower-middle-class flavor. When Chisholm and Davie explore the positive—as opposed to the merely remunerative—aspects of Beaverbrook's journalism, the classlessness of the *Express* papers may be his most valuable contribution. They quote Lord Deedes, who edited the *Telegraph*, as saying that the "transatlantic philosophy" of the *Express* papers "emancipated" British society when it was still "highly class-conscious and stratified"; Deedes didn't like Beaverbrook or his politics, but he thought that he did more for egalitarianism than "any of the prewar political leaders." If so, it was inadvertent: Beaverbrook wasn't egalitarian, merely resentful of deference paid to anyone but himself.

Working for Beaverbrook was as uncomfortable as living with him. His granddaughter said that he "could not treat women with dignity," but would "slowly . . . turn on them and devastate them," while a contributor to the *Evening Standard* referred to his capricious "messing people about until all confidence is destroyed." Another writer, Bruce Lockhart, who could never get far enough ahead of his debts to quit, called working for Beaverbrook "slavery," and wrote in his diary, "Max makes no effort to understand his staff." Journalists and mistresses were treated to identical patterns of courtship: total focus on th prey; overwhelming praise and attention demonstrations of wealth and power But whenever seduction was followed b possession, possession was followe by contempt. In the nineteen-twenties Beaverbrook pursued Rebecca West; sh fell in love with him and was shake when he jilted her. The authors quot from "Sunflower," her novel about thei affair; she spotted (and they also fin others who did) a trait that helps ac count for Beaverbrook's cruelty—he fel sorry for himself. As he saw it, peopl bored him, failed him, made demand on him, took advantage of him, under valued him. Bit by bit, from man sources, Chisholm and Davie assemble compelling character study that illus trates the limitations an infantile person ality imposes on a first-rate min Beaverbrook had the raw material greatness, but he remained a smart bra a gifted meanie.

Owning the *Express* papers ke Beaverbrook at the center of British lif The money they made didn't matte they were a hobby that paid their wa but they brought Beaverbrook attentio that money could never have bough National leaders and society leade wooed him, seeking publicity or beggi silence. Politicians who didn't fête hi feared him, for Beaverbrook, since he wasn't in the government, set out to run the country through his newspapers. His 1929-31 Empire Crusade aimed at splitting the Conservative Party on the issue of tariff reform, and for a while it looked as if it might succeed. He revelled in the hullabaloo, and wrote and lectured on the power of the press; the authors note that he never doubted the right of a ewspaper publisher to frustrate the policies of a government that the voters had chosen. Stanley Baldwin, goaded to fury, said that the press lords sought "power without responsibility—the prerogaive of the harlot throughout the ages."

Beaverbrook's newspapers were cerainly irresponsible, but what's amazing s how powerless they were. Not a single policy he supported became public policy, beginning with tariff reform. Beaverbrook was a passionate appeaser before the Second World War, and after t began he favored a negotiated peace. The authors suggest that although he ouldn't influence the British people or overnment, his papers' support for eace at any price, along with his marmy correspondence with Ribbenop, may have persuaded Hitler that he ould get away with anything.) Next, in typical Beaverbrook somersault, he orhestrated a clamor for a Second Front n 1942. After the war ended, Beaverrook opposed the Marshall Plan and avored rapprochement with Stalin. His ast newspaper campaign, in 1962, atacked Britain's application to join the Common Market.

Beaverbrook's life tracks the ecoomic development of North America, he evolution of mass communications, nd the lives of innumerable historic and terary figures, from Aneurin Bevan to velyn Waugh. Yet, despite his fame, is wealth, his achievements, and all he turmoil he created, Beaverbrook's oings and the man himself seem to ld up to very little. The mischief he de was interred with his ashes, and s monument—his lavish Canadian hilanthropies—misrepresents him. It ems impossible that a man who berode his era, who met or dealt with itler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Roosevelt, as become in retrospect a kind of Zelig: hat is he doing in the picture? At one oint, the authors contrast Kipling's urning moral conviction" with Bearbrook's lack of it. Chisholm and avie don't like Kipling's imperialism,

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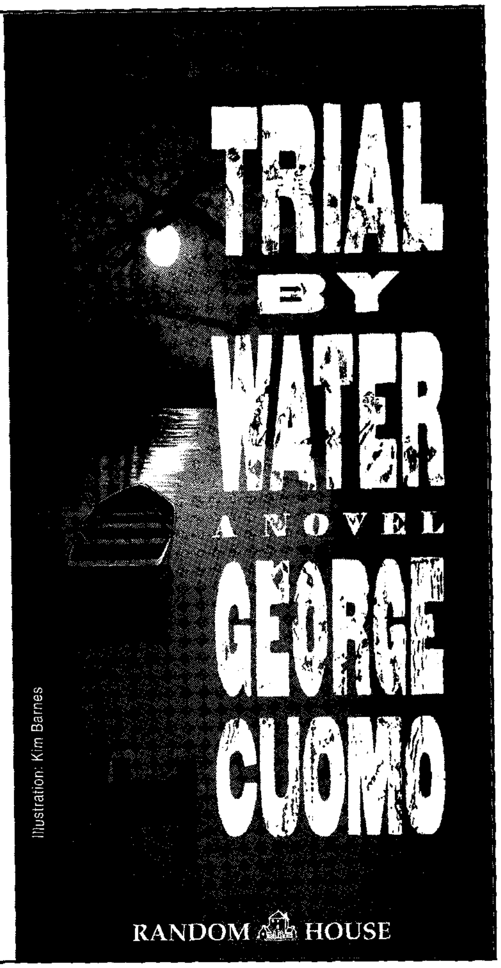

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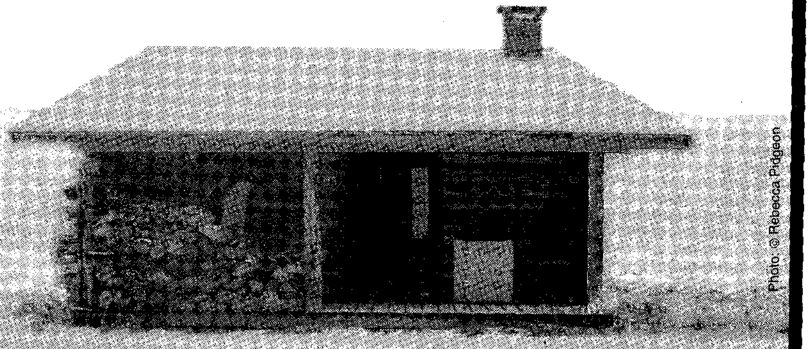

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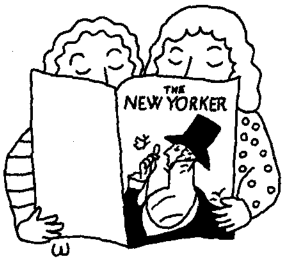

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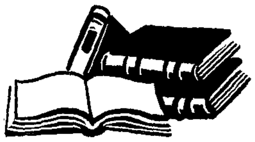
and add that his impassioned utterances embarrassed politicians he supported, but his convictions provide a thread of consistency that shapes his character and helps us make sense of him. We can't make sense of Beaverbrook. He never believed in anything deeply enough to take a loss on it, and even his assertions of identity lacked conviction. He insisted he was a Presbyterian just to tease or annoy Anglicans, and assumed a nationali-ty—Canadian or British—as a flag o convenience rather than a statement o belonging.

The most interesting aspect Beaverbrook nowadays is the most puzzling: Why did one of the most intuitiv and inventive masters of mass communication fail to convince his audience? M hunch is that his readers accepted hi newspapers as entertainment and go their information and opinions from th multitude of other sources available in democracy. The effect of mass commu nications on mass audiences remains un certain, though politicians keep runnin against the media, suggesting that th media have a hypnotic power they obvi ously don't. Assaults on the media ar almost always linked to schemes for si lencing or suppressing—removing book from libraries, rewriting sitcoms—bu Beaverbrook's case history argues th the correct response to a biased paper is lot of other papers, with different biase

The first real biography of Bea verbrook may also be the last. Chisholn and Davie didn't set out to do a hatch job, but their veracity and the passage time shrink him. He wasn't a good ma but the society he lived in prevented hi from being a very bad man: he fire people, he didn't kill them. If the mat rial exists, there might be a monograp to be written about his business jud ment. Why did he buy and sell Roll Royce? Chisholm and Davie tell us th in 1919-20 he bought a chain of mov theatres and sold it in 1928. Did foresee the Depression? Try to avoid expense of remodelling for sound? by the numbers? Except for that kind specialized study, there seems nothir much more we want to know abo Beaverbrook. His historic role seen to be that of a page, a paragraph, a foo note in the lives of people who left something we treasure. Posterity is se centered, like a spoiled child—or Beaverbrook. ♦



BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mystery Ride

by Robert Boswell (Knopf; $22)

DESPITE the title of Mr. Boswell's latest novel, one is initially seduced ess by its mysteries than by the author's powers of revelation. In the opening hapter, Stephen and Angela, recently married and deeply in love, sink their avings into a charming Iowa farmhouse nly to discover that it has a hidden cellar rammed with ancient, rotting garbage. The second chapter begins sixteen years ter; Angela has just made love with her econd husband, Quin, in their suburban home in Southern California, and is wo hours pregnant. She is thinking bout Stephen's hands, and worrying that heir wild and crazy teen-age daughter, Dulcie, is perhaps *truly* crazy. Soon Anela will drive Dulcie back to Iowa, where he girl will spend the summer in exile on tephen's farm. This funny, moving ovel sweeps back and forth over the last wenty-five years, catching up much of ontemporary America in its easy embrace, from cow poisoning in the Midest to drug dealing and charity benefits n Los Angeles. Yet there is no frenzy, prawl, or exaggeration here—the Hollyood agent and the fundamentalist farm ife are described with equal economy nd proportion, both a part of the author's urious yet gracious democracy. The reader, owever, secure in a wealth of intimacies, els privileged—singularly exempt from he unknown. Mr. Boswell's decision to ndermine this security is both shocking nd humbling; the end of this mystery de proves to be anybody's guess.

he Journeyman Tailor

Gerald Seymour (HarperCollins; $20)

MR. SEYMOUR here returns to the war in Northern Ireland, whose dection in "Harry's Game" made his conderable reputation. The title refers to a ild's fairy-tale term for an informer, or, Belfast lingo, a tout, and a tout stands the center of the story. He is a high-anking Provo officer (and a loving family an), who has been meanly trapped into e role by one Cathy Parker, a young nglish secret agent of good family, and e now directs his daunting covert acities in the wilds of Altmore Mounn. Their aim, he in helpless jeopardy d she obeying a fierce zealotry, is the call of a Provo terrorist operating in England to Ireland and the Mountain, where he can be assassinated. This is a dark, rainswept novel, full of excitement and the vicious amorality of patriotism.

GENERAL

Preparing for the Twenty-first Century

by Paul Kennedy (Random House; $25)

MR. KENNEDY has the knack of turning bad news into good reading, and in this lively volume the trouble is overpopulation. Malthus's pessimism was unwarranted, Mr. Kennedy tells us, because the populations that increased in his time were Europeans on the brink of industrialization. Nowadays, however, the populations of the advanced industrial nations are fairly stable, and growth occurs mainly in less developed countries, which are too poor to feed, clothe, educate, and employ their inhabitants. Furthermore, recent innovations—a communications network that allows almost instantaneous worldwide financial transactions; the robotization of manufacturing; the application of genetic engineering to farming and stock raising—have worsened the plight of poor nations, and the pressure of poor populations on limited resources is likely to increase local wars and migrations to rich countries that don't want them. Mr. Kennedy can point to a technical or technological solution to practically all the world's problems except the deterioration of the environment. Applying those solutions, however, means that societies may have to accept profound changes, and the author is doubtful whether any society is willing to do so.

A Single Tear: A Family's Persecution, Love, and Endurance in Communist China

by Wu Ningkun, in collaboration with Li Yikai (Atlantic Monthly; $21)

THE author was a graduate student in English literature at the University of Chicago in 1951 when news came that the reactionary regime of Chiang Kai-shek had been overthrown. Overjoyed, Mr. Wu returned to China to teach, but soon found himself denounced as a rightist for exposing his students to capitalist propaganda like "The Great Gatsby." He was condemned to "thought reform" through forced labor, and sent away to work on the land, where he nearly died of hunger. Rehabilitated in 1962 and restored to his university post, he was directly in the path of the Cultural Revolution and was officially named a "cow demon"—a counter-revolutionary—and subjected to more years of forced labor, humiliation, and mental torture. He was rehabilitated again in 1974, and returned to his family. His book is both funny and heartrending—a testament to the folly of ever allowing one group, no matter what its ideology, to get power over the rest.

Marlene Dietrich

by Maria Riva (Knopf; $27.50)

THIS almost eight-hundred-page tome, written by Dietrich's daughter, is more than an absorbing biography of one of the twentieth century's glitzier ornaments. The author was born when her mother was a promising young performer in Weimar Berlin, and grew up to be Dietrich's lifelong companion, girl Friday, dresser, and confidante. With the aid of her mother's diaries and letters, and her own phenomenal powers of observation and memory, she has reconstructed Dietrich's fabulous career: Hollywood triumphs in extravagant, if often pointless, productions; wartime travels to entertain the troops; the aging blonde's tours in Las Vegas; the worldwide adulation (for reasons not always easy to pin down). Seldom has a famous personality been so thoroughly plumbed, searched, and laid bare, and although Ms. Riva disavows any malice, this detailed recital of Dietrich's sexual adventures, her rages, her cruelties, her selfishness seems somewhat clinical, to say the least. The book is bursting with gossip; the anecdotes about Dietrich's lovers—an impressive number even if one counts only the famous—would keep the editor of a checkout-counter tabloid happy for months. The story's end is sombre, and is treated with compassion: during her last years, Dietrich was a bitter, reclusive invalid obsessed with her legend; she died at ninety in her Paris apartment. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

BUMPIN'N

BY IAN FRAZIER

THE staff at the Brooklyn Museum left a blank book for visitors' comments outside the exhibition "Frédéric Bazille: Prophet of Impressionism." Bazille, who shared a studio with Monet and Renoir in the eighteen-sixties, died, at twenty-eight, in the Franco-Prussian War, and his work is seldom shown. The exhibition opened last November and closed a couple of weeks ago; by then, the blank book was nearly full of comments. Here are some:

The Lynch family has enjoyed this particular visit with great joy. Thank you so much for keeping the "Arts" alive

He's here, he's queer, he's everywhere! Moving works, wonderful space

A treat for both the eye and mind

Ah, Formidable et Magnifique!

Wish I could get out to see this special exhibit—Mike Tyson

I think you should have wiffle ball tournaments in the ballroom.

Perhaps a "Quiet" sign near the video would help.

Like a daycare center 11/14 . . . Todlers screaming

Very interesting, he was quite immature

All Bassille Paints is naked people and dead animals. Yuck!

Materials of the earth work well in *his* fingertips.

I swear one recumbent figure was copied by Seurat for his work, the boy in the water with his hands disappearing under the rippling surface.

Bravo! Beautifully executed & a sensitive touching exhibit.

Bravo! Idiotic pretension and lousy painting

I didn't like it too much!!

Beautifully hung exhibition—most interesting—but where is portrait of family?

Not enough exchange of fresh air to make viewing comfortable

What a pity he left only a sense of what would come—

Big B loves it!

Weird—very wierd

This place is so cool Wolverine

This is a very, very good place you got here! *Cyclops!*

I kill you

Uncle Dave looks happy!

I liked it. It helped me learn about long ago.

Security Boys Are No GooD

I think it's a terrible shame that this exquisite jewel of a museum has been so neglected by the city and its wealthy donors

This Museum is Bumpin'n

I don't like it when the restorant is closed

May God (Me) Bless You! Jesus Christ

I'm from Poland and I like this museum

F. Bazille is not as familiar a name as his friends because he was not nearly as talented as them, I'm sorry to say. C'est la vie.

Time is never still—or there would be no Bazille.

The museum is poorly laid out. The floors were closed. We won't be back.

Good—who needs ya!

F. Bazille is an academic realist—not an impressionist.

Am greatly impressed—as was Cezanne (and others)

If you stand back you see more detail.

I am ten and the perspective of the unfinished one is very interestive

Guy Miggins feels that there should be more Guanese Art

This, and most American Museums and Galleries of Art in General *must* Accredit more attention to *Cartoon Comics Idiom as an Artform.*

Too bad he's dead!

Save some pennies and turn down th Heat!

Danny Peckman, Keith Peck an Paul John Ross thot this museum is i This is the pinicle of life. We have decided to stay here for the rest of our laborious lives. P.S. Fight the power.

. . . Very derivative of Manet & Courbet. Museums should also quot from dissenting critics

Why no Réunion de Famille? Som explanation as to why this key work absent would have been welcome.

I greatly admired Bazille for his us of Black women in his work!

In the interests of accuracy, the wor "preference" in the label for "Summ Scene" should be changed to "orient tion." It's *not* a matter of choice!

I was kind of hot, but was too busy take off my sweatshirt. I finally took off! Fwweu!

An interesting show—but he hardly a prophet of impressionism— was still finding his own style. On again futility & waste of war is proven

Every thing was Dope (Peace out!)

You need seats!! Older people con to see this exhibition . . .

We ♥ it so much we cut school come here! Shhh!

I thought his work was dull and u interesting

I had fun here

Jenn says its a dang shame that died so young. Like a still death of a n birth

The note about the painting "La T lette" mentions the European design the garment held by the right hand fi ure. Well, that garment is very clea Chinese, not European!

I like it here. and I like to come ba another day ♦

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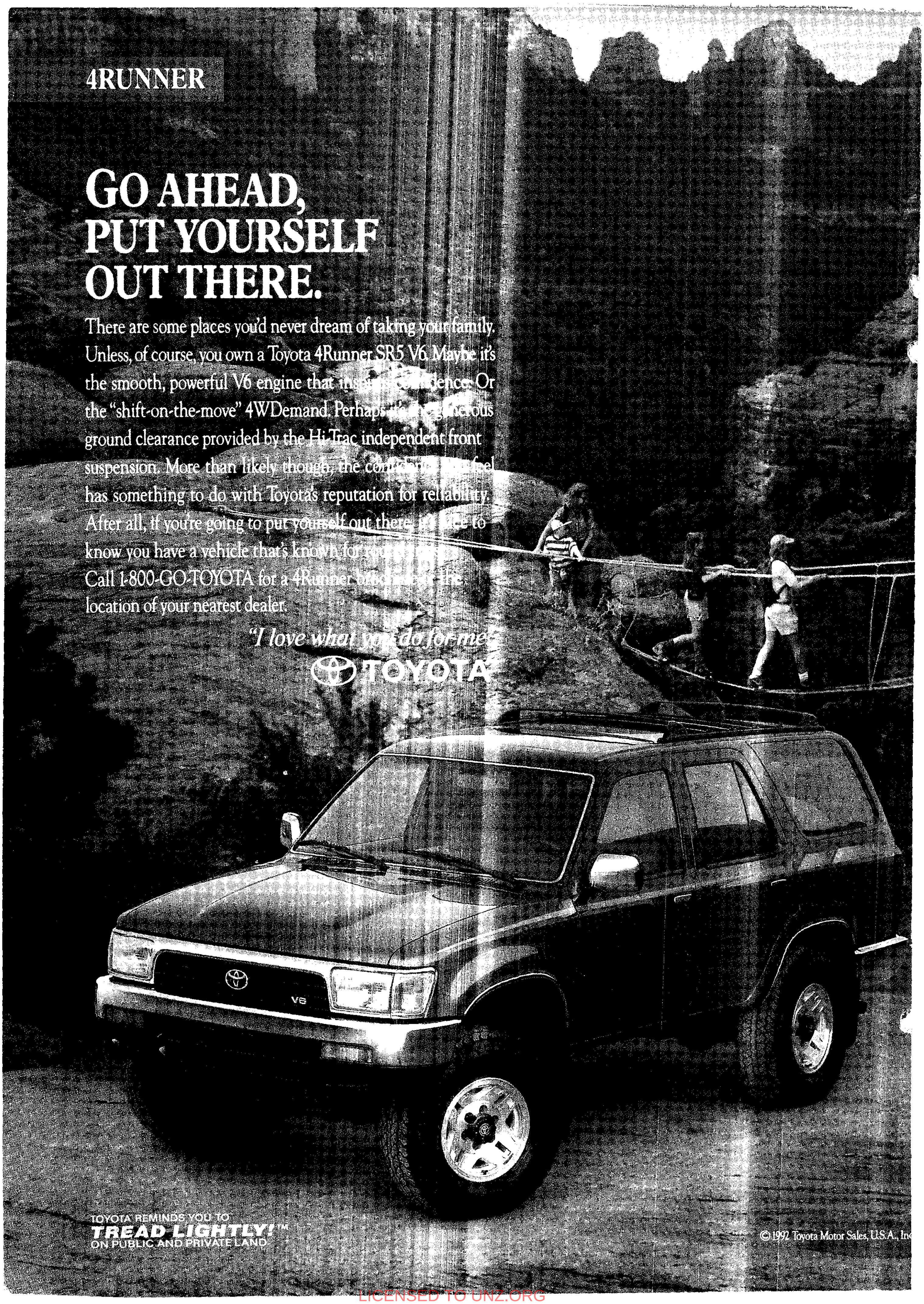

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